John Elliott

The Story of An Artist

Maud Howe Elliott

The Herbert Payson fund.

H. P.

JOHN ELLIOTT

The Story of an Artist

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The Story of an Artist

BY

MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT

With Illustrations

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From Colonel H. Anthony Dyer *to* M. H. E.

June, 1925

Gd Hôtel de l'Aigle Noire
Fontainebleau

My very dear friend:

Today in the courtyard of an old "Manoir" in that wonderful part of France that is dominated by that most wonderful of all churches, Chartres Cathedral, Charlotte read to me from our paper sent from home that your dear husband and my good friend John Elliott has laid down the brush and pencil and been summoned to immortality. My thoughts immediately followed my eyes as they looked at the great twelfth century tower and I pictured to myself the devout throng who out of love reared that noble pile and counted nothing worthy that was not of the greatest beauty. Such a worker in the field of the beautiful was dear old John — the same type that builded Chartres — the same type that in fine old Florence decorated S. Marco — the master artist whose only standard was — the most pure, the most beautiful always. He got a great deal of joy out of this world, — he gave more. And now he's gone Home, and we can think of him wearing the laurel of a victor in Life's battle and the Benison of the Prince of Peace casting over him that peace that lasts for ever. And think of the company in which he rests — The Faithful, The Talented, The Just, welcoming him as one who in the world, from which he came, made beauty, light and love.

Anthony Dyer

JOHN ELLIOTT

JOHN ELLIOTT

CHAPTER I

"LITTLE JOCK ELLIOTT"

THE Elliotts are an old family claiming descent from Sir William de Aliot, who came over with the Conqueror in 1066. Tradition says that, when the Conqueror fell upon the soil of England, de Aliot drew his sword and swore by his honor as a soldier to maintain at the hazard of his blood the right of his lord to the sovereignty of the country. As a reward he was given certain quarterings to his shield and the motto "*Per saxa, per ignes fortiter et recte.*" "Over rocks, through fire, honorably and bravely." This family flourished for eight or ten generations in Devonshire before they transplanted themselves to Cornwall. The Border Elliotts, from whom my husband was descended, were a turbulent lot according to tradition. Their story is told in a volume by the brother of the late Lord Minto.

"Double L and single T
Elliots of Minto and Wolfee.
Double T and single L
The Eliotts they in Stobs that dwell.
Single L and single T
Eliots of St. Germaine be
But double L and double T
The de'il may ken wha they may be."

This quaint rhyme throws some light on the various spellings of the name. The family seems to have been indifferent about the matter, for quite recently one of them in the course of a long life signed his name to legal documents in three different ways.

Two strong types are found among the various branches of the Elliotts, recurring from generation to generation however they may spell their names, the fair blue-eyed type, and the dark or

"Black Elliotts." The redoubtable defender of Gibraltar, General Augustus Eliott, Lord Heathfield, was a blond. His portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the National Gallery is typical of the Eliotts of this strain. The late Sir Arthur Eliott resembled this painting, and there lives today in Rhode Island a farmer of the name so like it he might be the original while his son could easily be taken for the brother of the present Sir Gilbert. At Port Eliot in Cornwall there is a portrait of that fiery patriot Sir John Eliot, vice Admiral of Devonshire in the time of Charles I, who died a prisoner in the Tower of London in 1632. This painting has all the characteristics of the dark Elliotts. The head is large and finely shaped, the forehead high, the eyes large and wide apart, the nose strong and well modelled, the mouth full but firm, the hair fine and black.

With vigorous races traits of character persist like family resemblances; strong wills and tenacity of purpose have been handed down from the men of old Teviotdale, fierce progenitors of the more modern reiving Border Elliotts. This historic family figures in many of the old Border Ballads. In Kinmont Willie the following verse occurs:

> "He has call'd him forty Marchmen bauld.
> I trow they were of his ain name,
> Except Sir Gilbert Eliott, call'd
> The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same."

This old Sir Gilbert's sword is preserved in the Marquis of Lothian's Museum at Monteviot. An earlier worthy of the same name, known as Gibbie of the Gowden Garters, lived in Queen Elizabeth's day. About the same time lived John Elliott of the Park, "a desperate freebooter." Once when asked to tell what he knew about his turbulent ancestors John Elliott, the artist, replied: "It was said on the Border that the Elliotts 'lifted' everything that was neither too hot nor too heavy to carry." Robert Louis Stevenson, who was of this family, writes in describing his inheritance from these ancestors: "Parts of me have shouted the slogan of the Elliotts in the Debatable Land." That slogan so characteristic of the clan runs:

"My name is little Jock Elliott and wha daur meddle wi me?"

A war cry for generations the slogan is still "shouted" wherever an Elliott is found.

Like type and character names persist in this family; there are always Johns, Edwards and Gilberts among them. Black Elliotts are tall lean men with fine black hair, hazel eyes, distinguished in bearing, swift in action. They are reserved, imaginative, witty, and notably lacking in that quality known among the worldly as "an eye to the main chance."

John Elliott, the artist, was of the dark type and strongly resembled the Port Eliot painting of his ancestor. A miniature of John Eliott, brother of Sir William Eliott, seventh Baronet of Stobs, now in the possession of the Dowager Lady Eliott is so like the artist that it might be taken for a portrait of him in fancy dress.

John Elliott, son of John, was born in Lincolnshire, England, on the 22nd of April, 1859. He did not know, until years after we were married, whether he had been born in 1858 or 1859. Then he found a newspaper at the back of an old desk that bore the date Good Friday, April 22nd, 1859. That settled it, for he knew that he first saw the light on a Good Friday, an old Irish nurse having once said to him,

"Sure, you are the Blessed Virgin's own child, born at the foot of the cross."

Spite of the nurse's influence he remained a staunch Protestant and a member of the Church of England. He could barely remember his mother, but he never forgot the things she taught him, to say his prayers, to tell the truth, to love and practise an exquisite order, to talk little, think much, and do whatever he had to do with all his might.

Soon after his birth his parents, who had been living in England, returned to Scotland and settled in the proper home of the Elliotts, the heart of the border country about Teviotdale and Ettrick. His early memories were of the Scotch countryside, of pools and streams shaded by willows, woods of birch, primroses and bluebells. All his life he hungrily sought the things that filled his youth with beauty. He never heard without a thrill the tinkle of a burn,

the drone of bees, the pipe of birds. His first dozen years were passed in an enchanted land and though he lived in many countries and took on the outer semblance of a cosmopolitan, he remained at heart a true Scot.

He attended a village school taught by a stern old dominie who ruled with a birch rod and taught so well that Jack never forgot what he learned there, — to read, to cipher, to make a quill pen, and to write with it better than most. Tenacity of character is shown in little things as well as large; he continued to make and use quills as long as he lived and scorned such contrivances as typewriters and fountain pens. The school was four miles from the house and the children trudged back and forth in all kinds of weather.

Among his early friends the two dearest were Hugh, son of the blacksmith, who taught him to box and wrestle, and Tam, the old shepherd who taught him to knit and to mind the sheep. He knew the language of the animals and could call the creatures of wood and field from their browsing to talk with him. There was one exception; he did not like bulls, and for a good reason. Shortly before his birth his mother was chased in an open field by a bull. She was wearing a scarlet cloak; as the angry animal bore down upon her she untied the strings and the garment went sailing away on the high wind that was blowing. The bull charged the red cloak and she leaped the stile into the next field. Her quick wit doubtless saved her life and her unborn child's. If Jack inherited from his mother her dislike of bulls he also inherited the quick wit that showed in his prompt action in moments of danger. Dreamer that he was in ordinary times, let some emergency arise and he was swifter to act than any other.

The impressions of those early years in Scotland he carried throughout life, and the wonder world that the child had seen never quite vanished from his eyes. At an early age he began to interpret this world. In the evening, when the family gathered around the huge fireplace, little Jack would sketch with his quill pen the countryside he knew so well; or what he loved better still would make pictures for his little brother of those mysterious isles

In the possession of Mrs. Elliott

THE CHILDHOOD OF PAN

that only those who sail the uncharted seas of childhood ever know.

When he was twelve years old he left Scotland for England. In after days he travelled much and visited many countries, but nothing ever appealed to him like those things that recalled his childhood. A shady glen with a brown trout stream running through moved him more than Niagara or Mount Olympus.

Of his life during the next few years he rarely spoke. It was a time of strain and stress. Both parents were now dead; he was an orphan alone in London with few friends and small resources. He managed to earn his bread, and made shift to get some schooling. He studied at the Slade Academy, but was for the most part self-taught, spending long days in drawing from the Greek marbles in the British Museum and poring over the pictures in the National Gallery. The impressionable years between twelve and twenty were passed chiefly in London, the most wonderful city in the world, where alone and without guidance he instinctively sought for Beauty as he had sought it in the wild Scotch northland. Among his memories of London in the early seventies loomed large the lonely figure of an ancient watchman who made his rounds hourly during the night. At each corner the "Watch" struck the pavement three times with his staff and gave his deep cry:

"Four o'clock and a fine morning!"

Second only to his interest in art treasures was his feeling for the theatre. Whatever else he must forgo he usually had the price of a seat in the pit at the end of the day's work. After the fashion of the time he fell in love with Ellen Terry and Kate Vaughn. There was a warm place in his heart for that queen of comédiennes Nellie Farren, whose songs he sang to the end of his days. He loved all the Vokes sisters, with a slight preference for Rosina of the infectious laugh and the roving eye. Of Irving as a tragedian he had a poor opinion, but admired his acting in comic parts such as Malvolio and Alfred Jingle. He gave a good caricature of Sir Henry mouthing a phrase he once heard the famous actor pronounce:

"I found this jam [gem] upon her boosum," and from the gallery came cries of "Jam! Jam!"

The inclination to become an actor was at this time very strong. Indeed he was once under contract to appear in London as Romeo. He studied seriously for the stage with different masters; among others Coe, a well known theatrical coach, who taught him the arts of posture, gesture and dancing. He never lost his skill and was equally good in a sailor's hornpipe or in the flutterings of the ballerina of that day before Isadora Duncan brought in the classic dance.

He knew his London well, the London best worth knowing for an artist. It was the things of beauty he was constrained to seek, Westminster Abbey; Richmond Park where he spent days drawing a certain venerable oak, the banks and bridges of the Thames; these were the haunts of his lonely youth.

Besides keeping himself, he contrived by hook or by crook to put his younger brother Edward through an excellent school, and later helped him make his way to a good berth in the British Merchant Marine. The only explanation he gave of his success in the hard battle of those early years was to repeat his favorite phrase: "It's dogged as does it."

When he was seventeen he made an acquaintance which ripened into one of the great friendships of his life. Frederick Shakerley Kemp, a singularly solitary figure in the London of that day, was a confirmed bachelor with a fondness for travel and a dislike of travelling alone. He, like Jack, had few congenial friends when the two first met, and the comradeship that developed between them was based not so much on similarity of tastes as upon the fact that both were lonely souls in sore need of companionship. Kemp was a man over forty, reserved, shy, something of an eccentric, with a pretty taste for collecting illuminated missals, coins and quaint bits of rococo. The pursuit of these treasures led him to every country in Europe. For several years he and Jack journeyed together all over the continent visiting the famous galleries and private collections.

Great cities like New York and London are supposed to be the best preparatory school for a successful man. The newsboy's rough and tumble fight for a living develops his sense of self re-

liance and sharpens his wits; he learns in the streets at first hand, better than in any commercial college, those rules necessary for success in the financial world. Most men of originality are self-taught, the artist and inventor as well as the promoter or the financier. The average man is a gregarious animal; the exceptional man, to reach his full growth must have more of solitude than of society. The glens of Scotland where Jack communed with nature, the galleries of London where he studied art, were his preparatory school; he could hardly have had a better training than he gave himself.

The wander-years in company with Kemp, a man of fine culture, were in many ways better for him than any university career could have been. He himself was not of this opinion, and counted his lack of the conventional public school and university education his chief handicap in the race. When they were not travelling the two friends lived in Jermyn Street where a motherly old lodging-house keeper cooked, cleaned and mended for them. While she could roast and broil to perfection, her weak point was the dessert. Every morning when she came for orders the same conversation took place,

"What pudding can you give us?"

"Henny puddin' you like, sir," — here she rattled off a list of tempting dainties invariably ending with

"'Ow about a hegg puddin'?"

It was Hobson's choice, the only pudding she knew how to make. They could not stomach egg pudding more than once a week, so they usually went without.

From the background of that lodging in Jermyn Street Jack now looked upon the ever shifting action of the world's great stage. The leading actors came and went, playing their parts while the audience looked on, gaining something from each of the players. In the political arena Gladstone and Disraeli carried on their long duel, while Lord Hartington played a lesser but still an important rôle. People were for Dizzy or for Gladstone according to their politics or temperaments. Jack was for Dizzy, perhaps because he was the more picturesque figure, or was it because

he was opposed to Gladstone on the score of the ruthless cutting down of trees at Hawarden? In the ecclesiastical world two of the chief figures were Spurgeon, the revivalist, who preached to huge audiences at the Tabernacle, and Manning, who had lately received the Cardinal's hat. Darwin dominated the scientific world, and the long bitter fight over his theory of evolution was at its height. Outstanding in Court life was Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, whose trip to India was not unlike the recent jaunt of his grandson. Foremost in the world of sport was Captain Webb, the first to swim the Channel, hero of the hour on both sides of the "silver streak." In the musical world Titiens was the favorite prima donna and Mapleson, the king of impresarios. Dion Boucicault was only a lesser light than Irving, and his play "The Shaughraun" had one of the longest runs ever recorded in a London theatre.

Little by little, from being a mere spectator, Jack Elliott began to take some part in London's mighty drama. Beauty was so much a part of him that wherever it was he claimed it for his own. Thus it was natural for him to gravitate to the world of art and letters, and he became one of the group of intellectuals of which George Meredith was the idol.

From his home Box Hill, at Dorking, Meredith made rare visits to London, where his friends warmly welcomed him, and they in turn made frequent trips to Dorking. It was through young Maxse, son of the Admiral, that Jack was introduced to the circle of Meredith's intimates.

The great novelist was now in the fifties; "Beauchamp's Career" had been published and had made its mark with the intelligentsia. A generous recognition of younger men of talent was one of Meredith's most lovable traits.

Meredith took a liking to Jack from the first day they met. Jack was smoking a very large cigar; the contrast between the slender stripling and the extra-sized weed highly amused Meredith. He wrote a long humorous poem about Jack, and always spoke of him as "the cigar man." Among the treasures Jack managed to keep through most of the years of his wandering life was this manuscript poem of Meredith's and one written about him by the

Irish poet John Boyle O'Reilly. O'Reilly was one of the few people who called him John. To most of his friends he was Jack. These two poems were lost in one of many movings.

When Jack spoke of Meredith, it was the piney clefts of the Surrey hills and the sloping meadows of the English countryside that he remembered quite as much as the man's charm; for him the one was merged in the other. So it was with all his human contacts. He was no respecter of persons, and throughout life seemed unaware of the fame of the many great personalities with whom he was to form ties of friendship. Rather was he drawn to them by the lasting beauty that was inherent within them. For him the artist sketched the same picture that the frost had traced on the windows of his little Scottish home, the poet sang the same song as the brooks of his childhood, and the musician echoed the notes of the shepherds among the hills. They all blew the pipes of Pan. Meredith was perhaps the first of the elect to notice this groping for beauty in the youth, and to encourage him.

Among the men Jack admired most in the world of art of that day were the great cartoonist John Tenniel, who for fifty years made the readers of *Punch* laugh or cry, — sometimes both at once; and George Du Maurier, the illustrator, satirist and author of "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson." The two most popular painters of the day were John Millais and Edward Burne-Jones. Both men were subsequently knighted. The influence of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, though waning, was still a factor in the British school. It had affected Jack's first master, Karl Blind, and is felt in his own early work, notably in the "May Dream."

Jack maintained that no artist's education is complete without a period of study in France. He always advised his young friends to go to Paris, though he himself was less at home there than in London or in Rome.

Julian Story, the painter, first introduced him to the life of the Latin Quarter. He worked in the famous Julien Academy, where Carolus Duran was one of the masters, and John Sargent, already recognized as the coming American painter, was a fellow student. At that time there was living in Paris an agreeable group of

American art students, among others Eliot Gregory and Wadsworth Longfellow, nephew of the poet. These Americans were for the most part young men of means, several were sons of wealthy Bostonians who had been sent to France to study the fine arts, not merely as means of earning a living, but for the culture that Paris was supposed to offer beyond all other cities.

Through Story Jack came in contact with the American coterie. Not all of these lads were rich; there were many who, like Jack, lived on a small income paid in monthly installments. During the first days of every month they lived royally, dining at the Café Foyot on the *rive gauche*, famous for its Chateaubriand steaks, its Chateau Larose, its *framboises à la crême*. Jack's description of a certain chicken pie with a flakey crust which, when he stuck a knife in it, "sighed at him" was a memorable tribute to the Foyot's chef. As the days passed they dined more modestly at cheaper cafés. They had a saying among them, that as the dates grew longer the restaurant bills grew shorter. On the last days of the longest months, several of the students were apt to meet in the underground cellar restaurant of La Bonne Marianne. The honest woman who presided over this refuge of impecunious youth kept an ever boiling cauldron over a charcoal fire. On entering each customer paid a sou and was given a plate and a long two pronged wooden fork with which he speared into the big iron pot. If he was in luck he brought out the leg of a chicken or a mutton chop; if the luck was against him he might merely split a potato and bring out nothing but disappointment. There was no redress, no second shot without another sou. Marianne was a good soul, and while during business hours she was relentless in exacting the payment of a sou for every jab in the cauldron, "on the side" she was known to advance money for sketches of doubtful value. Betting on a rising genius was the form of sport she fancied, as intelligent perhaps as backing a dark horse in the Grand Prix.

In Jack's memories of the joyous life of the *quartier* certain annual festivities figured, such as the Cook's Ball at one of the theatres, and the frolic celebrating the winning of the Prix de Rome. The students made a night of it, and in the dim light of the

dawn the winner of the prize was borne in procession with a mock coffin, funeral torches and mourners. This ceremony illustrated the popular theory that the fellow who won the Prix de Rome was "dead and done for." Then there were gala nights at the theatre. The divine Sarah reigned at the Français, with Croisette as her rival and Mounet-Sully as leading man; Gôt and Coquelin *fils* were still in their prime. Judic's songs were added to Jack's repertory as he heard her sing them in "Madame Angot" at the Opéra Comique or at the Eldorado. He learned to play the mandolin, and sang the songs of the day to its accompaniment with a good tenor voice. He might have struck deeper roots in Paris had it not been that Rome already had him in her thrall.

In the year 1882, he left France and took up his abode in the Eternal City.

CHAPTER II

THE BELLS OF ROME

IN the year 1878, when Jack was just turned nineteen, the event occurred which was so greatly to influence his life and mine. After a winter spent in Rome he and Mr. Kemp were returning to England: my mother and I were also travelling, when chance or destiny threw us together. The year was at the spring, the Umbrian country at its fairest, wild roses abloom in the white hawthorn hedges, the air sweet with honeysuckle.

All unconscious of each other's existence, the four of us were travelling by the same train on a certain May night, and arrived in Perugia in the midst of a terrific thunder storm. There was some delay in sorting out the luggage, and we were already seated in the omnibus when we first became aware of Jack by the sound of a ringing voice and the words spoken with some heat:

"Where is that damned portmanteau?"

Coming out of the welter of foreign tongues there was something comforting in those English words. It was dark as Erebus, the rain came down in torrents when, the portmanteau found, a tall slender figure slipped into the seat directly opposite us. It was damp and crowded inside the 'bus, with an atmosphere of wet umbrellas and steaming waterproofs.

"Tara, tara!" the driver blew his horn, cracked his whip, the straining horses sprang forward under the lash, and the heavy vehicle lumbered up the long hill that leads to Perugia. Suddenly a sword of rosy lightning split the inky blackness of the sky, and for one breathless moment it was bright as day. I saw Jack's face, and he saw mine for the first time in that flash. Today after fifty years I have only to take in my hand a few dry honeysuckle blossoms and wild rose leaves, and the whole scene lives again. It is May in Perugia, the hedgerows are fair with wild roses, the air is sweet with honeysuckle, and I am looking into his eyes.

MAUD

The second scene in our little drama took place half an hour later in the dining room of the Hotel Brufani. My mother had ordered Italian fare, a dish of spaghetti and a flask of Orvieto wine. Jack and Mr. Kemp with British tenacity asked for beefsteak and tea. Our *paste* came hot and tempting, the two gentlemen sitting near us at the long table in the deserted dining room were less fortunate. Again we heard Jack's voice:

"You can't drink this tea; it's nothing but hay —"

Seen in the commonplace light of the hotel candles more was revealed — and yet how infinitely less — than in that first blinding glimpse! Jack, who had just recovered from a fever, looked pale; there was a kind of desperation in the gesture with which he put down his cup. My mother and I looked at each other; a lift of the eyelids, a nod of the head, and I flew up to our room, found the travelling tea basket, and in a jiffy a pot of strong hot tea was brewed for the weary travellers.

That is the whole story, — first the transcendent vision of the lightning, then the mundane comfort of a cup of tea. The chance acquaintance developed naturally into the casual companionship of travellers interested in seeing the same sights. We all explored the wonders of Perugia together, and drove to Assisi where the roses with the stigmata of St. Francis were in flower.

During the next year of European travel our paths crossed so persistently that it occurred even to the elders that there was more than chance in these frequent meetings. When we reached London we found Jack already there. From the first he became my mother's loving friend. That cup of tea was the costliest cup he ever drained, for he was to pay for it with a life's devotion. In London we found in him again the perfect comrade. He enjoyed showing us his old haunts, the mystic grove of Burnham beeches, the upper reaches of the Thames, glimpses of England's storied past at Oxford and at Chester. These were the things he liked most, while he endured with what philosophy he could, the social functions that meant so much to us.

At the Royal Academy reception Jack and M. Gennadius, the Greek Minister, were our cavaliers. The guests were received by

the president Sir Frederick Leighton, a commanding figure in his silken robes. A flunkey in plush breeches and powdered wig took our cards and so mixed them up that the minister, who went in first with my mother, was announced as Mr. Elliott. He was met with the curtest imaginable nod, while Jack following with me and, announced as the Greek minister, was effusively welcomed.

He enjoyed taking us to the theatre far more than escorting us to receptions. "Pinafore" was first produced that season. We three went together to one of the earliest performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's masterpiece. Music was one of Jack's greatest pleasures. He had a theory that while most artists were inspired and helped by music, musicians did not greatly enjoy pictures. "Their eyes are so accustomed to looking at notes and dots that they do not know how to look at pictures!"

After the London season came a tour in Brittany and Normandy, where with remarkable regularity we found him either established on our arrival, or following closely.

Shall I ever forget what happened at Cannes? My mother was seized with an acute attack of illness. The doctor prescribed arrowroot. Somewhere in that strange French town Jack ferreted out a package and brought it to the hotel. I tried to prepare it for her, making attempt after attempt, but could only produce a horrid lumpy stuff she could not touch. We were both in despair. She weak for want of nourishment, and I helpless to aid her.

I turned to Jack and cried, "There must be something wrong with the arrowroot."

"Let me have a try at it," he said, looking at me pityingly as he prepared with an expert hand a cup of the gruel, adding a few drops of cognac from his flask to make it palatable. This was typical of him: he could do everything with his hands better than anybody else, because he was gifted as few are with the capacity for taking infinite pains.

After Cannes came glorious days on the *plage* at Dieppe, when we sat on the warm sea sand under big red umbrellas, and watched the bathers tumbling in the surf. Mr. and Mrs. William Story were there at the time, and Jack enjoyed the afternoons in the studio

when Mr. Story and my mother read to us from their own books. Mrs. Story gave us tea and read aloud Mallock's "New Republic" while Waldo and Julian Story painted studies of me.

During these happy weeks in Brittany Jack designed the white lace cap which mother afterwards always wore. He found the model for it at the quaint little town of Quimper. This charming headdress is the one in which all her later portraits were painted. Several members of her family objected that it was not suitable for her to wear a peasant's coif. In her diary I find this entry: "Sonnenberg":

"... At breakfast an elderly lady seemed to look at me and to smile. I supposed her to be one of my Club ladies, so presently asked her if she were 'one of my acquaintances.' She replied that she was not, but would be pleased to make my acquaintance. We met soon after in one of the corridors; having mentioned my name, I asked for hers, she replied 'Sforza — Duchess Sforza Cesarini.' She had been attracted by my Breton caps, and she confessed afterwards that she had requested her maid to observe and copy the cap, and had been somewhat troubled in mind lest she had been guilty of a discourtesy."

After a winter in Egypt, my mother and I arrived in Rome one evening in the spring of 1879, just as the bells of St. Peter's were ringing the Ave Maria. We found Jack already established in lodgings, as much at home in the city by the Tiber as he had been in the city by the Thames. The almond trees were in flower, the fragrance of their lovely pink blossoms filled the air. Under Jack's guidance we witnessed the miracle of the breaking of the spring in Rome. The Campagna was coming to life again after the winter's dun sleep. Day by day we watched the green fire spread from branch to branch of the trees on the Pincio, from creeper to creeper of the ivy that clings to the tombs on the Appian Way and drapes the mighty skeleton of aqueducts that brought water from the hills to imperial Rome. We gathered violets in the Villa Pamfili Doria, anemones in the Borghese, and wandered at dusk in the gardens of the Medici listening to the nightingales.

It was at this time that Jack was first welcomed to the circle

that centred around my mother's sister Mrs. Luther Terry at the Palazzo Odescalchi. Aunt Lou Terry was a woman of rare charm and beauty, adored by the large family connection and exceedingly popular in the cosmopolitan Roman society. From the first she and Jack were fast friends. Realizing that he liked to come to the Odescalchi when the family were alone far better than on her reception days, when all Rome flocked there, she made him one of her intimate circle. Her sons Marion Crawford and Arthur Terry were in Rome that season which saw the beginning of a lifelong friendship between them and Jack. The daughters Annie von Rabé and Mimoli Frazer, better known as Mrs. Hugh Frazer, who shared their brother Marion's gift for writing, were already married. They made frequent visits to their mother and became warm friends of Jack's. The youngest daughter Daisy, later Mrs. Winthrop Chanler, was at that time a studious half-grown girl hard at work studying music and Latin. Uncle Terry was one of the outstanding figures in the Anglo-American world. He had come to live in Italy as a young man. He was supposed then to be in a decline and had lost one lung. The climate suited him so well that he entirely recovered his health; and when Jack met him he was a handsome silver haired paterfamilias, the head of the large and diversified family at the Odescalchi.

During our stay in Rome I was cast for the part of Aspasia in some tableaux vivants which were given at the German Embassy on the Emperor's birthday. The tableaux were produced with extreme care, and great was our tribulation in the matter of my costume when at the first rehearsal Professor Wolfgang Helbig, the German archæologue who was criticising us, exclaimed:

"The under tunic of Aspasia is incorrect. The Grecian pattern must be worked in gold around the hem."

I turned to Jack for advice. With meticulous care he drew the Grecian pattern on the white woolen tunic and worked in the design with gold thread with his own hands. At the next rehearsal the costume was declared perfect and when the performance was given, our tableau was awarded the prize.

When Jack first settled down to work in Rome he studied at the

Scribbling Book

PROCESSION OF LITERATURE TO JULIA WARD HOWE'S ROOM

San Lucca Academy. His studio was just outside the Porta del Popolo on the Via Flaminia, the old Flaminian Way where Horace met the bore Crispinus. It was a picturesque old barrack over a courtyard. A mammoth Maréchal Niel vine climbed up to the balcony; its heavy yellow buds tapping against the studio window. As I try to reconstruct that Roman scene, the first figure to emerge from the mists of memory is José di Villegas of Seville, accounted the foremost painter in Rome. The International Artists' Club was at its apogee, and the Spaniards were the predominating influence. Jack met Villegas at the club and from the first became possessed with the idea of studying with him, though it was known that Villegas refused to take scholars. Many other ateliers would have been open to Jack, but he had set his heart on working with Villegas.

In later years it amused Don José to recall the bargain they had made; he was to teach Jack to paint in return for lessons in English. A twelvemonth later they compared notes. Jack had made some advance in his art, while Villegas had learned one English phrase, "I haf no money."

In this interview it developed that while Jack was more than ever enamoured of his master's manner of painting, he realized that he himself could never paint in the same style and wondered if it would be better for him to leave the studio.

"The reason I have allowed you to stay so long," Villegas replied, "is because you have kept to your own natural manner of expression and have neither copied my style nor, like so many others, stolen my subjects."

After this there was no more question of separation.

In the summer of 1882, Italy had a bad cholera scare; Naples was decimated, Rome deserted. Most of the English and Americans left the city; tourists avoided it. The artists who remained enjoyed the quiet of those long uninterrupted working days. When the bells of the Trinità dei Monti rang for early mass Jack strolled over to the Villa Borghese for the matins of the birds, and there he shared his breakfast with them; he had the coffee, they the *maritozzi*. A morning of undisturbed work followed. After

luncheon came the inevitable siesta that cuts the Roman day in two. In the afternoon there was another session in the studio, or perhaps a visit to one of the galleries, and as the heat of the day declined a long tramp in the country. In the evening he dined at the Caffè Greco, the haunt of artists and literati. Among the habitués were many whose names are still remembered, — Sgambati the composer, Gabriel d'Annunzio, Pascarella, the dialect poet, the painters Onorato Carlandi, the Coleman brothers Henry and Alexander, and Sartorio, the sculptors Adolpho Apolloni, Mariano and Emilio Benllieure, and Teodoro Serrao the *avvocato*. The latter was the son of the brave Prefect of Police Francesco Serrao of Filadelfi, sent by Garibaldi in the early days of United Italy to put down brigandage in Calabria. Jack remembered hearing the elder Serrao tell the story of his great coup in the long fight with the brigands. One night he came unexpectedly upon a pair of desperadoes robbing a church. The two men were on their knees side by side examining the treasure in a large chest. The chief, a short man but of extraordinary strength, came upon them unawares, took their two heads, one in each hand, and clapped them together with such violence that both skulls were "smashed like eggshells." The Serrao family was of Spanish descent, and Teodoro was closely affiliated with the Spanish group in the International Club with whom Jack was now associated through Villegas.

Young Serrao was paying court to an American sculptress Luella Varney with whom he had fallen in love at first sight. He could speak no English, she spoke nothing else; Jack acted as their interpreter and a romantic triangular friendship grew up between the trio. Serrao's wooing was tumultuous; Luella asked for time; a month was granted, and every day of those four weeks Jack faithfully delivered a poem by Serrao to his inamorata. She recalls that once he said to her sternly:

"I know you American girls and how you behave. You lead a man on; unless you seriously care for Serrao you should not see him any more."

The story of the intimacy between the three friends is told in a

sheaf of time-yellowed letters; one from Serrao to Luella shows the intensity with which these young people took their loves and friendships.

Teodoro Serrao to Luella Varney

November 20, 1886

LUELLA,

... The future is so unknown, impenetrable, fearful, but is it to be less joyous or happy than the past? Let us see a little what thou hast done and what I have done in this great time that has passed? Thou wert here; Jack was the ring that joined our souls. You wished six months without any word from me, and the six months passed and you could not yet say the word I longed for. In the mean time with one letter you opened the heavens, and with another hell. Why keep me in torture? The years pass, youth goes, and the heart grows old. This indecision which to you costs nothing, rends me perpetually like the vulture that preys upon the vitals of Prometheus.

TEODORO

Carnival, in those days Rome's gayest season, attracted people from all over the world. Many of them sought out Villegas, and as Jack's studio adjoined his master's he came in for a share of visiting celebrities. These, especially the royalties, had been trained to consider it a duty as well as a pleasure to encourage the arts by paying attention to living artists. To them this was quite as important as delving in the desert to uncover the art of an earlier day, or paying vast sums to dealers for dubious "old masters." Villegas has told me of the interest taken in his pupil by the Empress Frederick of Germany, who like all Queen Victoria's daughters, was a patron of the arts. Jack was working in his shirt sleeves one very hot day when Villegas without warning ushered in the Empress. She was much amused at his embarrassment, bade him put on his coat and show her the canvas he was at work upon.

It is said that if you only stay in Rome long enough you will meet everybody worth knowing in the world. The Romans of that day certainly had a rare chance of making contacts with many

brilliant people. The Abbé Liszt was living at the home of Cardinal Hohenlohe at the Villa d'Este in Tivoli, and Jack more than once heard him play his own compositions. After that he never listened to the *Rhapsodie Hongroise* without a vision of the old man, with his mane of white hair, at the piano.

The young Queen Margherita, herself a musician of parts, was the patron of artists and composers and greatly beloved by them. During Carnival when she drove through the Corso she was greeted with wild applause, and her way was strewn with flowers. Jack never forgot the *Mardi Gras* when he spent all his money for a bouquet of exotics, and the gracious smile with which she accepted them. The Queen welcomed many artists to her circle. Jack, however, had no desire to go to court. The originals interested him far more than the conventionals. He befriended old Galli, the mad Milanese painter who in his youth had been arrested in England for pestering Queen Victoria with love letters. Long before Boston discovered that extraordinary genius, Antonio Mancini, Jack was getting him orders. Though he found it irksome to push his own interests he was ever the friend of other artists. He kept beside him a portfolio of Henry Coleman's fine watercolors; many of these found their way to England and America via Jack's studio. Not all those he befriended were grateful. Still he didn't think much of gratitude; held it a bourgeois virtue with an eye to future favors rather than to past. He was a little ruffled, however, by the ingratitude of a certain painter to whom he lent his studio for a season. Jack had left a sketch for a picture which he meant to paint, and which he believed would bring him fame and fortune. His artist friend was a rapid worker. During Jack's absence he stole his subject, painted it brilliantly, sent it to Paris and won a gold medal. Not satisfied with this robbery he burned up much of the studio furniture. When charged with this he said:

"My dear fellow, this has been the severest winter in years. I was cold, there was no money for wood, what else could I do?"

Jack was popular among his cronies. They called him Signorino Jacco; the street in which he lived went for many years as "Jack's

In the possession of Mrs. Elliott

EARLY PORTRAIT OF JULIA WARD HOWE

By John Elliott and William Cotton

Street." Looking back to this time I see it as a tapestry in many scenes; the thread that bound our lives together seems to run through all. His nearest and dearest, the sailor brother Ned, he rarely saw, so it came about quite naturally that having so few family ties of his own he adopted mine. An affectionate intimacy sprang up between him, my mother, her sister Aunt Lou Terry, and their brother Uncle Sam Ward. From the first, each in a different fashion understood him and gave him their friendship. In turn he was destined to help them along the last stage of the journey, for he was near to all three as their strength declined, and they turned to him. My mother dubbed him "The True Hearted."

A letter of this time shows the bond between them.

J. E. to Julia Ward Howe

... I am glad to hear Daisy Terry is well again and able to enjoy herself. I trust if Frank [Marion] Crawford passes through Paris while I am here that he will look me up and give a fellow a chance to be nice to him in return for all his goodness to me in Rome two winters ago; but I suppose he will pass the summer with you at Newport. By the way, your mention of the crayon drawing of Uncle Sam reminds me that I sent the Duchess (M. H. E.) one exactly like it by Adams Express on the morning I sailed. Did it ever come to hand? How I should like to drop in on one of your Fridays at home, — they must be charming and the dinners too. A nephew of your poet guest is studying architecture here, and is quite a chum of mine. I am sorry you decided not to come abroad, but somehow I never expected you would, and with your present lameness travelling would be almost an impossibility. I gave your message to Mr. Kemp, who in turn sends his kindest regards. He has been back from Nice some few days now. Spring is quite here and Paris is all sunshine and gaiety and the Champs Elysées revels again in "singing coffees," green leaves and blossoms. I expect to be obliged to go to London in a few days, so please direct letters to me at 17 Hermitage Villas, Richmond, Surrey, and ask the sweet-

heart to do so, if she is going to be so dear as to write me. I send my fondest love to you both and kind remembrances to all the others, and believe me in all obedience,

Your ever affectionate

JACK

Certain letters from Uncle Sam to Jack have survived and are given here as they throw light upon those days in the Via Flaminia studio.

Some one may ask, "Who was Uncle Sam Ward?"

He was my mother's elder brother, and a prominent figure in the mid-nineteenth century, famous for his wit, charm and culture. He was widely travelled, and took a deep interest in politics both at home and abroad. Though never occupying an official position he was in himself a forerunner of the various associations for promoting goodwill between the English and ourselves. Distinguished Britons of all sorts brought him letters of introduction and were royally welcomed by him. He was a great friend of Lord Rosebery, and with him founded the "Mendacious Club," whose members met with the purpose of telling Münchausen tales. In Washington Uncle Sam employed his extraordinary power of persuasion toward influencing the successful issue of various political measures in which he was interested. In time he became known there as "King of the Lobby." His dinners were famous and his name still figures on the menus of exclusive restaurants on both sides of the Atlantic. The gourmet who has not tasted *poulet à la Sam Ward* has still something to live for. He was a lover of the classics, especially Horace, and was the author of several books of verse.

Uncle Sam was one of Jack's first patrons. A small landscape painting of the Redwood lime trees by Jack hung in his apartment. Oscar Wilde who saw it there, praised the picture so much that Uncle Sam, impressed by the celebrated æsthete's appreciation, agreed to pose for Jack. This was during the last year of his life while he was living at the Palazzo Odescalchi, the home of his sister. Mr. Cooper, son or grandson of Peter Cooper, was in Rome that winter, and Uncle Sam, prompted by Jack, took the Coopers

to Emilio Benllieure's studio. Cooper gave a handsome order to the sculptor who also modelled an excellent portrait bust of Uncle Sam.

Sam Ward to J. E.

Naples, 18th February, 1884

My dear Elliott:

The night was cold and the journey lonely, only disturbed by a *facchino* who brought me coffee at two A.M. after which I felt better and slept until they called for my ticket. I found a fierce *tramontana* blowing a cold gale here which makes it difficult to forge to windward in the streets. I have secured my stateroom, not on the Florio line but the Compagnie Transatlantique which goes through to Malta without stopping and will launch me into an unknown quarter of the earth, though famous in story.

I am glad to have gone away and recovered something of my old *drive*. It is a long time since I had to pack and unpack my own luggage and what seems now a hardship will soon turn out a blessing.

I hope that you and Benllieure will emulate Villegas in good behavior during this wild and frivolous carnival time. Stick to your palette and when weary of finger and eye, enter the studio of the great master, a professor whose every gesture is a lesson in art and industry. What a man, having the vocation, might learn by watching him and his indefatigable brush there is no telling. In no other branch of the arts and in few professions or trades is such a gospel preached as with his bristles. Most callings have secrets, — even Leopold de Meyer had certain tricks of fingering difficult passages which he refused to impart. But here is a great artist who lives in a glass house, to which you have access, — an inestimable privilege and yet his proud example is, if anything, more precious. Keep yourself straight by setting an example to Benllieure, *who must go to bed early while he is doing the Coopers*. A success there may bring him in cords of work.

I think you should go ahead with your own picture and leave mine to dry. Let Arthur Terry ask Miss Moulton to let you make

a study of her hair and ears. When a fine warm day thaws nature out go to the Borghese for your tree studies. But having obtained such revelations from Nature as you need, don't let her carry you off on some other scent. Stick to your design and carry out your purpose. Affectionately,

UNCLE SAM

S. W. to J. E.

Naples, February 29th, 1884

MY DEAR JACK:

... I shall be back in Rome by Monday, and have bought a couple of small packages of English and American smoking tobacco for Villegas' new pipe.

You will have no doubt heard that my journey was a disappointment, saving that I was delighted with Malta and Messina.

I hope you are working bravely and boldly. Watch the great master and unloosen the cautious timidity of your fingers and the hesitating stiffness of your wrist. The arts are all alike, — marry boldness and freedom of touch in the fiddle bow, the brush, and the heel which turns in the Tarantella.

Love to the *fratelli* and to Benllieure,

Affectionately,

UNCLE SAM

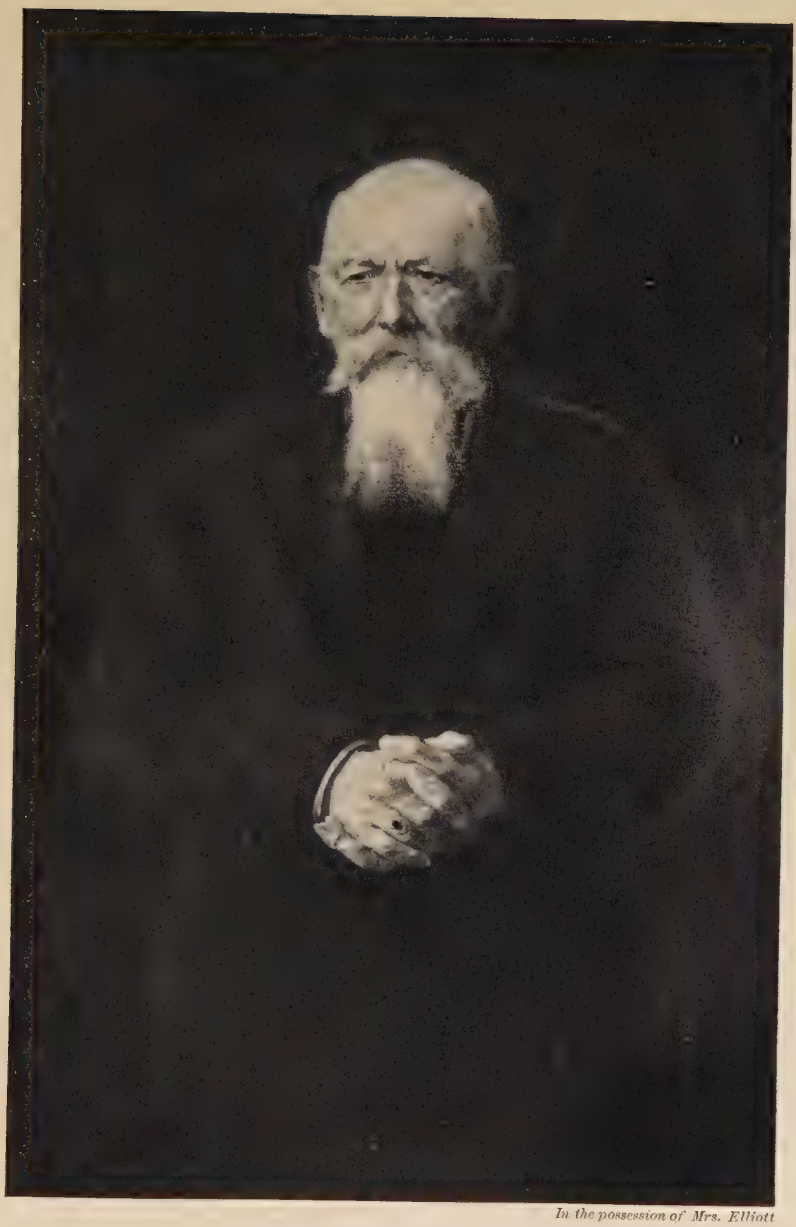
The letter dated Naples, March 3rd, bears Uncle Sam's device stamped at the top of the paper, a compass with the needle pointing S.W.

March 3rd

MY DEAR JACK:

The illness of a travelling friend (Mr. Morton Frewen) takes me to Sorrento for a few days, and you will hardly see me in Rome much before Saturday.

A letter addressed to the Hotel Vittoria will find me until Thursday. Meanwhile ask the sculptor, who I hope has made good progress with the Cooper family, to have my bust photographed



In the possession of Mrs. Elliott

PORTRAIT OF SAMUEL WARD

by the same artist who took the negative of his bas-relief. I will pay the expense of course, but I should like to send it to my friend Lord Rosebery, who I feel sure will order it cast in bronze.

I hope that by my return you will have made way enough upon the portrait of Uncle Sam to need only a few finishing sittings as the weather is fine, and I want to see Rome during the few weeks left before my return to England.

Commend me to the dear Villegas both, and fag away with your brush, eye and brain until you forget there is such a thing as a woman in the world.

Affectionately yours,

UNCLE SAM

Hôtel Grande Bretagne, Naples

Uncle Sam had not been well and the trip to Malta resulted in a fatal illness. He returned to Rome and grew steadily worse. At that time the Roman climate had a bad reputation among Americans and the doctors, it was believed, sometimes sent patients who could not possibly recover out of the city, so that it could not be said that they died in Rome. In his last days Uncle Sam was ordered to Pegli, some of his friends believed on this account.

J. E. to J. W. H.

Primo Piano, 26 Via dei Greci
Rome, May 21st, 1884

DARLING MRS. HOWE:

Monday last was to me a day strangely mingled with great joy and deep sorrow, for the morning came with news of you and dear Maud — but then the afternoon brought me tidings of Uncle Sam's death, about which I will tell you all I know, — that however is little — still I am told no further news than a telegram has been sent you as yet, so in the meantime you may like to have the poor account I am able to give you.

A week ago on Monday I saw the dear face, I had learned to love so well, for the last time, and he winked merrily at me as he said, "Goodbye, darling old boy, — God bless you!" These were the

last words he ever said to me as I held his poor swollen hand and kissed him goodbye.

He bore the journey to Pegli wonderfully well and was getting on so splendidly that I had again begun to hope that death would spare the darling old soul who had devoted most of his last days of health to me, and made my winter pass so pleasantly with his tender thoughts and interest in my work.

Crawford, whom I have just seen, arrived in Rome early this morning, and I asked him to tell me about the last hours of the beloved Uncle's life, and he says all went well with him till Sunday last when a terrible pain came in his side, but it passed and on Monday morning he was more bright than usual and much better. At nine o'clock he dictated a long letter which was thought out with great clearness, but at ten o'clock he called Crawford and told him he felt very ill and that he knew he was dying, but thanked God he was free from the terrible pain. From that time his heart gradually beat more slowly until it ceased with a long deep breath which took with it the sweetest soul on earth. He was patient and brave and conscious until a few moments of the end.

I have so many things to tell you about him, but I cannot write them, least of all just now, for it breaks my heart to talk of him, and it would only make you and sweet Maud more sad to hear them.

He was buried yesterday (the day after his death) at Pegli under some ilex trees overlooking the sea.

Goodbye, my darling, I hate always to bear you such sad news. Give my love to Maud, and believe me I feel most deeply with and for you in your great sorrow.

In all affection yours while

JACK

P.S. Mrs. Terry begs me to explain to you that Rome is not to blame, but I am not of her opinion, though I do not think it is entirely to blame.

Jack's life-size portrait of Uncle Sam, painted at this time, gives evidence that he had followed the good advice in the letters.

CHAPTER III

FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW

NO picture of Roman artist life is true that does not have some high light of gaiety; there was plenty of that and nonsense, too, in the frolics of the International Artists' Club when the hardest working members unbent on occasion and took part in the revels. The most popular events were the carnival costume ball and the artists' festivals at Cervara. There are men still alive who remember the ball where Christian Ross, the jovial bearded Scandinavian painter, dressed as a ballerina in pink tights and gauze skirts, danced as gracefully as if he did not weigh two hundred pounds. Jack enjoyed more than the balls the out of door festival at Cervara, one of the most picturesque places in all the wonderland of the Roman Campagna. The grottoes of Cervara are of great antiquity, having been formed by quarrying the travertine to build ancient Rome. The entrance to the chief cave is screened by a curtain of ivy and clematis. The interior serves to stable a herd of the magnificent Campagna cattle, whose long branching horns and classic skulls inspired the ornament of many an old Roman building. Near by flows the river Anio, beloved of Horace, down which floated the mother of the immortal twins Romulus and Remus.

Jack remembered one festival when to reach this place of enchantment before the heat of the day, the artists started in the early morning and marched the five miles in procession, some dressed as Roman senators with wreaths and togas, some as lictors bearing fasces, some as jesters in cap and bell. One mad fellow wore for buttons to his jerkin tiny rolls of bread, and when he was hungry nibbled a button. They lightened the way with music, playing upon pipes, drums and guitars. Jack's instrument was a mandolin. I seem to hear their merry voices singing the song of the season:

"Sei la rosa piu bella che c'è!"

The less skilled kept time by ringing the little terra cotta bells carefully saved for the occasion from the truly pagan festival of San Giovanni a few nights before. That June evening the Artists' Club was represented by a group of singers in a huge wain hung with garlands of roses and laurel drawn by milk white oxen with gilded horns and hooves. In Rome the art of pageantry, like the art of cookery, has never been lost, and it still retains something of the splendor of Imperial Rome.

I find an echo of all this youthful gaiety in Jack's earliest decorative work, the Story of the Vintage, painted at this time in the Via Flaminia studio. The spirit of joyous youth pervades the whole composition and makes it appear an apotheosis of the *vendemmia*. Jack longed above all else to paint large decorative compositions, to fix upon the walls the visions of beauty that haunted him, to share with others his great possession, imagination. George Watts urged by a like desire once offered to decorate free of charge the walls of the Great Western Railroad Station in London; his offer was contemptuously refused. In his fertile youth Jack made enough designs for murals to have kept him busy all his life, had he been given the opportunity. Of the many projects only four were destined to emerge from the mists of his dreams.

Chicago, the generous, gave him his first opportunity. Mrs. Potter Palmer was building her palace on the Lake Shore Drive, the realization of her own youthful dreams. It was to be enriched by the work of the "best talent." One of those who helped her find the talent was Mr. Herter, through whom Jack received his first important commission, the decoration of Mrs. Palmer's dining room. The Story of the Vintage is told in a large plafond and frieze running round the walls of the room just below the ceiling. The toilers in the vineyard are laughing cupids who gather the grapes, tread the wine press, carry on all the traditional methods of the age-long art of wine making. It is a joyous rendering of the Dionysian rites with no figure to suggest Silenus or his crew. The whole composition pulses with youth and *joie de vivre*, and speaks of a time before the shadow of prohibition and its attendant crimes darkened the world.

THE VINTAGE
Ceiling in Mrs. Potter Palmer's House

Herter Brothers to J. E.

Herter Brothers
154 Fifth Ave., New York
November 5th, 1886

Jack Elliott, Esq.
Rome.

Dear Sir:

We cannot allow the completion of your work for us to pass without expressing our thanks for the manner in which the subject was treated. The composition and the color of the subject have received praise from everyone who has seen the paintings. Mrs. Palmer is charmed with the result and gratified with the successful effect in the room. With grateful assurances of our consideration,

Believe us,
Very sincerely yours,
Herter Brothers

And now even as I write comes news that the palace on Lake Shore Drive is to be torn down! What is to become of the Vintage? It is the same old story! Stanford White creates Madison Square Garden, Augustus St. Gaudens models the bronze flying figure of Diana for its tower, Richard Morris Hunt builds the Wm. K. Vanderbilt house on Fifth Avenue, and before their generation has passed these works of genius are ruthlessly wiped out.

In the winter of 1886–1887, following the completion of the Vintage, Jack came to America, and, on February 7th, we were married at my mother's house in Boston. The formal announcement sent to our friends somehow lacks the human touch that animates the one sent to Luella Varney by Teodoro Serrao.

Soon after the installation of the Vintage in Mrs. Palmer's house, Mrs. John Sherwood happened to be dining there and found herself seated beside William Pretyman, an Englishman lately settled in Chicago as an interior decorator. The talk turned on the ceiling and frieze, which were greatly admired by both. Mrs. Sherwood gave Pretyman Jack's address, and a little later

my husband received a letter asking him to come to Chicago. As a result of the correspondence he went to Illinois early in the year 1888, joined forces with Pretyman and spent the next eighteen months working with him. The contrast between life in Rome and the young rapidly growing city was too great; neither the climate nor the spirit of the place was suited to him. A letter to his brother Ned shows the effort he made to adapt himself to conditions in a land where men are condemned to the slavery of the commuter:

J. E. to Edward Elliott

Sunday, June 17th, '88

MY DARLING OLD FELLOW:

I have been working very hard for the last two months at a competition drawing for the decoration of a church here, and the drawings were only sent in yesterday, and now we are awaiting the result. You will probably say, — and not without reason — that I might have found time all the same to drop you a line, but when I tell you how I am situated you will not wonder why I have not, knowing my ways and my manners. Chicago is so terribly hot in the summer that it is well nigh impossible to live in it, and so we are staying at a small village called Lake Forest some thirty miles out, where we have been for about two months now. It is a little over an hour's ride, and I have to breakfast at seven in order to get the quarter to eight train and get to the office at nine A.M. Yesterday was the only exception to the every day rush, as I have such a wretched cold that I can hardly see, and so I took a day off, a very rare occurrence in these days.

Ned Elliott was a handsome lad, very like Jack, but with more of the blond strain of the clan. He came out and joined us soon after we moved to Chicago, and secured a position on one of the lake steamers. While he had the sailor's contempt for fresh water navigation he liked the States. He felt the thrill this land of opportunity sometimes brings to citizens of the old world, and expressed it with the telling phrase: "In this country the ranks are open."

When Ned's ship was in port he spent his free time in the studio and these were the happiest hours of Jack's life in Chicago. I can see the brothers now, Ned in his blue uniform seated on an old green sea chest, his hands clasped about his knees, Jack looking intently at him as he sketched in a portrait.

"Now, boy, spin us a yarn."

Ned's yarns were vivid stories of adventure; he had been shipwrecked in the Indian Ocean, rounded Cape Horn in a three master, sailed the seven seas in many kinds of ships. While Jack studied the young face he lived over again the scenes his brother described. Four portraits remain as a result of those sittings, an oil painting, a silverpoint, a pastel drawing, and a miniature.

If a pause came in the story-telling Jack asked for a song:

"Sing us Botany Bay, or how about the Gay Young Farmer? That has a good chorus!"

And Ned would sing the old chantys as only a sailor who has worked the windlass can. All that remains of the happy intercourse between these two brothers are a few old letters and a copy of the favorite chanty neatly written out in Ned's hand.

The fresh water sailing on Lake Michigan did not agree with Ned, and he was taken seriously ill with pneumonia. This left him with his lungs somewhat affected, and he was sent to Colorado where in a few months he entirely recovered his health. On the 5th of June, 1891, this sailor who had faced the terrors of the ocean was drowned in nine feet of water of the toy lake at Colorado Springs. The lake was an artificial one made by damming the ice cold mountain streams. A little sail boat was to be launched, and, as the only sailor there, Ned was urged to put off his departure long enough to launch the boat. It proved a crank affair and upset immediately. Ned and his two companions were thrown into the icy waters. The others were saved, but he must have been attacked by cramp, for he sank like a stone.

This tragic happening settled like a dark cloud over Jack's spirit. He was never again quite as he had been before. A memorial service was held at our Boston home to which Phillips Brooks brought the consolation of his great heart. His ministra-

tion lifted Jack a little from the black grief that had overwhelmed him.

Ned was named for the Duke of Clarence who was born the same hour he first saw the light, and died shortly after Ned. They both had particularly baffled lives. Jack believed that their destiny was affected by the stars under which they were born. I realized how strange that destiny was after reading this letter from Ned to Jack written in pencil on small sheets of paper only a few months before his death.

Edward Elliott to J. E.

I need not reiterate what was said in my last letter to you from Timarue; the bare fact of what passed annoys me beyond measure. As you may suppose upon my leaving the *Hudson*, my first thought was to get a berth of some kind as soon as possible. I stayed some three days with some kind friends, who have promised to look after and make all necessary arrangements, should my stolen property lost in Nelson come to light. I left Timarue for Lyttleton; passing through Christchurch, which by the way is an exceedingly nice, picturesque town, situated on a river called the Avon. Arriving at Lyttleton a seaport town, looked about for something, finding nothing I shipped per *S.S. Hainoto* for Wellington, capital of North Island, and seat of the Government: finding nothing there in the shipping line and having made enquiries concerning all the ports, I was forced to surreptitiously make my passage to Sydney, finding nothing there I left the same evening of the day on which I arrived for Newcastle, where on my arrival, as you may guess by this time, my finances were remarkably low. Having no resources I must needs accept the first opening, which was a chance as A B on board ship *Maraval* (about as hungry, mean, and hard a ship for A B's as ever was launched on salt water). After having worked for some time, to keep myself with food, I signed, and left for Valparaiso, Chile, April 28th. Being about eleven days out near the Three Kings (islands to northward of N Island) during the second mate's watch, the ship was struck

6 7. 1887

My Dear Belle,

Thanks, many thanks for your sweet letters. I will write soon. Now I send to you but the news of Jack's marriage, which will take place to-morrow at Boston

I am so glad! yours: Teodoro

TEODORO SERRAO'S SKETCH OF THE *SPOSI*

aback, and dismasted. The second mate is about as consummate an ass as ever breathed, and I really believe he would take a grand diploma for incompetency. You cannot possibly conceive the confusion, caused by the dismasting of a ship at sea, especially in at all heavy weather; wire, spars, sails, ropes, masts, yards, broken gear of every description in one intricate mass and all to be cleared away somehow or another, the ship meanwhile shipping heavy water, being unmanageable owing to the loss of sail, a truly terrible predicament to be in. One's life jeopardized at all corners, but by dint of skill and knowledge (not conspicuous in any of the officers) we cleared away the wreck, and started her, crippled as she was, again on her course to Valparaiso where we arrived on the 5th of July, alas! only to renew our disasters (out of the frying pan into the fire).

The first night a gale from the N sprang up, and the Bay being to Norrard you are exposed to the full force of the wind and sea. To understand better, you must know Valparaiso Bay is not by any means an enormous one, but at this time containing some hundred ships all at anchor within a cable's length from shore. To continue, the *Maraval* as usual tore away from the moorings at the buoy, parted two hawsers, one steel and one manilla rope losing a bower anchor and was finally brought up by our in this case decidedly [sheet anchor] just in time to prevent colliding with a ship named the *Ambletic*. Whilst we were in the midst of our troubles others were faring still worse, a steam tug, and two Chilean vessels having been sunk through collision, and many seriously damaged. All went well for some time after this, and we were discharged or nearly so, when Northerly gales again set in, and lasted about ten days, the most awful days I have ever spent; may God forbid I see the like again, ships cutting each other down, the cries of drowning men, the incessant attempts to rescue, and further loss by so doing; when I say attempts at rescue I do not mean by the shore lifeboat, nor was any assistance from shore rendered to the shipping, not even one attempt was made from shore, though they have a splendid lifeboat presented by Her Britannic Majesty. During these gales no less than thirteen ships went ashore, and were totally

wrecked, not a vestige being seen of what had once been noble specimens of shipbuilding art. One wreck I remember in particular; it was an American ship, the *Success*, of New York, who had anchored in the Bay, having put in to renew her fore topmast; she was bound on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, and this noble but unfortunate vessel dragged her anchors for a distance of three miles and hung on as though a thing of life in its last agony, but to no purpose. She gave one mighty heave, and struck broadside on to some most cruel looking rocks; more like the open mouth of some monster of the deep than anything else, and in three minutes the spot was as though she had never been. We were only a distance of two cables lengths from her, and momentarily expected the same fate, and no hope of rescue. Imagine if you can the terrible strain on the mind by the suspense, more than even the facing of the real danger; for I maintain, a man can resign himself, does he but know for a certainty what is facing him, but to be held in suspense knowing there is one chance, and only one chance, ah! How anxiously the cables were watched to detect the slightest extra heavy [sea] and tightening on the windlass which should snap our hold on life and send us to an eternity. Men in this time become prematurely aged. I am myself feeling older by many years. But Providence evidently watched over us, for though on this occasion we dragged near a cable's length we held on good and the Clyde iron stood the test nobly, nor did any ship collide with us though many were the close shaves we had. There was one remarkable wreck in which a Frenchman the *Sol du Sud* ran into and sank the *Cambria*, and one only, a youngster of fourteen years, was rescued off the two ships, he belonging to the *Cambria*. The *Cambria* being struck amidships went down instantaneously; the Frenchman drove ashore and all were lost. It makes me quite sad to recall all the many heartrending sights seen during those ten days, and cordially I trust never to see such sights again. Eventually we succeeded in unloading and in taking in ballast for Pisaqua, a small place thirty miles above Iqueque, which place we reached 24th September after leaving Valparaiso 12th September. Valparaiso as you know means vale of paradise.

It is a large town running from the shore of the Bay a long way up the Andes, that magnificent range of snow capped mountains. About forty miles through and over the mountains is Santiago, the Capital. The language is of course Spanish, or, I expect, a corruption of the pure Spanish. It was during the gales I mentioned that a huge reservoir above the town on the hills burst and drowned many hundreds, completely inundating one part of the town. They have several very nice Catholic Churches of which I tried hard to obtain photos for you, but was unable to obtain money from the Captain for that purpose. The streets here are narrow and although it boasts of being the mother city to the S of line, the sanitary arrangements are very bad; cholera raging nearly all the year. Being in my present capacity I made no friends nor should have cared to do so had I had the opportunity. I was several times ashore as I was nearly always selected to manage the lifeboat when putting the Captain ashore, the landing being accomplished with much difficulty owing to the heavy surf at times breaking there. By the way the Captain turned positively grey headed, and I firmly believe many beside him, this is absolutely true. On our arrival at Pisaqua, we loaded saltpetre, a very far from enjoyable occupation I can assure you....

Near here was old Pisaqua, now no longer to be seen, it having been destroyed by an earthquake, as indeed nearly all the towns on this coast seem to have been. We left Pisaqua November 9th minus another anchor and 45 fathom chain bound for Falmouth. When in Latitude 48 we encountered a tidal wave which phenomenon I had never till then seen; luckily no mishap occurred to us. With the usual buffetting allotted to these high latitudes we sighted the Diego Ramires Islands, then Cape Horn. On the 14th December, where there was positively no night, daylight being in the sky twenty-four hours. Though it was near midsummer the weather was intensely cold. Passed Staten Island 15th and the Falklands on the 18th. We encountered heavy continuous fogs. Christmas was noted for the total absence of the festivities usually accredited to that period. New Year's day, if it is the harbinger of the future, foretells a year of cloudless skies and beautiful weather.

And so, as Ned spun his yarns, Jack painted in the Chicago studio which was one of a suite of rooms in an office building where Pretyman had done his best to create an artistic atmosphere in the heart of the business quarter. The first work Jack attempted was a series of panels for a church, representing the four Evangelists and St. Peter. He found an old German soldier who posed for the Peter, while the John was painted from Joe Honey, a handsome blond youth employed in the studio, a nephew of Colonel Samuel Honey. Among the compositions of this time is the Progress of Love, a series of decorative panels painted for the house of Mr. Perry Smith. Pretyman designed the room in the Adam style, while Jack painted the panels under Pretyman's eye. I also remember a large decorative panel of Fortune and have a faint memory of several other canvases, executed under the lash of Pretyman's strong will and finished little to Jack's satisfaction. The two men did their utmost to make their partnership a success, but after more than a year of earnest effort they both realized that they could not work together.

Pretyman's had been an adventurous youth. He had gone out to Borneo as British Representative and single handed had established order in this wild corner of the earth. His experience with the head hunters of Borneo developed the aggressive side of the man. He was first of all a soldier and administrator. Jack was a sensitive artist with more of poetry than of business in his make-up. He wanted to serve and help Pretyman, but he was paralyzed by the very weight and intensity of the other man's personality. Pretyman admired, perhaps even loved Jack, but he could not realize that, if Pegasus is harnessed to a butcher's cart, he can no longer fly. Pretyman had to lead; Jack could not follow. But however they might disagree about work in the studio, they were in sympathy in the pursuit of beauty. Long walks hunting for shells on the shores of Lake Michigan and over the prairies in search of wild flowers on Sundays and holidays did much to smooth out the misunderstandings of the working days at the studio.

While Jack was associated with him Pretyman was appointed

color director for the Columbian World's Fair planned for 1892, but actually held a year later. Burnham and Root made the design for the Columbian City, though other leading artists and architects from all over the country took part in the final setting of the great scene. Pretyman drew up his scheme on the lines of the Russian Fair at Nijni-Novgorod, where bright colors are used. When the idea was brought forward of making the Fair a White City Pretyman opposed it with might and main. There was no yielding in this man, and when he found that the sentiment of the majority was against his plan, he resigned his position as color director, and in so doing lost the chance of being associated with one of the truly ideal efforts of his time. The Dream City, as it was called, has passed into the realm of dreams, where it will survive "while memory holds its seat."

I never have known whether Jack was more interested in his portrait or decorative work, but I believe that during the Chicago period at least he most enjoyed making portraits. An oil painting of Rose Farwell, later Mrs. Chatfield Taylor, made at this time, shows her standing, in a white dress. An ivory miniature of Mrs. Potter Palmer was considered successful, and a red chalk drawing of Mrs. John Root was perhaps the best of all. It rested him to turn from one medium to another, to lay down his large palette and big brushes and take up the tiny tools of the miniaturist. He was so fascinated by this medium that he would work the whole day upon one of these tiny portraits. His sight was perfect or his eyes could never have stood the strain he put upon them. He had a premonition of the passing of the home, and realized that wall space would soon be at a premium, and that the works of art most likely to survive were such small things as miniatures or medals. Among the ivory portraits were those of Helen Williams and of Mrs. Pretyman. He made a portrait of Villegas' old mother, which his friend prized above all other likenesses of her. To this period belong his miniatures of Katherine Kimball, Edward Elliott, John Richards, Vera Elliott, and the Chanler sisters.

John Root, the architect, did his best to make Jack feel at home in Chicago; at his house he met Eugene Field the poet and other

kindred souls. Some of the merchant princes made us welcome to the city they loved as men only love the things they create. We counted among our friends Senator Charles Farwell, Marshall Field, Franklin MacVeagh and Potter Palmer. Though Jack admired these men and recognized their power he could not feel at home in their city. I remember his telling me, after some dinner, that eight of the magnates had agreed to put their hands in their pockets and pay down one million dollars each, to insure the success of the World's Fair and to ask nothing in return!

Among the friends of this time were Reginald and Anna de Koven, only lately married. Jack found comfort in the brief friendship with the musician. De Koven was then trying to adapt himself to a business career, and only began to live, when he left the office behind him, and returned to his piano and his home where he delighted us all with his music.

One day after a particularly trying morning at the studio, Jack exclaimed in despair: "I feel like a screw that is losing its thread!"

From that moment it was evident that the effort to make a place for himself in Chicago must be given up. Whatever it might have been to Ned Elliott this was not Jack's land of opportunity.

CHAPTER IV

BOSTON AND BUCCANEERING

THE Romantic Nineties is a period about which tradition is already busy. We called it the *fin du siècle* then, and were more concerned about the coming of the Twentieth Century than the passing of the Nineteenth. During this memorable decade we lived about half the time in Boston and half in Rome. Jack's first Boston studio was on Boylston Street, facing the Public Garden. Here he worked for months on a composition called "Spring Releasing the Butterflies." He found the ideal model in a young New England girl, who posed for the "altogether" in order to earn money to buy her wedding outfit.

He first made a series of careful "squared off" pencil drawings, next a life sized cartoon in red chalk, then several oil studies. More than one canvas survives where the figure of Spring has been painted over with another subject, and like the horse's legs in the Velazquez picture in Madrid, the Spring can be traced "coming through." On the wall of the room where I write hangs a small painting on a wooden panel of a nymph seated on the bank of a bosky dell unwinding the silk of a cocoon, while the butterflies she has set free hover about her. Scotland is here, silence, romance, the unseen creatures of the wood. His subjects were all his own. I do not remember a single effort of his to render any of the stock themes which are the common heritage of every artist.

When in Boston we shared my mother's home at number 241 Beacon Street. Many new duties devolved upon him as man of the house where three generations and their friends came and went freely, and proponents of causes and philanthropies held endless meetings. He took little part in formal society, though he enjoyed the Sunday evening musicales at the Montgomery Sears' house at 12 Arlington Street and the little dinners at William Apthorp's in Otis Place, where a certain *pilaff* was so popular that the genial host had the recipe printed to save the trouble of

writing it out. The Irish poet John Boyle O'Reilly often came to the studio, and his visits were always returned. Once when they had foregathered at the poet's study, Jack observed a curious track that ran diagonally across the room where the carpet was worn threadbare. O'Reilly explained that he had made the habit of pacing up and down his cell when a political prisoner in Australia, and had never lost the practice. The offence, committed by a boy of twenty, was "spreading revolutionary ideas"! Jack was deeply impressed by the story, and often spoke of the last evening he and O'Reilly passed together. As he rose to go, O'Reilly detained him, poured out two glasses of wine, and looking intently at him, said,

"Here's to your soul, John."

They never met again, O'Reilly dying a few months after that farewell toast.

Among the figures of that time in memory's show box I see Henry Stanley, the explorer, who came to our house for a quiet evening during a whirlwind lecture tour. We were warned not to invite other guests and Bula Matari rewarded us by talking long and late, sitting by our fireside. Jack was impressed by the haste and pressure of that lecture tour as described by the victim;

"Stanley is posted from place to place like a letter," he said: "he is in greater danger than he ever was in Darkest Africa."

Joseph Millet is one of the friends of this time, a man of many gifts and great charm, best known today as an inventor. He was then the head of a firm that made remarkable reproductions of pictures. It is thanks to him that Jack's "May Dream" was reproduced in an edition printed on fine India paper. The "May Dream" is an ideal head of a young girl surrounded by honeysuckle and hawthorn blossoms. It was made when Jack was twenty-one years old, and is his first serious effort at drawing in red chalk. The original is owned by Mr. Franklin MacVeagh. The reproduction was announced in a circular, elegantly printed under Jack's direction, in red and black lettering by a favorite cousin, whose name appears in small letters at the back of the sheet;

Collection Franklin MacVeagh

THE MAY DREAM

Wm. A. Parks, printer, 78 State Street.

It is characteristic both of Jack and the printer that no reference is made in this circular to the price of the print it describes.

"Iron and gold are good to buy, gold and iron!"

Lord Morpeth, son of an old friend the Earl of Carlisle, and Mr. Lief Jones, who was travelling with him, happened to be dining at our house at the time the "May Dream" was printed. We sent a copy to Lord Carlisle, himself an artist of merit and one of the foremost art patrons of the day. He wrote:

Lord Carlisle to M. H. E.

Castle Howard, York
July 13th, 1890

My dear Mrs. Elliott:

It was indeed a very kind thought of yours to send me the beautiful head by your husband, which Mr. Lief Jones has just brought back with him and given to me. I admire it, and am glad to know that your husband does such beautiful and sympathetic work. I wish that I knew more of it. This head will be a charming *ricordo* of you. I was very glad to learn from my son that he had met you.

He seems to have enjoyed his visit to your country thoroughly, everyone seems to have been proverbially hospitable.

The delightful present from over the Atlantic shows that after all old friends do not forget, and it is a certain consolation for the longness of the gaps, between the times of seeing them. Some day I hope to see your husband as well as his work.

Ever yours sincerely Carlisle

Shortly after publishing the "May Dream," Jack made a visit to Rokeby, the home of the three Chanler sisters, Elizabeth, Margaret and Alida, granddaughters of Uncle Sam. He felt an affection for these interesting girls, first because he had loved their grandfather, and later, for their own sakes. There was an atmosphere of romance about them that greatly attracted him.

The miniature painted at Rokeby shows the trio in their first bloom.

In the winter of 1892, Jack leased Miss Elizabeth Bartol's studio at 56 Mt. Vernon Street. The atmosphere of "the Hill" was far more sympathetic than the other Boston studios which he occupied from time to time. The quaint little building, only one storey high, is still standing. The other day as I passed by, I had a vision of the place as it used to look, and of some of those who in Jack's time went in, and out of that door. Foremost were three men, classmates at Harvard, close friends ever after, Morton Prince, Barrett Wendell, Harold Williams. This trio were among those whose friendship did much to make up for the loss of the artist cronies of his Roman world. Here, too, began the friendship with Henry James which was to mean so much to him through all the years. Margaret Deland came here. He and she spoke the same language; for Margaret had something of the dryad in her nature, and told us that in her childhood she had married a tree.

The Arthur Eliotts were living in or near Boston that winter, and Jack greatly enjoyed their home and their three children. A letter of the time says:

"To see Lilla Eliott, — the children look like so many blush roses."

Arthur, who succeeded his uncle as ninth Baronet of Stobs and Chief of the Clan, always signed his letters "your affectionate cousin," although just what the degree of kinship was, neither knew. There were many of the same traits in their natures, and the resemblance to the Border family was strong. Though the two men rarely met later in life a real bond of affection and understanding existed between them.

In the spring of 1892, Jack received a commission to paint a decoration for the Boston Public Library. Charles McKim, the architect, put all his heart into designing this fine building; master craftsmen of many arts helped make the library worthy of Boston and its traditions. Mosaic workers, wood carvers, tile makers, sculptors of marble, moulders of bronze, had all done their

best, and last the painters were called upon. John Sargent, Edwin Abbey, Joseph Lindon Smith, Puvis de Chavannes were already at work upon their paintings for the walls. For Jack was reserved one of the most difficult tasks in the whole realm of decorative art, to paint a successful ceiling. He was conscious of the grave nature of the undertaking and of the opportunity it offered. He was required to present a study of this design before the Trustees finally accepted it. That he should make his design in Rome was a foregone conclusion. After five years in America he wished to get in touch again with European art, and we made a pilgrimage in preparation for this work. We went first to England. I remember the visits to George Watts at Little Holland House. Watts, who is best known in our country for his picture of "Hope" sitting blindfold atop the world, was then modelling the equestrian group which now forms part of the Cecil Rhodes' monument in South Africa. He was quite an old man, and seemed rather fearful that the colossal statue would never be finished. He received us with the gentle courtesy that so distinguished him, and the two men had several long interviews with much discussion of the joys and sorrows of artist life. Bits of their talk come back to me: I can hear Jack saying: "How many fellows take up art thinking they are going to have a soft snap! They soon find out they have fooled themselves."

"Especially painters! Sculptors have definite form, — clay, marble, bronze to deal with. *We* must create our universe with light, shade, perspective." Watts exclaimed.

"How dreadful to bargain about one's work! How much easier to give it away than to sell it."

"Unfortunately people only value what they pay for."

We crossed to Holland, leaving my mother and niece, who were of the party, in England. The Dutch painters were very strong at that time, and were perhaps doing the best work in Europe. Some of the leading artists lived at the Hague where we not only enjoyed their work at an exhibition of the moderns, but visited several interesting men in their studios. We found Mesdag, the foremost of the marine painters, easy of access.

He liked to see visitors in his fine old house, where he had a show studio and a good collection of the Barbizon School. His taste in collecting was eclectic, and he showed us with pride two good Mancinis.

"Mancini is a painter's painter," Jack and Mesdag agreed.

Mesdag was about fifty at that time a bluff, friendly man, with a solid quality about him that somehow recalled the stories of the Dutch artists of the great period. He talked freely of himself, and told us that he had always wished to be an artist, but realizing the difficulty of making a living by painting, he had gone into business as a young man, acquired a comfortable fortune, and had only taken up painting seriously in middle life.

Josef Israels was a very different sort of person. An old man, frail, rather sad, sensitive and withdrawn, but full of a welcoming kindness. He talked of his work, seemed pleased that Jack owned prints of his "Pot au Feu," and that masterpiece of pain "Alone in the World" which we saw in the Museum at Amsterdam.

Through Israels we made the acquaintance of Gabriel, the landscape painter. He was a little old gentleman, wearing a black silk skull cap and flowered dressing gown, smoking a churchwarden's pipe. He was full of kindly interest and curiosity about Jack, and asked many questions concerning his work. The Maris brothers proved friendly and were as interesting as their landscapes, so typically Dutch.

It was on this happy belated wedding journey that Jack first used that term we worked so hard all the rest of our lives:

"Let's go buccaneering!"

To go buccaneering meant to follow the whim of the moment and wander wherever the fancy took us without ulterior motive or fixed plan. The visit to Munich was pure buccaneering, — we had no business there — no real object to gain, or aim to serve. That is why those days at number 8 Biennerstrasse stand out so vividly in my memory. We dined at the handsome Café Leopold, and in the evening wandered through the Tiergarten where the band played, the Hacker Brau frothed, and the artists who had

gathered in Munich for the Triennial Exhibition at the Glast Palast fell into each other's arms. It was here we met Theodore Etofer, the painter. I think he was Austrian, and I know he was one of the most delightful of men. Jack had not seen him since the days of the Artists' Club in Rome: they met as if they had parted yesterday. Etofer took us to see his portrait of some high and mighty personage whose name I have forgotten; it was one of the best things in the exhibition.

Among the high lights of the visit to Munich was the afternoon spent in Lenbach's studio where the great Bavarian painter, another old friend from Roman days, made us heartily welcome. Among the portraits we admired was one of Dr. Edward Emerson, an American, and, of course, several of the famous portraits of Bismarck.

Old stories of things past blend with memories of what actually happened on the jaunt. The visit to Gustave Doré is among them. The French artist was at the time about sixty years old and like Watts was trying his hand at modelling. He was working on an enormous vase covered with little figures of laughing children for the next Salon. Doré said he was tired of drawing and painting and found sculpture a refreshing change. He was a dark vigorous *meridional*, friendly to younger men and willing to talk of his own career. He said that his reputation was made before he was twenty by the illustrations of the "Wandering Jew," — how well I remember the worn edition of Eugene Sue's masterpiece in my father's library at Green Peace! He spoke of the exhibition of his pictures in London and of their popularity with English and Americans. Twice the visitor rose to go and twice was urged to remain. They talked till daylight faded, and when dusk settled on the big studio, Doré took up his violin, and the visit ended with a memorable half hour of music.

I was always impressed by the esprit de corps among these European artists as compared to our men at home. I believe the reason for this difference was that the artists' career was not then considered of much importance in America. In order to survive at all, each had to fight so hard for his life, that he had little

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strength or leisure for that coöperation so vital for the success of every calling.

From Munich we went to Schwalbach where we passed some happy weeks. The itch for work, from which he was never long free, seized Jack here, and he painted a number of landscapes. A water color of a farm yard recalls this sojourn in old Nassau, then a place of beautiful rusticity with no hint of the Prussianism which later fell like a blight on its rural charm.

From Germany our way led to Switzerland, where we joined my mother and her granddaughter Alice Richards at Sonnenberg. Jack loved all my nieces, and his pleasure in sight-seeing with this dear girl is one of the happy memories of our pilgrimage. In Sonnenberg he found an interesting subject, a little Swiss girl named Marie Arnold.

I quote from my diary:

Sonnenberg, August, 1892

This afternoon Jack walked down to the lake. As he stood gazing at the rushes that grow near the bank, the spirit of the lake rose out of the earth at his feet — a little girl with pale gold hair and wistful eyes, clad in the black apron of some grown person. She offered him edelweiss and cyclamen. These he bought and learned that her name was Maria. Presently there came striding across the meadow a woman with a faded beautiful face, Maria's mother. He learned that the husband had gone off over the mountain in search of Alpine flowers. She looked at the frowning cone overhead, and tears rolled down her face. Jack asked how long he had been gone.

"Nearly three days!" The fear that is always before the women of the Swiss mountaineers was in her face. Jack bade her remember the fine weather, and said it was unlikely harm had come to her man.

The next afternoon we went to their cottage and Maria came with her father to greet us. Jack made the parents understand that he wished to draw the child and they consented. The father, whose name was Arnold, told him the year had been a hard one, and he could not afford to pay for his license as a guide.

"Maria shall earn the money for it," said Jack. Day after day he drew the little girl, whose wardrobe consisted of a shoe lacing braided into her pigtail, a torn shirt, and the black pinafore. The sittings were held in the open, Maria perched at one end of a fallen tree, Jack at the other. He arrived one day at dinner time. The mother was away, and Arnold had prepared the meal which he invited him to share. On the table stood an earthenware bowl filled with boiled potatoes, and a jug of milk. This simple meal and the dignity with which these people shared it with him, delighted Jack.

The portrait drawing was one of his best. It was bought later by the artist Sarah Whitman. I do not know what became of it after her death, but I hope some one is enjoying it, for it represents hours of work, and recalls the friendship of a lovely child. The other day I found the edelweiss Maria gave him, carefully pressed, with a note from Arnold among the documents marked:

"Precious, not to be destroyed."

A paragraph from the letter follows:

"I, and especially Maria, wish you good luck and happiness for the New Year, the best of health and a long life. It is very cold here and the little lake is long since covered with ice. Maria speaks almost daily of you. She thinks you will come to Sonnenberg next summer when she will see you again."

While at Sonnenberg my mother was taken seriously ill with bronchitis. Her one desire was to return to America and Oak Glen, where she felt sure she would recover. Jack, always thoughtful of her, insisted that I should go with her. So we parted, I sailing with my mother in the early autumn, leaving him to continue his journey to Italy alone.

CHAPTER V

A DECORATION FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

IN September, 1892, Jack went to Venice to meet Villegas. After a sojourn of a little over a month, they returned to Rome, where Jack spent the winter, working on his studies for the Boston Public Library ceiling. Robert Winthrop Chanler, with his English tutor, Mr. Read, were in Rome that season, and here Jack became his first teacher. What a different Rome from the one Jack had known in his youth! Now he was here for a serious purpose which possessed him, yet, through it all, he retained his interest in his contemporaries. He still tried to find purchasers for Coleman's pictures and to pose for a medallion in bronze by the famous sculptor John Donaghue. A daily letter to me serves as a diary of this time, in which his story speaks for the suffering, hopes, and fears that must be borne by all artists who conceive and know the reward of creation.

As the letters that follow are filled with the story of his struggle, it is well to keep in mind the ideal for which he suffered. We read it in his own words in a letter written to me:

June 1st, 1893

...I only want to do something that will mean something to generations to come. I am not painting with a view to being praised for "brush work," which is the fashion of the moment — and the curse too — though I would give a good deal to be a little more handy with mine. I would like to paint something that will comfort people and bring them peace; not a thing that will make them think of a wonderful piece of handiwork. I would like to have people say "how much I have been comforted by seeing that picture" rather than have them say, "What a great artist." I am talking truck, I know, but a few pictures have made an impression of the kind I would like to make, on me, and they have

mostly been painted by comparatively unknown men! Alas! poor me!! I shall never accomplish this or any other of my dreams....

Venice, September, 1892

... Villegas said something tonight at dinner that I cannot keep from you another minute.

I was speaking of the miniature of himself and asking him when he would give me a sitting and he said he would sit for me in Rome. I knew very well he would not, and told him so. The Signora (Villegas's wife) piped up and said he had got to sit for it, as she wanted it so badly she could not wait a minute; and then told me she was going to take possession of it herself and wear it always. Then she said, "and you must give Elliott the fan you painted for his wife. It's disgraceful not to have sent it before." He said, "I should have sent it long ago, but they would have had to pay the duty, and it isn't worth it. Then I thought it might make them come over sooner, but I am going to do something better for her besides the fan." "What's that?" asked the Signora. "I am going to paint a portrait of Elliott for her when he comes to Rome."

"Good!" said the Signora, "then perhaps she will overlook your conduct."

Is that news for you, and does it not make you glad? Now you must give me an idea how you would like it to be, — standing or sitting? He may make me take the pose myself, in which case it can be as you want it. Oh! if you had only come with me, I know he would have painted you and that would have been so much better. Villegas tells me he has kept all my studies but that the portrait Sala painted has turned black and gone to pieces generally.

I finished "The Little Minister" last night, and I have nothing to read, and I am all alonty donty. Mind you send me names of books to read, as much as possible those that you have read by yourself....

Grand Hotel St. Mare, Venice
Sept. 19th, '92

You cannot begin to think how glad I was to get your sweet little letter this morning. Do please write me what they did to you at Paris. It seems so strange that they should make any difficulty about people who come from a healthy place to Paris! In walking down one of the narrow streets this morning I passed Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, who were talking to the artist Cushing we met in London. I did not see them. She however sent the kind old Jack toddling after me, and he came at a bear trot shouting "Elliott." I turned round and there was Mrs. Jack. She was very cordial. She enquired effusively after you. I said you sailed for America on the 22nd, and she wanted to know why you were not with me. I said your mother had taken such a bad cold that you had not dared to let her go back without you. She then said that she had written you several times but that you had not answered her letters, and I told her that you had not received them to my knowledge. She invited me to lunch tomorrow and to bring Villegas. If he would not go to come myself. I excused myself as gracefully as I could saying that I had such a short time in Venice, that I begged she would let me call on her instead.... I know nothing on earth would persuade Villegas to go to lunch. I promised to take him to see her, however, and said I would let her know this evening. He says if he finished a sketch he is doing he will go....

You must not be lonely. We must be as brave as we can and the time will soon pass. The happier we try to be the quicker it will go.

Villegas is delighted with my miniature of Ned and said he wished he had one of himself for his mother so you may be sure I offered to make it at once, and I am going to do so as soon as I can. Are you glad?

My room is very comfortable. It costs 6 francs a day which is much too dear, but it is the only sunny room in the house vacant. The cheaper rooms look out on a cold courtyard or face a narrow canal at the back and would be expensive at any price. I have the

address of some that are said to be cheap and sunny, and I am going out to look at them as soon as the sun is a little less fierce. People are walking about with white umbrellas, it is so hot. Goodbye for today and God bless you always.

54 Via Vittoria, Rome
Oct. 19th, 1892

The measurements came today with two letters from you, one of which was very sweet and dear. The work does not discourage me, my darling — it only perplexes me sometimes — indeed it often does. Only undeserved rebukes discourage me. I am terribly sorry that you had not got my letters at the time of writing. Of course if I had the management of the mails you would get letters if Kings and Presidents had to wait for theirs.

This morning I got up at seven, went out and had my coffee, bought some things I needed, and came back a little before eight but the model did not come till nine. I worked hard till twelve, when I went out to lunch; soon after the plans and letters were sent me. The plans are very exhaustive and good. I should be as happy as a King about them if it were not for the beam which puts me on my beam ends very considerably. For all that I shall come through all right, I have no doubt. So many thanks, my sweetest, for your dear plans — they are every bit as good as the architect's. I don't know why you should think they would make me laugh. They came a good deal nearer making me cry, they made me so homesick for you. God bless you.

October 20th, 1892

Today I have been racking my brain to think out a subject for the ceiling and making little sketches, all of which amount to nothing as yet and still, later on, they may help me. But the day as a day has been lost for all the work my hands have been able to do, but my head — which is very tired — has been busy and puzzled enough. I have thought of putting in architecture and so make use of the confounded beam, bad luck to it! I took the plans out to dear Villegas. He is as much in despair about the obstruc-

tion as I am, and says a splendid chance for decoration is ruined by it. You would have loved to see him sitting on the floor studying out the plans and having the dimensions measured off on the studio floor. I told him I should make a design without considering the beam, and that I should paint some workmen astride of it with crowbars taking it down — at which he laughed just as if it had been funny. I wish I could make the beam in some way represent ignorance impeding progress — it certainly is an impediment to mine, and a triumph of ignorance to put such an eyesore in an otherwise desirable space for decoration. I am sorry I harp on it so much, but just now it is giving me no end of trouble and will no doubt go on doing so, unless I can think of some means of turning it to account, but I am not sanguine about it.

October 21st, 1892

I have been feeling very seedy all day; my head has not been aching, but I feel as if it were going to burst. Perhaps it is on account of the weather which changed last night with the new moon and it has been raining in torrents all day — most dejecting. I have been working out a scheme. The drawing I have made is Progress tearing across the sky urging on six or eight (whichever will make the best composition) cream coloured horses one of which has come a cropper over *the beam*, with two groups of figures with ropes around it representing Ignorance trying to stop the way. But for all that, only one horse has stumbled and most of them have passed the beam. Minerva leads the way with a torch surrounded with a group of trumpeters, and the American eagle hovers over the head of the figure representing Progress, and Fame is crowning it with laurels. You see I am straining every nerve to profit by the obstruction, and if I succeed I shall hide a very bad fault in the architecture for which I shall get no credit; in no Italian structure of the Renaissance that I know of is there a visible beam. The Public Library is perfect so far as the style goes outside and so far as Bates Hall — the entrance and so forth — but when you come to the side of the rooms, all style

From The Great Sea Horse

FAIRY GARDEN

goes to the dogs, and the windows are no style at all. As I have often said to you — this is the great fault of American architects. Though I still think that McKim has fallen into it less than Richardson, for so far as the outside of the Library is concerned it is pure — which is more than I can say for the outside of Trinity, much as I admire it. While I write this Kempie is sitting opposite going to sleep over a Roman paper though he would be hurt if I were to suggest that he had dropped off; knowing that, I do not suggest it.

Sunday, Oct. 23rd, 1892

I have been stewing my poor old brain all day over the design and I am almost crazy. Sometimes I think I have found something and then again it all goes wrong. But it is not to be made in a day and I ought to remember that the part of it that I am slaving over now I shall not have to bother about again when it is worked out. I have got in a long day's work of nine hours and I am "domed tired I tell ye thot," though the result of the day is meagre — and more appropriate for a fan than an important ceiling. Kemp and I feed at a queer deserted little trattoria about two blocks away from here. I like it because it is near and nobody I know goes there. Donaghue came once, but I suppose he did not like it, as he has never been again. Then they don't know the secret and I shall not tell them — we tell them the day before what we want, and they take no end of pains for us. Their principal business is to send dinners out, and so they do not take much interest in the restaurant. The waiter and two cooks dine two tables away from us, and a few poor German clerks, and the great Donaghue is disgusted with such company — it interests me however. We come home every night at about eight or half past, and spend the evening together. I work on my design until I am played out, then I write my little word to you which is the pleasantest thing in all the day though you never seem to get any of my letters. Goodnight my blessed one I wonder if you know how I miss you?

October 24th, 1892

I saw... and he was exceedingly patronising to Villegas and myself. As Mrs. Gardner only does what he says she ought to do about pictures, and as he makes many hundred dollars every time she buys a Mancini and nothing should she buy a Villegas, she did not buy a Villegas. It is my private opinion that he is *dealing* in Mancinis and the poor devil sells his pictures to him for fifty or a hundred lire apiece. I would much rather be at Oak Glen than in Rome! I want the morning to come to get back to my design, and yet I know when the morning comes I shall cuss it.

Oct. 29th, 1892

You say the squirrels have come back which is a great delight to me. About your worrying on Mammie's account — my darling — it is only too natural. I have never meant to convey to you that I did not want you to think of her first of all — indeed it is your duty and I would not come between it and you wittingly. I only think you sometimes grow "Byronian" in your worrying and are "Happy in your misery." This, I think, you ought to guard against. There are so many real things to worry about that it is scarcely worth while to worry about what may happen or might be, yet on the other hand we never forgive ourselves if we have not thought of possibilities when they have come to pass, and it is hard to know what to do. Perhaps after all you are right. Great love is as much pain as pleasure, just as much as good work is. We are not here for pleasure, I am convinced of that. What pleasure seeker has ever left his name in the world, save as a warning to it?

Nov. 1st, 1892

Today seems to have been a particularly fortunate one, though I scarcely dare say so. I have done very little work — much less than other days, and yet the idea I have been trying so hard to knock out has come easily and I think — mind you, I say I *think* I have found my composition. I may be intoxicated with the result of today, and you had better take it "cum grano salis"

but I am going to bed better satisfied than I have been for many years. Do not think by this that the design is made by any means — it is only the first idea that is taking form. The other however will be simple work compared to the awful time I have had in bearing this poor deformed child of fancy. Now, I shall have to nurse it and feed it and care for it when it is sick — which alas! I know it will be every day until I see it on its bier (or the ceiling of the Library which is the same thing) for it is a decrepit hunch-back little thing — perhaps that is why I am so fascinated with it at its birth — and again — alas! we know that no one sees the beauty of a cripple child but the one who bears it. I may not feel quite so cocky tomorrow morning as I do tonight, so before I grow discouraged again I shall mail this to you.

Nov. 2nd

I am very tired. I do not quite know why, for I have not worked particularly hard, but I suppose it is the effects of yesterday as I worked very late. Coleman came this morning and liked my design, which encouraged me. I am particularly proud, as the first attempts at the horses I made were remarkably like buns on stilts. I am now in agony trying to get my second panel to "gee." At present it is blank and stares at me defiantly, and I stare at it dejectedly. It seems like wasted time to sit by the hour together, and yet it is the most exhausting part of the thing, and leaves me like a rag. I dined tonight with Auntie and saw dear old Marion, much changed. He seems very doubtful of making a success and says he is very nervous. I should have liked to have a chat with him but there was no chance, but as he says he is going to be four months in America I shall hope to see him there. He says a new line is going to start from Naples in January that will take ten days to N.Y. and that I had better go by it. I hope however to be back before then unless I have terribly bad luck.

Nov. 3, 1892

Today great things have come to me in the way of imagination, and so far as the conception of my decoration is concerned, I

think I am out of the woods. My progress has turned itself into the "Progress of Time" drawn by twenty horses representing the twenty centuries, and these are being urged on by twelve hours. They are coming out of darkness into light, and the scythe of Time forms the crescent moon, while the foremost horses make a silhouette against the sun. The hours not employed in "geeing" up the horses are in advance blowing trumpets heralding the advance of the unconquerable. Does this cover the subject? Keep it very dark! I have not changed my subject a little bit, only my idea. I ought to have said I have not changed the design. It is very late; I have been sitting working and chatting with Kempie, and have not noticed the flight of the subject of my drawing. I am tickled to death with the subject. I think it is new and I am pretty sure my idea is. I think the subject covers the patent library and everything else contained in the public library, but this may be my fond conceit. Do not be led away with my self enthusiasm.

Nov. 5, 1892

This afternoon I went out to Villegas and told him of my conception; he was quite enthusiastic about it. Tomorrow morning Coleman is coming. I think I have told you about him, he is one of my oldest friends in Rome. He was always one of the people I admired and, though in the old days I saw little of him, I see much of him now and realize how much I lost by not having seen more of him in days gone by. Though he is one of the best artists in Rome he is unappreciated in the large sense of the word. He is poor, and in the hands of the dealers to whose interest it is to keep a man poor just as it is in the interest of the usurers who hold a mortgage on an estate to keep the owner poor, so that they may eventually gobble up everything, I send you photographs of two of his pictures and I want you to try to get Mrs. Sears and Mrs. Kimball interested, and to do your best to get them to buy one of them. He has at least fifty just as lovely in his portfolio. I shall bring some out with me when I come to America.

I hope dear old Mingo will not have to be shot. I want to paint

him. He has been much in my mind these days. If he has to be, however, get at least a photograph of him first, and if possible a plaster cast of his head and beautiful hoofs and legs. I do not see, however, why the dear old beast should not be fed on mush and kept in the stable.

Nov. 6, 1892

I gave a small dinner to the Vice Consul who is a Maltese, and Kemp and he and I had a very pleasant modest little spree. Today I have arranged my figure of Time and sketched in the first idea on one of the figures of the hours.

Nov. 8th, 1892

The days are very short and seem to get away from me. Though my horses are all going at full gallop they go very slowly, and I am growing very impatient to be back with you. I hope in a couple of days to have the twenty horses all carefully drawn and more or less as they will eventually be. I have been struggling desperately with that confounded beam for the last four days and am almost distracted. It ruins the ceiling.

Nov. 9, 1892

My darling, I have thought of you all day long on your birthday. I am worried with my work, or perhaps I ought to say, with myself, for not making more progress, but I seem utterly unable to do anything but mourn at the end of the day for having let it slip through my fingers having tried in nightmare fashion to make use of it, but without the power. I saw Apolloni today. He was very glad to see me; poor fellow he is very thin and sad and is still dressed in black. He wants Mammie's permission to send her marble bust to Chicago, which I have assured him she will grant with pleasure. I wish she would enclose a little note for him. He is very sad and looks careworn. I am going to say goodnight now, for I must do a little work before I go to bed or the design will never be finished. God bless you always as he blessed me on this day by sending you to help and comfort and love me. Many happy birthdays, my darling.

Nov. 10, 1892

The next week or so I must expect to be very unhappy about my work as I shall have to compose a group of the hours which is no easy matter, so you must not be discouraged by my down hearted letters. I sometimes think things would go more easily if you were here, but again I fear you would find me a beast and a bore to live with and perhaps the reason I am feeling so blue is because there is no one to make feel as miserable as I do myself! I forgot whether I told you that Donaghue left the bronze medal of me at the house the other day, so that I have it, and will bring it to you when I come.

Nov. 11*th*, 1892

I think I have made the thing march a little, today. I don't know, when I think of it, why I am so dissatisfied with myself. After all is said and done for, I was much longer over the Potter Palmer composition, and that was much less difficult and far less important. I envy Marion for being on his way to America. My Kempie is sitting with me, and we have a jolly fire which I insist upon having, and we are as comfortable as it is possible to be without wives which is saying less than you can realize.

Nov. 12, 1892

I have just got back from Auntie's where I dined and met Marquand. I gave her your message about Marion which delighted her greatly. I walked home with Marquand who is a nice little chap. He sails from Genoa the 14th of next month which I should greatly like to do if I can get through in time, but that, I fear, is out of the question unless the work goes much faster than it has done this week. However, I am making my drawings so carefully that the hardest part of work on the design I shall submit will be accomplished. Then, again, I expect to come up against more difficulties in the color arrangement which may, and probably will, delay me a good deal. Your suggesting to take my sketches to Chase struck terror to my heart. If you really want to sell the sketch I gave you of the farm yard I have nothing to say, though

it has happy associations for me. I put my heart into it and I do not want the daws to peck at it.

Dec. 2nd, 1892

I tried today to get 'When a Man's Single' but it has not yet been published. It can't be as good as the Little Minister, he would be too great a genius if it were. I am sorry to say I don't read very much in these days. When I am not working I am talking with Kempie. He is better today, though both of us have had a terrible headache all day owing to the infernal machine used in this God forsaken country for heating rooms (charcoal braziers), but it was a question of being frozen to death or dying of cold.

Dec. 3rd, 1892

Another day has made its escape by the great gate of the West and left me lagging by the way, but, though the work has not gone so far ahead as I had hoped it would, it has progressed a little bit, and I feel somewhat more hopeful though by no means overwhelmed by that most necessary but more deceitful power.

Dec. 6, 1892

This afternoon I took half a day off and took Bob Chanler and Read to some studios which they greatly enjoyed. It has been decided that the Art department of Bob has been placed in my hands. I shall go and see him and get Villegas to go and encourage him. Many good painters here I am sure will go to him at my request and give him a lift. I do not believe in a man getting under the entire influence of one man. I feel very proud to have a pupil, and I shall not lead him astray in the beginning of his art as I was led. I hope that I myself by teaching may learn to spell as Lord Byron says his wife's lady's maid did.

Dec. 8, 1892

This evening I went to see Bob who is a dear boy, and I think I did him some good. He is more susceptible to good impressions than to bad ones as far as I can see, for he has a natural abhorrence

of vice. Still I fear if he were to fall into bad hands he would probably go to bits for he is easily convinced. I spent two hours answering the most extraordinary questions I ever had put to me in life about morality. I hope I answered them well. I hope too he will follow the advice I gave him.

Dec. 9, 1892

I have put in a better day's work today than I have for some time. I think I begin to see my way out of the first darkness, but I know from bitter experience that I shall be overwhelmed again and again by dark almost hopeless days before I am through. I wish you were here with me. I know I should have done much better — but that is idle wishing. I am like a tree with the sap root missing. I have just been to see Bob in his new apartment which is extremely nice — full of beautiful things. On Monday I start him to work. He is only a few paces away and I can get him agoing without losing time when I want a rest. If I find I have a knack for teaching I may have a class in America

Dec. 12, 1892

Today I have given the first lesson I ever gave in my life and I feel I made a desperate failure though Bob Chanler is much more encouraged than I am. Of course he is very anxious to know if I think he has talent, which is a difficult thing for me to answer as I don't want to mislead him. I think he certainly has a great deal of facility which may mean something and may not. As a rule it is rather against a man than otherwise, but his ideas are so good that if he can only be made to study seriously, I think he will amount to something. My own work has gone on a peg or two, but it has been a wretchedly dark, wet day and has not counted for much.

Dec. 15, 1892

I have a decided leaning towards indigo tonight, but why I do not know for my Villegas came this afternoon to see my design and was so pleased with it that his praise was unreserved. The

composition and the idea he pronounced excellent and said "*me fa una gran buona impressione.*" It is the first time in my life he has really praised me, though he has always encouraged me; though his praise has given me fresh courage it has not made me feel buoyant. It is so strange that human nature should be so perverse, but I know it will delight your dear true heart. The part of it that I have been worrying over for days and was still dissatisfied with, he said was "*molto ben trovato.*"

Dec. 16th, 1892

Today I have had the first deliberate and grand loaf, and I have walked miles and miles. I gave Bob a lesson after lunch and then took him and Read out to Villegas, who as usual was kindness itself. He has promised me to go and see Bob's work next week and give him a lift. I don't know whether he or his knows what this means to him. I think he does though, and he seems to be a most grateful boy. Next week he is going to model in Benllieure's studio; Coleman is going to give him lessons in water color and I am going to get Jose Benllieure to go in and criticise him too. I wish I could have had some one to do as much for me. I take him to all the studios and tell him to admire what is good in every man's work, and not pin his entire faith to any one man.

Dec. 18, 1892

Today has been very cold, but I think we shall have it warmer tomorrow as there is a fog tonight. I was out early this morning and things were frozen. The lower half of my design I have cut off and mounted, and tomorrow morning I order the canvas. The upper half is all found and only needs cleaning up. Hurry as I may, with all the luck in the world, I scarcely dare hope to be through before the middle of next month which is a great grief to me, but I have thought tomorrow and tomorrow for so long that now I think instead next month. I hope the margin is too large. Bob has made a famous drawing today. I am more encouraged with him than with myself.

Dec. 31st, 1892

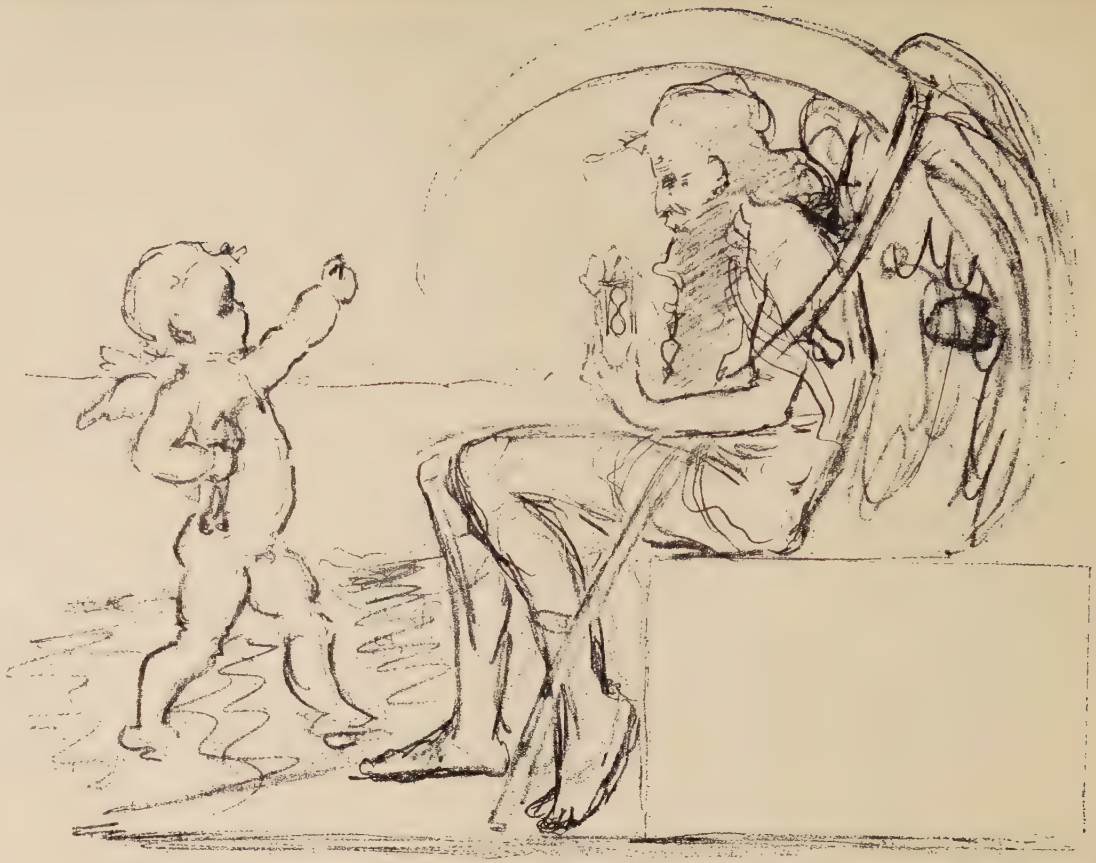
A little more than one short hour and the year that has brought so much joy and hope to both of us will have joined the ocean of years, and a fresh spring will start and flow to the same sea in its place. Only think, tomorrow will be '93! I wonder what it has in store for us. So *much* joy and success I wish my heart's beloved! Tomorrow I fear will be a poor day for the work, as I shall have to go and wish many kind people a Happy New Year. A sweet duty, to be sure, but time taking. I love you better and better and more with every year. *1893*, a happy joyous New Year to you. The year is only minutes old. We have toasted you and all dear ones. God bless you my sweetest and dearest of hearts. I love you with a great love.

Jan. 2, 1893

Today has been a failure. I have had such a wretched headache all day that I have been almost useless and nearly blind with it. However I managed to do a little work. I was interrupted by the owner of the furniture we have been using coming to take it away without giving any notice, and in consequence I am driven out tonight to find a bed where I can. No difficult matter, to be sure, but if the cub had given even half a day's notice there would have been time to buy a bed and all the annoyance would have been saved besides the expense. I must be thinking of hunting for somewhere to sleep now, so Goodnight. If you ever send me off by myself again I won't come back to you.

Jan. 3, 1893

I said yesterday I thought it would be cold today, and sure enough, when I went out this morning there were about two inches of snow on the ground and it has been all day and is still bitterly cold. Kempie and I dined tonight with Luella Varney and Serrao in her studio, and had quite a cozy little dinner à la Bohème. There was an Italian chaperone who slept persistently.



Scribbling Book

THE NEW YEAR DEFIES THE OLD

Jan. 12, 1893

I had a long dear letter from you this morning. I am sorry my last letter to you was sad. I ought not to bother you with my little trials but I get very hard up for topics, as I write every twenty-four hours and see few things, or people.

I have no *insignificant* sketches (I wish you could see the summit of my nose.) The only ones I have are of the subject of which I have spoken. The others never existed save in my head, or at least they suggested to me the present subject, and grew into it. I have not deviated one line since, nor do I intend to. It is the most entirely *found* thing I have ever done, and my trial is to do it. I am not thinking of bullying you, you peevish little thing. Thank Mammie for her message. Tell me all about the de Kovens. Who was at the Ouija board besides yourself and Mammie? The "demon of self distrust" is pretty well subdued between the encouragement of my Villegas and Coleman. The demon of inertness is my worst enemy. I shall certainly listen to Villegas, but I fear it will be some time before he says "do no more, take the work home." However, I trust it may be in February as my friend the Ouija predicts. If you knew how damned uncomfortable I am in Rome you would have no fear about my forgetting to come home, I assure you. The windows are rattling with the east wind with no means of keeping it out. There is little joy in having a bachelor body with a married heart and soul. Goodnight. God bless you. My feet and Chippendales are cold. I will toast them and go to bed.

Jan. 13*th*, 1893

Today has been the coldest I ever remember in Rome, and knocks St. Paul, Minnesota, into a cocked hat. We dine at home at last, thank heaven, and do not wander through the crevices of the wind, as we have been doing. This afternoon "When a Man's Single" came and I have been reading it with piggish greediness. I have tried in every store in this benighted city over and over again to get it without success. The invariable answer has been, "We have not got it, but we expect it every day." Just as they

say at the shops where they write up "English spoken" that the man who speaks English has just gone out, but will be in directly if you will wait a moment.

Jan. 14, 1893

The cold in Rome continues to be intense. The water pipes were frozen in the house this morning, and so were many of the fountains. A more miserable place in such bitter weather, I defy the devil to find. I had a nice little note from Bessie Crawford asking me down to Sorrento. I shall not be able to go, however. My work is going too slowly for me to take a holiday. Kempie is sitting gobbling the book you sent me. I have not read any of it today. I have been too busy working and warming myself alternately, and successful at neither. Even the fire looks as if it had crept to the back of the grate to keep itself warm. It occasionally gives a merry little flicker, but immediately becomes serious and red as people do who have laughed out of place and feel ashamed.

Jan. 15, 1893

Every fountain in Rome frozen; 5 degrees below zero. I hope you didn't tell the Sears what my subject is. I don't want any one to know and I have only told Coleman, Villegas, and yourself. I am getting something of the effect I want, but it comes very slowly, and it is harder than you can imagine to make a very misty thing and yet have plenty of color in it. In charcoal it is simple enough, but with paint it is a very different thing.

Feb. 4th, 1893

I foresee that my fate is to paint miniatures and baby landscapes for the rest of my life. I am utterly disheartened with my work and myself. I have forgotten all the technique I ever knew in my six years or thereabouts in America, and I find people who were nowhere beside me, years ahead. The worst of all is that I have not only made a pitiful mess of my life, but I have been a drag on your wheel of Fortune too, and I fear I spoiled dear

Ned's life as well, though always with the same good intentions that hell is paved with.

Feb. 5th, 1893

Today is the first in many days that I have felt any hope about my work. I have seen nothing but black failure ahead, and I fear it is more than likely there is nothing better in store for me, but I will not anticipate it. I grow more and more frightened every day. I am only just beginning to realize what a *tremendous* thing it is, and every inch of it fraught with difficulty. I have no doubt whatever that it is the most difficult thing in the whole library, as it certainly is one of the biggest, and where failure would be ruin, it is better to think of nothing but success. Yet it takes more courage or conceit than I possess to think of success with failure glaring at me all the time. I pray I may succeed. When you see the sketches, or studies rather, you will realize what a fight it is I am having, and a losing one I am afraid. However, it is all silly talk and speculation. You will be glad to know I am not so desperately discouraged as I have been for the last week.

Feb. 6th, 1893

Soul of my heart, my most beloved. Tomorrow is the anniversary of our wedding day and we shall have been married six whole years.... I hope we shall always do as we have done all along — love each other more and more with each year, and I pray that I may grow more worthy of your love. I shall think of you and work so hard for you tomorrow, my dearie. Villegas came this morning and scolded me for being so discouraged about my work and says it is going on splendidly; that the colour — about which I have had grave doubts — is excellent. I hope this will encourage you. It has put fresh heart into me, but I cannot help feeling lonely, and I would not if I could.

Feb. 9th, 1893

My truly bluly. It has been a miserably dark and wet day but I managed to put in a lick that tells, and I worked very hard

and hopefully. I hope I shall not have another bout of the blues. You have no idea how desperate I was. I have been round to see Bob this evening and had a long talk with him. He is working bravely and well, and there is no doubt that he has lots of talent. He is so much improved I don't think you would know him. Steady occupation with sympathetic, hard-working people round him has quieted down his nerves to a wonderful extent. Today is the first day of the Carnival. I have seen nothing of it, but it is a thing of the past. I am feeling very well and fit thank heaven and I trust I may put in some good, solid work tomorrow and yank the fiery steeds of Time along. Nothing has happened but work today, and so I have no news but love, and that is old news.

Feb. 11*th*, 1893

The news of Bishop Brooks' death is very sad. What a privilege it is to have known and heard him! How much, too, he has enriched many lives, mine among them. The beloved words of consolation he said about my darling boy apply equally well to him now. Assuredly he is in God's care, for a nobler soul was never entrusted to the body of mortal man. He is a loss to this, but surely he must be a gain to the next world.... I am so glad that Sears was so sweet! I am truly fond of him apart from the kind interest he takes in me — though I have no faith in my miserable self and cannot help being filled with wonder that a man like Villegas should have any in me. I take his word for it, but go on doubting myself all the same. I used to know de Forest Brush slightly in the old days. Your aunt told me in the most serious way that Marion had invented something *quite new* in his lectures, by pausing to tell a story à propos of his subject. I could not help laughing in my sleeve for the invention must have been made by Adam in order to teach the catechism to his children.

Feb. 12, 1893

Serrao and Luella were married this morning at nine o'clock, and I meant to have gone, but unfortunately I did not wake till

twenty minutes to nine. I might still have been in time, but I did not remember about it till an hour later. I feel dreadfully about it. This evening I went round to see Read. Bob dined out — and I had a delightful talk with him. I was very disjointed in my conversation, though, for my head is so full of my work that it would wander away, and two or three times I forgot what I started to say, and more than once my thoughts rambled, and I lost what he had been telling me. But then he is so frightfully in love that I don't think he noticed it. Bob went to see Villegas this afternoon and brought back a big Havana cigar as a present to me from V.

Feb. 14th, 1893

My Valentine: Today has been a very comforting one to me. My Villegas came this morning and was most enthusiastic about my study. He has not made one adverse criticism even and today he said, "Do not be discouraged, it is going on splendidly. Indeed, I may tell you, that you have surpassed already what I had expected of you, for when you first told me of your project I had not thought that you could do so well. I shall write in a day or two to your wife to tell her what I think of it."

If I am suffering from elephantiasis of the head, you will understand. Villegas and Benllieure, also I, lunched with Read and Bob and instead of coming back to work, I went for a long drive on the Via Appia which I enjoyed immensely, though I felt all the time that I was letting all the sublime sunshine escape me, but I hope I absorbed enough of it to be able to put a little into my painting tomorrow.

Feb. 15th, 1893

I saw... today. He was grandiose and pompous as usual and seemed to enjoy his own importance in overwhelming silence and condescending contentment. Somehow I feel when I see him, as if I walked out of the sunlight into the shade. What a shade he gives! The Cedars of Lebanon are out of it entirely! Not even orchard grass could grow beneath it. The desperate thing is,

however, that I have a mortal dread that if I live to be so old, I shall be exactly like him — a failure as an artist and a stupid, selfish man, without the soothing conceit of thinking I am undervalued as he does. He thinks that when he is gone, his pictures will be of immense value and that his children will become Vanderbilts in wealth by the sale of them! Happy man to be able to lay such flattering unction to his soul.

Feb. 17, 1893

It is quite a joy to me that the fleas are coming back again, though they torment the life out of me and make me suffer the tortures of a condemned soul. The energy with which the youthful Italian flea gets to work might well be followed by the lazy bodies on whom he demonstrated his busy tendencies. I, alas! make him an excuse to go a-hunting, but I have not told you why I hail him with joy. It is because he is the Italian swallow, and it means that the cold weather has gone. You see how hard up I am for news to spin you a yarn on such a bloodthirsty little beast.

Feb. 18, 1893

Your letter written on the blessed 7th came this morning. I am so glad you got the telegram in time. It is interesting to hear about Sargent's designs. I am sure they will be great, and I grow more and more terrified. I doubt if they will beat me in the idea and composition, but alas! I am a feeble thing when it comes to painting, but all remains to be seen. You cannot begin to know my loneliness and lostness without you in this struggle, which either means I am going to swim or sink.

Feb. 22*nd*, 1893

This afternoon I went out to see dear Villegas, who is quite overcome by his father's death, and he said that though he had been expecting it for years the blow had come at last only with increased weight and suddenness. I feel for him most surely, for I can truly say that never a day of my life passes without an ache coming into my heart such as he is suffering now. Life is very

hard. Today Bob is twenty-one. I went round this evening to wish him well. I rather reproach myself now for having refused champagne. It was ungracious, I fear, but it plays the devil with me and I am always glad the next day when I have resisted taking it, still I think I ought to have toasted him.

Feb. 24th, 1893

I have been round to Bob's this evening to say goodbye to Read who starts for England tomorrow. The dear fellow gave me a little statuette of the dancing Faun at the Naples Museum in bronze. I was very much touched as it cost 75 francs, and I know from the talks we have had he has no money to spare. I bought for Auntie today a very prettily shaped Etruscan vase quite plain with black iridescent enamel. They are of earlier date than the figured one. I paid fifteen francs for it, and shall buy some yellow flowers and a spray of almond blossoms and put them in it and take it to her tomorrow. I hope you are satisfied with my choice of a gift. I have been at my wit's end to find anything. A week from now would have been a better time to buy, as all the pilgrims will be gone.

Feb. 25th, 1893

I have done little work today as I went in search of birthday flowers. I changed the vase I bought yesterday for a figured one which cost 20 francs, really a gem in a modest way, and I bought one of those flimsy Turkish antimacassar sort of things exquisitely embroidered at both ends in delicately coloured silks. Then I filled the vase with daffodils, and put two sprays of almond blossoms among them — a truly lovely bit of colour. The vase looked a little bare without some drapery, which is why I bought it. Most of the flowers I stole from Bob's rooms, as they were languishing there and no one was getting the good of them. The vase has a figure of Eros in front and the exquisite Greek honeysuckle pattern around it. It was far the prettiest gift she had. She sends you much love and many thanks and told me to tell you she has had a lovely birthday. Annie von Rabé was there

with her daughter, Louischen, who is awfully like Daisy in appearance, so far as the outside of her head is concerned, but there the resemblance stops. She is an extremely romantic child with a passion for, and endless flow of conversation about, white mice, which used to interest me some five and twenty years ago.

This evening I dropped into the Caffè Greco where I saw Sartorio, with whom I shared a studio long ago. I must have told you many things about him. He took a gold medal at the Paris exhibition. Of the things I left with him in the studio Uncle Sam's frame which cost 400 francs and a sketch were missing. He told me the story of the frame for which he had painted a picture as he had no money to buy one; that he had sold it, and begged me to let him pay for a new one, or rather to replace it. As there is a heavier duty on frames than on pictures, he is going to let me have the pick of some thirty exquisite landscapes and is going to replace the missing sketch with another. So my wrath is appeased. He is still in my old studio. It took me back to many lost days to see it again, and was more pain than pleasure.

Feb. 26th, 1893

Today I did none of the loafing things I had arranged in my mind to do, but worked till half past four when I went out for a little walk. My design looks awfully like a lot of flies crawling about in a pot of marmalade or an omelette aux confitures.... Tonight I have been round to see an English miniature painter (E. R. Hughes). He has told me so many things about miniatures, and advised me very strongly to go in seriously for them. I confess the temptation is very great, as I enjoy doing them so much.

Feb. 27th, 1893

Tomorrow is the last day of the month. The boat I had counted on taking sails without me, and not only that but leaves with my work scarcely half done ... I think it would be disgraceful if they were to run street cars across the Boston Common. Where are the heirs of the man who left it to the city? The conditions were

SELF-PORTRAIT

Scribbling Book

that if the city encroached on a single foot of it that it reverted to them....

Feb. 28th, 1893

I find after working eight hours, which is my usual stint, I am used up. I often leave it, and go off meaning to have a good loaf, and then am stricken with remorse and come back to it feeling that I have no right to be idle. But I am more often sorry than not, when I make my fingers work — for forced work is only the work of one's fingers — as all of one's will and brain are put into whipping up one's lagging energy, and the work, if it is not purely mechanical, is very apt to suffer — as the most valuable quality in it — the soul — is thousands of miles away and often times rambling in the seventh dimension of space. I find imagination once let loose is harder to get back into its cage than any fugitive bird, and I spend hours with the vacant cage trying to entice it back again.

March 6th, 1893

Today I have set aside the lower panel and have prepared to get to work on the other half — my heart is in my boots. The day has been divine, and I have enjoyed it as much as I could, though I feel I have small right to enjoy anything until my task is finished. I don't think you realize, that one of the biggest things in the Library is the panel in Bates Hall which is *forty* feet long by *twenty*, if I remember rightly, and your poor little Pigmy has *two* panels *thirty-nine* feet *long* by *sixteen feet.* I should love to get off into some country corner to draw brambles and butterflies.

March 8th, 1893

Your letter of Feb. 18th came this evening. I will not answer it tonight as I am feeling a little cross about it, perhaps I am unreasonable and ungrateful too. Today I have done no work to speak of. I spent the afternoon with Villegas. He, too, is discouraged as his picture is hanging fire and he despairs of being

able to exhibit it this year. I took a pre-Raphaelite English painter named Hughes with me.... Hughes is very anxious to make a silver point drawing of you he tells me and says we must go and see him in London. He is in much the same plight as myself, poor devil! His wife has gone to England to nurse a sick aunt and he has been a grass widower for some months, and the hard part of it is that he worked for five whole years in order to save enough money to come to Rome for a year with his wife.

March 7th, 1893

A beautiful sunny day outside my heart, and a dark and dreary one inside has let the sun slip over the horizon to its rosy bed hours ago. And now I am going to try and answer your dear letter about which I was so ungracious yesterday, but dash my wig, you are a little trying sometimes when you are in a Presidential veto mood. I acknowledge, dearest, that my characteristics are of a kind that I would not wish my worst enemy the burden of the half of them. I need to fight them I know. It is too true that life is passing apace, but I do not think when you see it, you will call my work "fussy," indeed much of the time I have spent has been in trying to get a little boldness into it and simplify it. When I wrote you that I was making a study, I did not mean that I am making a finished picture by any means. A study is an advanced sketch of the whole or part of a painting that will be of positive use when the painting itself is made, while a sketch only means a very vague idea of what the thing is going to be, and I cannot afford to be vague. On this point I am taking my characteristics into account, as by nature I am vague and visionary and I want to present to the Committee a thing that will guard against my wandering off and turning the thing into some new fancy. True, I am making this infernal stodge for the library and not for an exhibition picture, but you forget that a failure in an ordinary exhibition is forgotten when the gallery is closed, but this thing is going to be on permanent exhibition. I feel that I must insist more or less on my design. Then if I lose the commission, I shall feel that I have done my best and that my fault was in my talent and not my endeavour.

March 10th, 1893

I have passed the evening at Bob's where I met Sartorio, Coleman, Benllieure and Dr. Bull. I had quite a good time in a curious way. Sartorio and I sang some of the old songs we used to sing together when we were studio chums. Dr. B. is a wet blanket as a rule, but not quite so much so tonight. There is a ponderousness about him that makes one feel that the room is full of Kings.

March 12, 1893

This morning your letter came and it put fresh heart into me, and I have worked very hard. Though I may not have done good work I have covered down the upper panel which had not a bit of paint on it yesterday. It is very interesting to have both panels together and the thing, crude as it is, looks so fine that the rest of 'em will have to hustle to get as good a subject or composition. There is a whirl and go to it that fascinates me even — though I sez it as shouldn't! You probably know by this time what it means when I am pleased with my work — a fortnight's hard labour!

March 13th, 1893

Just what I expected has happened; last night I was feeling particularly stuck up about my work and have paid the penalty today by being away down. I lunched with ... poor dear boy. I saw his children; he is devoted to them, and is all the mother they have. His wife must have been a worthless woman to run away and leave them. He took me into her boudoir which was all dark. There was a portrait of her by Villegas and other good paintings which I could scarcely see, but he would not open the shutters, and there were tears in his eyes and voice as he spoke of the portrait. He said I could take a plaster cast of any thing in his studio when I go away from Rome. You have no idea how many beautiful things have been promised or given to me.

March 14th, 1893

I can paint no better than a Spanish cow can speak English. I am only a dreamer and "made of such stuff as dreams are made

of." I have good ideas. I think I may be allowed a little conceit since it is, I am convinced, the only redeeming point in my unfortunate character. It is curious that the word "procrastination," when it was explained to me at the early age of five, should have made me weep bitter tears. I remember them still. I have wept many more bitter ones since, not for the word, but for the sin of it.

March 15th, 1893

Coleman came in for a moment and asked me to go and see a large water-colour painting — perhaps the largest water-colour ever made — and certainly the largest I have ever seen. It is very exquisite. He liked the work I have been doing the last few days. Indeed, he was quite enthusiastic and encouraging. I am mildly hopeful. There is a certain Hamilton Aïdé... who knows you. He is a novelist, musical critic, poet, essayist, painter, playwright, composer, and humourist. He is most curious to see my work.

March 17th, 1893

Sometimes I feel so conceited that I think I have knocked spots out of Guido Reni's ceiling, and then I come suddenly to myself and realize what an idiot I am. Still he had no beam in the middle of his ceiling and if I could condense my composition into one panel I am not at all sure that as a composition mine would not be as good. I hope when you see it you will find it in your heart to forgive me for being so long about it.

March 18th, 1893

I ran round at lunch time or rather just after, to see your dear Auntie. Annie von Rabé was there. She is surely a most brilliant creature and gives one the pleasant impression that one is brilliant, too, but it is rather like the jokes one makes in a dream — when one wakes one fails to find the point that provoked the sleep ending laughter.

You say I am not to give way to depression. I don't give way, it is simply stronger than I am and overcomes me. My life has been a trial trip and the machinery of the boat has not come up to

the expectations of the contractor. Instead of going eighteen knots an hour, for the first half hour I go fifteen then break down and go into dry dock for two months for repairs. A nature of my kind never belonged to a great man unless he happened to be a poet. There is a serenade going on a few doors away which makes it difficult to write... Let the Library progress, I am glad of it, but let me progress too.... I feel that I need take extra pains, as my work will remain to my honour if it is good or to my shame if bad. Howe — how I mean — desperate about the Mill, what will the end of it be? Of course it was fully insured, but a year's trade will be lost. It is very bitter news for I love Harry Richards and admire the brave fight he has made; he is a Balaclava in himself. I think that would be a better name for him than "Skipper." How does Marion get through with his Pond lectures and sail on the 11th? I am terribly curious to know how much he has made. I am so glad you enjoyed yourself at the Charles Sargents. There is no need for you to do anything about Bob and L., for Bob thinks the world of her. He is very apt to be influenced by the last person who has made some plausible remark to him. He is like a compass and people act on him like magnets, but when he is left alone he points in the right direction. I cannot feel particularly sorry for L. which is perhaps wrong of me as you say her bed is not of the softest, but as she has made her bed so she must lie on it. She thought sheets of thousand dollar bills would be more comfortable than calico, and I imagine she gets a certain amount of satisfaction in chafing under them, though her rest may be disturbed. She has got what she wanted most, or what she thought she wanted.

March 20th, 1893

I had a very curious experience last night, if I may call a thing an experience that I know nothing about. I slept till four o'clock this morning when I got up and walked in my sleep about my own room and Kempie's without any light. He says he asked me many questions but my answers were almost incoherent and the one I used the most was "It is of no consequence." He says I opened the window and looked out. Then closed it, arranged the shutters and

after some minutes went back to bed again. I have not the *slightest* remembrance of it. I have been feeling desperately tired all day. Villegas and Benllieure dined with Bob. I went in after dinner and chippered up a bit in the lively company.

March 22, 1893

The work is full of snags and I have been tripping at every move all day. I wish for fun you would measure off the size, 39 ft. by 16 ft., and you will get an idea of the tremendous amount of calculation of proportions that must be gone through on the design to make it useful later. No one else will consider this, but I should like you to.

March 23rd, 1893

I have tried desperately to do some work today that would carry the dumbfounded thing ahead, but I have not succeeded in making it get a move on. I really suffer over it, and both work and suffering sink into the canvas — out of sight as if it were a sea. I am out of my depth with nothing to hold on to but myself, and I am not buoyant. I am afraid Villegas raised your hopes too much, and you had much better prepare for a signal failure. I went this evening to see Annie von Rabé; I call her the "forlorn hope." She certainly has had a devilish time, but then, she has that kind of a nature that requires strife — it makes her miserable but she would be unhappy without it.

March 24th, 1893

Remember that if I underrate my work, you overrate it. I do not feel I can trust you when my work is at stake. Your judgment about anyone's painting but mine, I should never hesitate to take, but I am conceited enough to think that you see the hand you love rather than the work.

March 25th, 1893

It is devilish hard to find different actions for twelve figures *all doing the same thing*. They must perforce resemble each other somewhat. However, I have varied them as much as my invention could do.

From The Great Sea Horse

OLD NEPTUNE

March 29, 1893

I have been painting wings all day and they are too desperately hard for words. I had looked forward to finishing the accursed thing by the end of this month, but I was a fool to cherish a disappointment for myself. You may as well make up your mind that I am a dead failure and give up trying to persuade yourself that I am a man of talent. My life has been a series of mistakes, and the — or at least one of the greatest — has been trying to turn myself into a painter. I should have made a good machinist.

March 30th, 1893

It has been a very hectic day. Bob came back from Florence as I expected engaged to be married, and the ceremony is coming off on the 14th of April! I hope it won't be a case of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. It has been the most wonderful month of March ever known in Rome! We are (alas) very near the end of it.

April 1st, 1893

Such a beautiful fat 50 centesimi overweight letter came from you this morning. I am too disgusted with the American public — but then they are most of them Irish. I am so happy Marion has been such a comfort to you, but I cannot have you say your life is slipshod. You are a perfect Niagara of force, but like Niagara, circumstances have made it impossible to use the power so far, but the time will come, and I trust soon, when it can be applied to some purpose instead of tumbling into the rapids of the years. For my part, every day of our separation I think would be dearly bought with Fame — which will never be paid for it — and more than likely nothing will be left but the bitter regret of it. Some day perhaps we may go to all the places you speak of — it is very interesting, all you tell me of La Farge's sketches. Now I come to Stetson, poor chap, and I will tell you just what I think about him. He is an original genius and what he ought to do at his time of life is to stay where he is — paint in his own way — and stick to landscapes. He will never, in my opinion, make a figure painter — at least never a first rate one. By coming to Europe he can only

modify or lose his originality. His chief charm is that he is American, pure and simple, with a sweet new-world sentiment and feeling for colour. If he comes to Europe, he will spoil himself, I feel convinced. Take this for what it is worth which is probably very little. I don't think the Schwalbach picture merited an expensive frame as it is only a faithful study, that is all. The only really good thing about it is the good time I had painting it.

P.S. I think I have made quite an April fool of you by making you read all this stuff!

April 7th, 1893

The work has gone hummingly today, and I feel much encouraged with everything about it save the terribly long time it takes me. I cannot do it quickly, and I sometimes see your face looking very impatiently at me; then again it looks sad and disappointed and wrings my heart. It is strange and silly, but when in my imagination you are looking at me with your brows knit with impatience I get furious. Perhaps that is because my conscience tells me that I deserve a scolding, but on the other hand when I see you in my mind's eye looking anxious, I weep in my heart....

April 13th, 1893

I think if I were petrified I should turn into an onyx with lots of dark and only very narrow streaks of light. As I sit here I keep looking up at the Thing which makes me long for the morning. It looks so misty and "suggestive" — in fact if I could only make it look in the daylight as it does by a dull lamp or at twilight, I should realize my dream, but I doubt if any one would realize the subject.

April 19th, 1893

Another hectic day, but I won't bother you with the details. I have been twice to Palazzo Odescalchi — indeed I have just come from there, where I had a long talk with Mimoli who arrived last night. She is very handsome and has grown awfully like Aunt Lou. I want, if possible, to make myself a little birthday present of a finished design; however I am doubtful about it. The Signora

Villegas was almost weeping today because he keeps changing his picture. She made me think of you — she said if any one would offer "*due soldi*" for it, she would take the responsibility of selling it for that price so as to get it out of the Studio. This is the way artists' wives look at it! Because he is sick, she blames the picture.

April 22, 1893

I don't know just how old I am today, but I know I am a year older than I was, and I don't think the last eight months ought to count.... My birthday has not been a great success. Serrao invited me to lunch — also Kempie — and it ended as all lunches do in ruining the afternoon's work, though thanks to the long days I succeeded in getting in an hour, which fortunately told. I have not made myself the birthday present of a finished design but I have come near to it.... I think I can give you material for a chapter or so of your next novel on match-making mothers, coy daughters and opinionated not-to-be-caught-by-chaff youths, most interesting and pathetic. I am an old bird, but I never saw a matrimonial race so jockeyed, yet I suppose it happens every day.

April 25th, 1893

Today has been a great day in Rome with the tournament in honour of the German Emperor. I did not go as I was at home pegging away at my own tournament.

April 27th, 1893

Does Carrie Hall work at her drawing? I hope she does, for she has real talent. She is so earnest about the things I have seen, and then she has not that "fatal facility" which is a sort of axle grease with grit in it. It makes the machine run like the deuce for a while, but produces a hot box after a while and stops it.... I doubt if I could stand beside Lucia Fairchild, for I have none of her facility, and what that delightful critic called "brush work" an expression that has amused me much. It is happy enough, too, and describes most modern painting, where the brush answers for brains and

everything else. Why not write an article on the clever brush work of an industrious housemaid, or the shoeblack?

April 29th, 1893

Today brought me your faithful little Saturday letter and soon after the good true Villegas came. You remember he was more enthusiastic about the lower panel than he had ever been with any of my work. Today he said the upper panel, which is the last, was far in advance of the lower one.... I am sorry that what I said about your bully raggings should have made you feel so badly. After all, I should feel lonely without them, and you must not be so very severe with yourself. It is pleasant to hear about the Eliotts. I think they will make a mistake by going back to town, but I suppose the more recent discomforts of the country have made them forget the terrible disadvantages of living in town. I am glad you had such a pleasant time in Providence and I hope some good will come out of it for Stetson. I hope you enjoyed the Duse. I knew her years ago in Rome.

April 30th, 1893

Tomorrow is a great anarchical day here and the Government is prepared for an emergency. All the banks and embassies are guarded by soldiers. I trust, however, that everything will go off quietly, though trouble is anticipated.

May 3rd, 1893

I have made, I hope, great progress today but my heart is in my boots still.... I am a failure and shall end up in the grey country. Goodnight my heart of hearts.

May 4th, 1893

A lazy day. I did not feel like working a little bit this afternoon so I walked out to Sartorio's studio and went for a long walk in the country round. Everything is covered with roses, the air is heavy with the scent of them, and orange blossoms. It made me long to do some sketching. Sartorio has had a beautiful pastelle

box made formed with straps and a place for the paper and a cunning little drawing board and everything "shipshape and Bristol fashion." I pray for just ever so little inspiration to put the decoration on one side, so that I may try to soothe my poor tired old head, body and what I call my mind by painting something real.... It is in a very toothsome state just now and beyond the point when one makes oneself work as it only wants the touches of *genius*,(!) that makes the ordinary things extraordinary. Sometimes my fingers positively itch to get to work on it, and then again I cannot bear the sight of it, and at those times it is positively dangerous to work.

May 8th, 1893

Perhaps you think I am only fussing. I assure you however that I am not.... I grudge the time I am kept away from you by this miserable miscarriage — for after having given birth to twenty horses, ten full grown women — a baby with wings, a bow and arrows, some clothing — Time, his hour glass and a scythe (which probably saved a surgical operation) boundless space, plenty of clouds to say nothing of the sun, I fear it is going to be stillborn, but we shall see, all in due time. Arthur Terry is expected tomorrow.

May 12th, 1893

I met Marion Crawford in the Piazza di Spagna this afternoon. He said he was coming to see me. I hope he will not carry out his threat as I don't want anyone to see either me or my miserable production. Marion said many sweet things about you which in my usual bearish way I did not respond to in the worldly fashion. In fact, I cannot help feeling that you are so far superior to praise that it almost offends me.... You are my only reason for wanting to succeed. For myself I don't care, *in tanto* I have none of my own people who care — and all my ambition is for you since my sailor boy's death.

May 15th, 1893

I am nearly off my head. I do not get enough exercise. I cannot afford the time, though by not affording it I fear I have often lost

time. By the way, while I think of it, make the largest collection of the used Columbus stamps you possibly can — you ought to have a rare opportunity in Chicago. The 25-cent ones already fetch double in Europe, and when they are out, of course they will be worth a great deal more. Mrs. Potter Palmer must receive millions! Grab 'em!! You can make quite a small fortune without any capital. My memory is treacherous or I should have told you weeks ago. Get as many millions of them as you can!!!

May 19th, 1893

I have done a first rate day's work. Your letter made me feel better, and I am afraid that what you told me about Sargent and Abbey's work stiffened up my backbone a good deal, which shows a mean spirit on my part. I may probably knock 'em all down yet. Alas! for the conceit of it. Still my composition is good, and *utterly* original. I shall necessarily stammer over what I have to say, but I am giving my own thoughts and not illustrating the thought of some one else. I have taken the hours from mythology but I have given them wings — if you can speak of the winged hours in poetry why cannot they be painted? It seems so strange to hear you talk of cold while I am being roasted alive.

May 27th, 1893

It has rained most of the day in floods so that two or three inches of water were rushing down the centre of the streets in these old fashioned parts where there are no sidewalks. Yet, indeed, there never can be for then it would be impossible for carts to pass. The air is much more invigorating now as we have had four or five thunderstorms in the last twenty-four hours, but I feel about as limp as ever. I am seldom able to paint more than three wings a day, and I have still some fourteen to do. I foolishly left them till the last, thinking they were of little importance and easy, instead of which, they are frightfully difficult and a great deal depends on them.

May 28th, 1893

I am glad you enjoy the Exposition so much.... It must be wonderful, but I think you let yourself be carried away Chicago

Boston Public Library

DETAIL FROM TRIUMPH OF TIME

fashion when you say it is better worth seeing than anything you saw in Europe when you speak of the Greek and Roman reproductions. Rome *was not built in a day*. I personally prefer to sit in the Colosseum and rebuild it and people it out of my poor little imagination. Alas! the design is not ready yet. Arthur went tonight to Sorrento for a few days. I wish I could go somewhere, but it is not for me. I am Friday's child and I must work for my living.

May 29, 1893

I have worked like a Trojan today and I think I have carried the thing on a good way. I have discovered in these long months of struggles a very grave defect in my nature, which I shall have to fight for a long time, as it takes an age to get rid of a bad habit. The last long talk I had with Villegas, in which he spoke of no end of artists, he said the commonest fault was to pay too much attention to bits and not consider the thing as a whole and though their works taken piece by piece were excellent, as pictures they did not hang together. It did not occur to me that the sweet man was talking at *me* and letting me down gently by naming no end of big men past and present. But today, it flashed across my sluggish mind that he had really been giving me a lecture, and it is true, that when I am working I get carried away by a part without any reference to the whole and that is why I am never satisfied, because I feel the want of *tout ensemble* in my things. Yet I paint my figure and carry it ahead vide Spring. Then I paint the landscape and take that a step further, then I go back to the figure so it becomes a sort of game at leap frog between the background and the figure. Alas! I have lost too many precious hours and months and years in finding this out, but it is something to have had the defect brought home to me even at this late date. It is a great delight to me to find that I can sit down at 2 P.M. and work till dark, that is, till past seven without feeling tired, only sorry when the daylight goes. But the mornings do not produce much. I owe myself such a grudge and I never get thoroughly awake — that is working awake — much before ten. Villegas tells me he never goes into his studio till ten "for fear of spoiling something," as he puts it.

He says it is useless to try to work till the brain has entirely recovered from the effects of sleep.

June 2nd, 1893

I went this evening with Arthur to Serrao's where there was a meeting of the remaining members of the Alba Manus, a defunct club, who were going off on a *maccheronata*, but I left them to their fate and came home, which met with great disapproval. It grew dark early as it was very cloudy, but it only rains enough to save the lazy scavengers from watering the streets with a watering pot, Roman fashion! And they sleep peacefully in the *portoni* while a kind Providence earns their wages for them.

June 3rd, 1893

I went round to Auntie's tonight to see the faithful Arthur and helped him pack and get off. Marion came up from Sorrento this morning and so he, Arthur, Mimoli, and Annie were all together again, and I went in as a collateral insecurity. Last night I saw Gino di Bini who kissed me on both cheeks, and today I met him again with a long piece of trailing ivy. He gave me two leaves one of which he instructed me to send you with his homage, much more prettily put than our mercantile tongue can express. I had an electric bath today by A. von Rabé's advice, and felt much as a live sole might while being prepared with bread crumbs prior to frying, and felt as if I had really been fried afterwards.

June 5th, 1893

I passed the solid morning from half-past eight with Mimoli on Annie von Rabé's business. I found out about trains and did a few other odd jobs. Then I went and relieved Mimoli and stayed with Annie till almost lunch time. Then I went to see Dr. Bull in her behalf, who poor fellow, was just going to bed with an ulcerated throat. I then ran back to the Terrys' to lunch, as Mimoli wanted someone to stand by her. This evening I have been round again to see if I could do anything. Auntie and Mimoli go down to Sorrento tomorrow and though I enjoy them im-

mensely it will really be a relief to me, for from the time Bob came, I who want propping, have become a prop.

June 6th, 1893

My beloved. Two years ago today our dear old sailor boy was drowned. I had a strange dream about him in the early morning. I know you have thought of him today.... I saw Marion this afternoon and he was very sweet and I helped Annie von Rabé pack a few odd things. They started safely by the eleven o'clock train and when A. v R. is well installed at the nerve cure, Marion goes on to Constantinople to refresh his memory for his Scribner articles.

June 8th, 1893

Today has not counted for much so far as I am concerned. I had to do some little last things for Mimoli and Villegas sent me a note begging me to do something for him, which was of course a sacred duty apart from being a great pleasure. Kempie and I lunched with the Serraos, and I think lunches are the most destructive and abominable things that were ever invented for workaday people. It ruins the whole day. Now I trust I shall be able to devote myself to myself. The thing is nearly finished. The colour, composition and so forth is all finally decided and I have no wish to change it — if it does not please the trustees I shall paint it any way. One thing is certain, it is original. I may be conceited about it, but I have taken great care not to echo any one else. Then again another thing I have taken into consideration is that the people who are most in need of the enjoyment (?) of the painting will only be able to see it at night and it looks better by candle light. I doubt if any of the others have taken this into consideration at all.

June 9th, 1893

After lunch when it is impossible to do anything for an hour or so at this time of year, Kempie and I drove out to see Villegas. His two pictures are finished. Signora Villegas said this afternoon that

I was worthy of Villegas, as I took *almost* as long to be satisfied to let my work go as he does. But — dearest heart — dreadfully as I deplore the long delay, I am thankful that I have waited and worried at the thing till I have come somewhere near the effect I started out to get. It is *so much* better than it has ever been. At the same time, there is so much more poetry in it, that is, if it is worthy of the term.

June 15th, 1893

I went out to Villegas this afternoon to take a last look at his two paintings before they are sent to Munich. It was like parting with old friends, I know them so by heart. You *must* see them; they are so much better than any other modern things I have seen, and even his bitterest enemies — the society of "Arte in Libertas" — sent a deputation to congratulate him. I love them too because the darling sailor boy knew them and used to talk about them. Then Uncle Sam used to amuse himself counting the figures while he was posing to me for his portrait. So for me they are full of memories as well as beauty.

June 22, 1893

Today I have ordered a packing case, and I have had a very narrow frame made with the division in the centre in the correct proportion. I saw two baby foxes for sale in the Piazza di Spagna, and wanted them awfully but resisted them bravely — and afterwards repented that I had, as I found Coleman would have liked one of them. Tomorrow I shall get them and then make him give me a painting of them.

June 26th, 1893

Today the work took something of the form I have been trying for all this time. I ran in this evening to see Mariano Benllieure for a little while, but as they spoke Spanish all the time they did not furnish me with anything new to tell you. You may be interested, however, to know that some child on the opposite side of the street starts to play the scales punctually at seven — that the Aqua Acetosa man starts the street cries at between four and five in the

morning and they do not cease except for a couple of hours in the afternoon till the Tribuna has been published at 9 P.M. Then there is a baby in the house opposite that never stops crying day or night — it isn't crying just this minute, but a puppy is howling in the courtyard and some drunken men are singing out of tune. It is the noisiest place I was ever in.

June 27th, 1893

I have just about reached the end of my tether. I don't think there is a chance of its being accepted, it is a rank failure I am afraid. I should be glad to have the loan of someone else's eyes to look at it for a moment. I think the devil invented the decoration of ceilings and painting in general. It has been hotter than ever today and I have to trundle my painting all over the room to get away from the sun. I wonder what you are after, you little minx, and where you are, and all sorts of things. I have to be up betimes in the morning as I must get lots of colours and brushes, but I am safe to wake up with all the racket that goes on in the street. I only wish I were as sure of getting off to sleep and once asleep not dreaming of the painting which I do as a rule. Goodnight, my darling. Don't quite forget me, for I have not so many people to love me as you have.

June 28th, 1893

I hope to do all I know how to do tomorrow, and then I can let it go with a clear conscience — that I have done my best, and if it is not accepted I shall not reproach myself that if I had taken more pains it *might* have been successful. The might-have-beens are the bitter things in life — at any rate in mine.

June 30th, 1893

... *IT* is finished so far as I am concerned. I don't know what to do to make it any better and frankly I never hoped to be able to make it so good, that is to say, though I hoped to make it much better than it is, I did not *expect* it to come out so well. The time at my disposal before the 14th I shall employ in painting a portrait

of Kempie, and we may go off together to some little mountain place where I can make a landscape or two.

July 1st, 1893

Today Villegas shook hands with me with both hands and patted me on the back Spanish fashion when he went away, and said he had not expected, when he wrote the Trustees, that I should do so well. This is more than a gold medal to me. He praised the composition, the colour, and what he is pleased to call the "serious dignity" of the thing, in fact, for a man who expects so much of this poor little "Jock Elliott," his praise was great though always veiled and reserved. I am spending my time now getting my things together, which won't take me very long, and I have got to see several officials about getting my painting out of the country, thanks to the tax in yours. Republican be it said!

July 15th, 1893

Tomorrow will be the last of my little records in this room where I have wrestled for so many months with the design and written to you so often. It has grown such a habit with me to write a few lines to you every night that I shall feel lonely when it comes to an end. I have packed pretty nearly everything, and I think I shall be able to get along with the faithful little trunk that seems capable of holding a world of things. It seems strange this trip that it will have no dresses in it. Goodnight. God bless you.

The scene changes to Boston. The two panels with which Jack struggled so long were safely installed at the Mt. Vernon Street studio. The first to see them were my mother and I. Next the Trustees of the Public Library dropped in singly or in pairs, then Jack's friends and finally "all Boston" came to the studio.

His letters to me when I would be in Newport give the best picture of this time.

Boston, August 21st, 1893

On arriving in town day before yesterday I went straight to the Public Library where I found Mr. Prince alone with Mr. Dwight,

the other Trustees having failed to turn up. He made an appointment for midday yesterday, and I met Mr. Pierce, but he had no time to go and see the work, however, he and Mr. Prince agreed to meet me today at 1 P.M. at the studio, which they did faithfully and true. Mr. Pierce was very nice indeed about my design; thought it was very spirited and lots of things.

Algonquin Club, Boston
August 25th, 1893

I went round last night and saw Mr. Prince about the advisability of my being on hand when the other Trustees see the painting, but he does not think it is necessary as Mr. Pierce understands the thing, and he thinks they can now describe it between them to the others. Pierce, Prince tells me, was really delighted with the design.... He is confident the others will fall in line, and, as you know, I explained it thoroughly to him.

Boston, Friday night

I dropped in on Mr. Prince, and found one Mr. Pratt, quite an entertaining old timer, and again I had quite a good time. When the old chap went away I had a few words with my quixotic, royal friend.

Mr. Frederick O. Prince, mentioned in the letters, was President of the Board of Trustees. He was a gentleman of the old school with a "hair trigger breeding," an eminent lawyer, and at one time Mayor of Boston. He was the father of Dr. Morton Prince, and Norman Prince, founder of the Lafayette Escadrille, was his grandson.

241 *Beacon Street, Boston*
Friday, November, 1893

I dined with Harry and Fanny, both were sweet as pie, but the dinner was simply dreadful — they must both have superb digestions for a few *sic* would disable me for life. I had a lovely time though. H. seems so much nicer to me since my success, — not

that he was ever otherwise. I have been wondering whether it is really so or only my imagination. It seems to me that it might be a natural thing for successful people to avoid failures, or rather not to seek them, on the same principle that healthy people are apt to avoid sick or ailing folk.

241 *Beacon Street, Boston*
November, 1893

I dined with Margaret Deland and met Mammie at the depot and brought her home, gave her beef tea and beat up some sherry with an egg and filled the glass with milk, which she enjoyed immensely. I hope it was good for her.... Mammie and I lunched with the Fairchilds and met Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, all very charming. I went to Mrs. Whitman's studio yesterday afternoon and stayed from half past four till six! Great success!! Mrs. Jack Gardner came up and congratulated me before Lindon Smith and said she had heard that my design was a great success. I was on my Sunday manners — was charmed that people liked it and so forth....

241 *Beacon St., November 17th*, '93

I had to go to the studio and stay till 2 o'clock. Marion Gray came and brought an old party whose name I forget, and I met Wm. Apthorp and brought him in earlier on my way back from Mr. Abbott's. He was simply enchanted and his visit was most gratifying. Then I grew awfully tired and took a little walk outside and met old Mr. Alger, though I did not dare mention his name even to himself, for fear he might be some one else. I bowed to him, passed on and then turned back and found that he was on his way to my studio. He was very enthusiastic too, but that is such an old story it bores me as much as the show business itself. He gave a long and interesting lecture on the fact that the twenty-four hours were simultaneous and that they did not succeed each other and so forth and so on. He then dilated on the dilating nostrils of the horse and the sensitiveness of its mouth and explained why God would not show his face to the prophet but permitted

him to view and ponder over the vastness of his back, and altogether helped the time away for me.... Now don't let the thing bother you any more. The cobwebs are out of my brain and I have done, not the best I might have done, but the best I could. I have been through one of those experiences Margaret Deland speaks of that either raise or lower one, and I firmly trust I am a grade higher for it. Your ownest own JACK

The Reverend William R. Alger was prominent as a poet, and leader in the celebrated Radical Club.

CHAPTER VI

THE TERRACE

"If of thy mortal goods thou art bereft
And from thy slender store two loaves alone to thee are left
Sell one and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul."

Old Persian

IN 1894, Jack returned to Rome to paint his ceiling for the Boston Public Library, taking with him the two studies over which he had toiled so faithfully. His subject was now definitely "found," and its name, "The Triumph of Time."

The "Nineties" have already taken on a romantic glow to all who remember them, and even to those who have only read about them. We were in America when the famous decade began, and it was then Jack had received the order for his *magnum opus*. The imagination of the cultured world had been captivated by the idea of the coming of the new century. Twentieth Century clubs and magazines were started everywhere; — in our own Boston drawing room two young men, Ralph Adams Cram and Bernard Berensen, came with the proposition of founding one of these new ventures. The air was full of roseate prophecy. Artists more than others express the sentiment of their epoch. "The Triumph of Time" is an expression of the universal feeling of a world standing on tiptoe for the coming of the century.

Our first care on coming to Rome was to find a studio large enough for the purpose. He ransacked the city and finally established ourselves in the Palazzo Giraud Torlonia in the Vatican quarter, a fine old palace built in the year 1503. Jack took a lease of one entire wing; he used the ground floor for the working and living quarters of his protégé, Vincenzo Moscatelli, whom he had inherited from Villegas. In the old Via Flaminia days Moscatelli had washed their brushes, and was now promoted to be general factotum. Jack's own studio took up the whole *piano nobile*. It was a great barrack of a place, large as a church, and had once

From The Great Sea Horse

SOAP BUBBLES

served as the state reception room of the palace. The entrance was by a private door at the back; a courtyard with a fountain went with the studio, and here dwelt the tortoise, a falcon and other pets. Pan, the nightingale, lived upstairs in the studio.

One thing that makes life in Rome so interesting is that the city has been continuously inhabited for thirty centuries. With a little study and some curiosity it is possible to live over again in imagination the lives of the Romans of all these epochs. We kept finding out things about the history of the old palace. From memory's flotsam and jetsam two items seem worth saving; the first is that Cardinal Wolsey lodged here as papal legate. Wolsey was one of the great British statesmen, and the first to bring about the close relationship between England and Italy that has meant so much to both countries. The second item is the fact that in the year 1844 when my mother and father were making the "grand tour" on their wedding journey they attended a ball given in the palace by the banker prince Torlonia. My mother danced with the prince in the very room that fifty years later became Jack's studio.

The matter of the studio settled, the next step was to find the dwelling. There was another long search, and finally he found the home that was to mean more to us than any other. The first requisite was it must be conveniently near the studio; then it must be wholesome and have a handsome view. It was all this and more. For it, too, had its own precious tradition. Raphael once lodged on this very spot, and from here made daily visits to the beautiful Fornarina who lived near by in Trastevere. For love of her, it is said, the most beloved of all painters died at thirty-six.

Here I have a confession to make. When we first went to live in this old house the agent told us that it took its name from the square; as that is named for one of Dante's characters, Jacopo Rusticucci, I was much pleased and had the name engraved on our visiting cards and note paper. Later on, Marion Crawford, a Roman born and bred, declared the correct name was Palazzo Acaromboni. I found it more convenient to believe the agent than my cousin, and so, right or wrong, as long as we lived there, the old pile was known to our friends as the Rusticucci. I know now that

Crawford was right, but do not regret the mistake, for as it turns out, we were the only persons who ever lived in Palazzo Rusticucci!

To reach our apartment on the top floor we passed through a courtyard where a fountain fringed with maiden hair sang a happy song under the orange trees. We had to climb three long flights of stairs; when we stopped to rest on every landing we had for company the sculptured figures of the Etruscan ladies that adorned a series of terra cotta sarcophagi. They were quaint and archaic with eyes like shoe buttons and corkscrew ringlets, but they had a certain grace and charm of their own that imitators today strive to reproduce. These ancient relics belonged to Don Marcello, the antiquarian priest, who lived on the first floor. The door of our apartment was painted a rusty green; at the right hung a red worsted bell-rope that set a soft-toned bell jangling. Inside, the floors were paved with red, black and white tiles in geometrical designs. The rooms were lofty with ceilings of carved wood. The ample windows where the sun poured in were so arranged that the apartment was warm in winter and cool in summer. The walls were three feet thick, built to keep out both heat and cold. There were no fireplaces, but Jack soon remedied this and himself built one in every living room. There was a bath tub: — that sounds modern, but if we wanted hot water for our baths the manner of securing it was almost archaic. Large stones, like those used in fireless cookers, were heated red hot over the little charcoal fires in the kitchen; the tub was filled with water drawn from the tap, and the heated stones were plunged in the cold water. That we had running water in the house at all was due to Jack's ingenuity as a plumber.

The crown and glory of our home was the terrace which under his care grew to be a thing of beauty. In midsummer we held high revels here and dined under the pergola beneath the stars. We gave a wedding reception once, for my cousin Louise von Rabé. It was so lovely a festival that Henry James speaks of it in a letter as the most delightful *festin de noce* he could remember. The view from the terrace was unsurpassed even in Rome.

We looked down into the Square of St. Peter's, where the cloud

shadows drift, and the wind blows the spray of the twin fountains. Here we watched the slanting sunbeams play on the dancing water and make a rainbow on either side the noble façade of the greatest church in Christendom. There are other churches more classically beautiful, there are none that carry the weight of tradition and authority of St. Peter's. Pedants sometimes criticise it; artists only feel it. In the middle of the square rises the Egyptian obelisk brought to Rome by Caligula. The pavement surrounding it shows the signs of the zodiac and the faces of the winds. On either side stretch the two arms of Bernini's colonnade with the quadruple rows of mighty columns, where in summer the spray from the fountains cools the burning pavements. On the left of the church is the palace of the Vatican with its four thousand rooms where no woman may dwell. Church and palace are both built of the same rich travertine, its color a soft golden ochre. Our windows looked into the Pope's, and when sophisticated Roman-Americans exclaimed,

"Why did you settle in the Borgo? Nobody lives there!"

Jack replied, "Nobody but the Popes and the Elliotts!"

Turning to the left we looked upon another amazing view; in the foreground the Castle of St. Angelo, then the city, spread out like a map, dark masses of trees marking the Pincio and Villa Borghese, beyond the Campagna with its aqueducts, encircled by the purple Alban and Sabine hills, with Mount Soracte, beloved of Horace and every poet from his day to ours.

Our cook Annunciata aided and abetted Jack in all his plans for the terrace, which he eventually made beautiful as the hanging gardens of Babylon. She was a stout middle-aged Tuscan who dyed her hair, suffered from varicose veins and an insatiable need of self-expression. Her excellent cooking and careful economies should have sufficed for this, but Annunciata was a rara avis. Like master like maid, she loved to toil beyond her strength and was never misled into following the lines of least resistance.

The red honeysuckle, which Jack dug up in the very face of a white bull at the Villa Madama, climbed towards the stars. The sunflowers came up, each with his little burst shell of seed on his

head, which he soon threw away; so the lesson of the new life springing from the old was studied in the shadow of Angelo's dome. The terrace grew more and more lovely every year as he added new varieties to the original passion flower, which grew so large that in order to save its life he eventually gave it to Signor Boni, who planted it in the Roman Forum. Spring, summer, and autumn flowers bloomed in turn. The terrace got such a reputation that strangers sometimes came to the door and asked to see it, as if it were one of the recognized "sights" of Rome. The increasing labor made it necessary to call in a gardener, and so it was that Ernesto was added to our household familiars. He was a tall faun-like man, silent and concentrated; when hot weather came he fought for the flowers' lives as fiercely and more efficiently than our good Annunciata.

I remember one occasion when we left Rome for a few days, and found on our return that Ernesto had added a hundred pots of flowers to the terrace garden. It was early spring, the wall flowers were out, and daffodils, pansies, violets, primroses, forget-me-nots, and lilies of the valley. The azaleas were a flame of glory. Soon after the two large lilac bushes and three spiræa bloomed; with summer came roses, oleanders, and jasmine; then a blaze of marigolds, cannas, cockscombs, balsams, and portulacas. In the autumn we had fuchsias, zinnias and chrysanthemums.

About mid-June I left Rome to join my mother in Newport, but Jack's letters written during the first summer at the Rusticucci told me how the terrace garden was created.

J. E. to M. H. E.

Rome, June 17th, 1895

I have not till now started my little journal for you because nothing has happened, and then I have only just begun to realize that you have really gone, so as the poet hath it

"As keys do open chests,
So letters open breasts."

I have picked the pansies on the terrace busily every day and have cut the first crop of lavender and the brave little bush is

literally smothered with new buds. The hollyhocks are beautiful and the bell plant is all in bloom again just as it was before. The wall flowers, too, are making another effort, but I fear they went too much to seed for them to do much. The passion flower is growing at such a rate we have had to move the other flowers away from it, as it entwined itself round them to such an extent that it was choking them. I have worked at the studio or rather "industered," as I have not accomplished much.

June 18

Today I have drawn on pastel paper the Amore that leads the hours and the centuries the size it is to be. It is exactly one metre and a half from one wing tip to the other. I shall first do it carefully in pastel and then paint it in. I also engaged Mariano's model (trained to fly) for a fortnight on trial — she is as ugly as a hedge fence so far as her head goes, but well proportioned. I shall draw the model in all the positions of the flying figures and then I shall paint them a bit at a time so to speak. Also I am going to take plaster casts of the hands and feet. She seems an obliging girl. Most models object to having casts taken, which is not altogether strange as it robs them of work, but she is much in demand, so I suppose she doesn't mind. They usually, however, ask double pay, which they have a right to according to custom.

June 20

This morning I got to work on my study of the Cupid which so far seems all right. If I have luck I shall hope to send it out for you to *sell*. Big price on account of future historic value!! This afternoon I had to go and buy plaster casts of babies. I got one or two pretty good things though nothing that was just what I wanted, but then having got the wife I wanted I cannot in reason expect to get anything else.

June 23*rd*

I have just got back from the railroad station from seeing Carrie Hall off. She went off very happy at the thought of seeing Venice.

I had a chicken and four hard-boiled eggs, some salt and rolls put up for her so I think she will do till two o'clock tomorrow. I shall miss the little cat, she is very fascinating and I hope she won't fall in love with a painter man — they are a mean lot and always put down their foibles to genius and such like truck. Always your most devoted Piglet.

June 28th

Last night Kempie came to dinner and again tonight, as there has been something on at St. Peter's. We passed the evening on the terrace where it was delightfully cool. My model is behaving like the old scratch, she has only turned up one day this week, a week of four festas! I have been hard at work on the bambino. I hope it is going on all right and that in a day or two I shall be able to begin painting it in. A great deal of yesterday was spent getting a triptych for Marion Crawford, the one I had vague dreams of getting for myself. It is very beautiful indeed, 15th Century work, Venetian. They asked six hundred lire and I succeeded in buying it for four hundred and fifty, dirt cheap. It is much more beautiful than the one in the Borgo — really a gem. I hope he will appreciate what a "find" I have let him in for, for I want it myself the worst way, but then when I think of Villegas, and your dislike of collecting things, I am soothed. I must paint pictures — not buy them. Perhaps some day I may be able to buy them too....

July 2nd

The studio has warmed up a bit, but still it is delightfully cool. I spent some time on the terrace this evening. The cook takes great care of the flowers, the sentimental old thing really loves them, and waters them twice a day now that the heat has come. The passion flower has grown tremendously and has two buds on it. I shall send the first flower to you for Mammie. A note came this afternoon, or an announcement, of the marriage of Pangeris Bey to Elizabeth Gerry.

July 3rd

To tell the truth this ain't a tear, it's beer! I have worked hard today though I gave up at 6:30. When I came home I went to work on the terrace, having ordered a number of strips of leather and bought some tacks, and I have trained against the wall the passion flower which is now as high as the trellis and in another month or two I have no doubt it will half cover it. The cook went off to the Campo di Fiori and bought an amazing amount of flowers for a lire and a half, but they are strange enough and almost past permission of ugliness. Still the things she buys thrive and the things I buy *don't!* I feel as if I were either being shaved or shampooed when I get a whiff of them.

July 4th

They don't pay much attention to the glorious Fourth here, though that giant firecracker the sun is doing it justice with a vengeance. There is a pleasant, cool breeze blowing through the house while I write. I have no news save that I am in rude health and that the fleas are ruder still.

July 5th

It has been terribly hot tonight, and it has lightened every few seconds without any thunder, which accounts for my feeling seedy. The evenings are very cool and I sit on the terrace after dinner and enjoy the breeze, the delight of which is beyond description. The jasmine is loaded with little white buds, and will be in full bloom in a day or two. The pansies are past help, the heat is too much for them. You have had so little good of the terrace — all the spring and summer away. Ercole Monti yesterday gave me the huge passion flower vine that covers one of the walls of the Villegas garden. It will entirely cover the pergola but of course it cannot be moved for some time to come. Today I took my first bicycle lesson. It is a strange sensation. I think I like it, though I chiefly spilt myself this afternoon, and of course didn't learn much. I had the machine brought up to the studio, and I was rather afraid of running through the big picture, so I quit operations sooner than I

meant to do. I want you to learn, it would be so nice to go off on trips together.... I suppose I am a perfect pig but I enjoy being alone so much better than dining with people and talking rot the whole evening through. I have worked the best part of the day on the foot of the Amore which I think will go. Tomorrow I hope to do the other, and then he will be well out of the way. I swagger about in the lovely sash you brought me from Sorrento. I heard that old Mr. Story is dying fast. I should think this tremendously hot spell would be more than he could stand.

July 8th

Kempie dined with me tonight and went a few minutes ago at a quarter past ten, quite early for him. He doesn't seem very well — pains in his dinner place. I gave him some of Helen's ginger which did him good. We went up on the terrace after dinner. The moon is full and it was beautiful up there; you cannot imagine how cool it always is even after the hottest days. I have drawn no end of right feet, but it doesn't come well yet. I hope tomorrow to get round it however.... O dear, I wish I could make that old foot right, I have been three days now worrying over it. I had a quiet little smoke all alone on the terrace which I enjoyed very much.

July 13th

When I had been a short time at the studio in came Marion looking well and jolly. He had met Mimoli at Naples with his boat and taken her bag and baggage straight from the ship to Sorrento. He takes the old folks down to Sorrento Monday. Marion was so pleased with the triptych I bought for him that I am almost as pleased as if I owned it myself.... Cooky was right, there are three lovely roses in bloom and many buds, also two buds on the passion flower. I walked up and down the terrace for a solid hour after dinner and then Vincenzo came and we discussed the terrace together. It is really a great joy and if Pierantoni (the steward of the palace) would only decide what he means to do, I should go ahead with it like wild fire. I have quite decided what I mean to do.... I will make you some pens of the reeds Henry James sent me from

the River Nile. After they are well soaked in ink they write better and if they are varnished in the beginning I think they work still better.

July 14th

I am writing this with a pen I made for you this evening. I think it is the triumph of all. I have made two and will send you a dozen shortly. I taught Carrie how to make them, and she took several away with her. The letters she writes with them are much better. I find myself making extravagant crosses to my *T*s with this pen, but as it is an Egyptian form of the instrument I don't think it matters if the writing looks rather like hieroglyphics. It is mighty good if it is a little bit run away — that is because it is so light. I should like to be at sea really instead of being at sea with the decoration. I promise you I am going to turn landscape painter when it is finished. I hate cities and the people in them and I "ain't" going to have anything more to do with either.

Palazzo Rusticucci, Rome, July 20th, 1895

There is a glorious addition to the terrace today, three great sunflowers higher than the trellis and a beautiful great big hollyhock almost as high. I have longed all my life for both these flowers, and now I have got them there is nobody but the cook to enjoy them with me, and she, good soul, really loves them. I am glad my letter came at last with the honeysuckle, it was a wonderful blossom, was it not? The passion flower has not reopened. I fear it never will; the vine is simply smothered with buds.... I find at this time of year the only time to work with any real vim is before ten o'clock. The cook begins to potter about at five in the morning. I envy her. When she was making preserves she often did not go to bed till long after twelve, but she pottered about just the same at five the next morning!... I am anxiously waiting for your Boston letter to know about the Library. Mind you don't go out of your way to be pleasant to ——. I should be mortified if you did. Don't plead for me — if my work can't stand on its own pins without favoritism, I would rather have it a dignified failure.

July 27th

I trust with all my heart that I shall be able to have my ceiling placed before dear old Prince gives in his checks. Indeed it would be a lifelong disappointment were he not to see it. I am perfectly fascinated with your description of the light in my room, but I don't think — as I remember it — many paintings would stand it, as it is a cross light which I have never forgotten for an instant. Sargent's work sounds well. The illustrations for Abbey's Holy Grail I have seen. He is a master illustrator.

August 2nd

It is just nine o'clock and I am as tired as a dog. The evening is delightful — moonlight and cool. The wind has been so strong the last two days that it has blown over some of the plants and one of the new ones in quite a big pot was broken. A second passion flower bloomed today. To prevent its escaping me I cut it immediately, and it is at the present moment getting itself ready in the big dictionary to be sent off with this tomorrow.

August 8th

I went to the studio and worked with more success than I have had for days, indeed I am feeling as much sot up tonight as I was downhearted last night. Carolus Duran always used to say to his pupils that when they were discouraged it meant that they had gone a step ahead, and that it was not that their work was less good but that their ideal had gone ahead of it. Today I wondered why I had been so disheartened but that is, perchance, that I may have been a sensible man yesterday and that I have been a fool today. Anyhow the thing I have been struggling with so ever since you left will be plumped on to the big canvas tomorrow, for I cannot make it any better now. I am blind over it, and someone must tell me the faults and that somebody must be "one who knows." At half past five I knocked off work and went for a tramp in search of flower pot makers, and I saw some interesting things that you must see — parts of Rome quite strange to me and to all, I imagine, who do not want flower pots made to order, if they are

cheaper that way. My feet are sore with the walk over the cobble stones.

August 9th

Ercole Monti came this morning to tell me to send on Monday for the huge passion flower vine that covers the whole wall at the Villino Villegas, and I am much occupied in getting ready for it. It is not the right time of year to change plants but as Ricardo knew it had been given to me he has out of *dispetto* arranged to have it taken up two months too soon, hoping it would not live, I fancy, but Ercole tells me they are very hard to kill and that if it doesn't do much this year after the change, it will next. He saw the big picture today for the first time, and seemed a good deal impressed — at any rate with the extent of the work, if not with the quality. He was enchanted with my Cupid which was gratifying to me, for it has cost me endless trouble and work. I have made four studies and I have saved them all. They have helped me much to do better. Today I have traced the last one and it is in place on the big canvas though not yet transferred. How clever of you to know it would be a troublesome thing to do. I had never given it a thought till I came to do it, when I found it was a devilish important note in the whole thing and the one isolated figure demanding the utmost care in composition and drawing.

August 11th

I mean to take a little vacation of a day or two to get the terrace in order. I don't think I told you that one of the sunflowers has been in full bloom for three days. It is perfectly stunning. The terrace swarms with the most exquisite little humming birds no larger than good sized moths — just about the size of a bumble bee. Tomorrow morning a cartload of earth is coming, which will comfort you to know. You must bring a fine collection of seeds over, stocks, etc. William Stillman was all wrong about the terrace. It is chiefly a question of plenty of water and large flower pots, the latter are of the utmost importance. I also find that it is cheaper to buy the large Tuscan flower pots than to have wooden

boxes made. The Roman pots cost a good deal less than the Tuscan, but they go the way of the bricks on the terrace. I hear the municipality lost thousands of plants last winter because the pots burst, and our terrace is greatly exposed. I have in the house 100 yards of galvanized wire, which cost the huge sum of three and a half lire to make a trellis the whole length of the terrace. This work begins tomorrow if the devils get the *rampini* made in time which I doubt, knowing these Italians with more or less intimacy. I have made two of the turns to be hooked on myself because they are so untidy I cannot bear it, and even with a sample they do badly enough.

August 13

This morning I sent a man who lives near here and grows flowers for the Campo di Fiore with a horse and cart to get the huge vine from the Villino. The stem of one of them — there are three — is as big round as my wrist. It arrived safely and is in the large flower pot I bought for it the other day, and the gardener man thinks it will do well. I need not tell you that I have been considerably occupied. Vincenzo has worked like a slave, and everything has been made ready to stretch the wires. I had such short notice that it was not possible to get ready for it — but perhaps it is as well, as Italians work better when they get wrought up a bit and everybody seems keenly interested — even the Count, our landlord, invited friends into his attic to gaze on the proceedings through the grating. Then again another good thing about the hurry is that I have had no time to think out elaborate plans and then change them, so I dare say it will turn out a great deal simpler and better for that.

August 14th

It is just two months ago today that you left Rome, and I am frightened to think how little I have accomplished. I have not been to the studio today; great things have been done on the terrace, however, and four out of the five vines are in place, the other goes up tomorrow morning. I really think it is going to be stun-

ning and that you will be delighted with the arrangement. The vine which is all rolled up in a huge bundle is lying on the ground and has been covered up all today with the burlap that used to be behind the big picture, to protect it from the sun. This evening when the sun went down, Vincenzo and I pulled it on one side to water it, and let it get a little fresh air. To my great surprise and joy I found not only that it was as fresh as if nothing had happened to it, but that it was smothered with blossoms which had opened during the day and I have great hopes that it will do splendidly. I wish you were here to enjoy the fun, it is immense! Vincenzo has gone tonight to hunt up a man to finish the reed work. I hope in the next few days to have it all arranged and I do so hope you will enjoy it, my sweetheart. Tomorrow is another festa and tonight the Borgo is all illuminated, really awfully prettily. It is, after all, the only part of Rome that still retains a little of the romance of Rome of other days.... I hope I shall never need a large studio any more because big studios mean big pictures, and I don't like big pictures. I think when I have finished the one on hand, I shall retire from the profession and become a trellis worker or something of that sort, and live on my *rentes*, — those which I made in my clothes! I am growing so funny it must be bedtime, so goodnight.

August 15th

At about half past five Kempie came to the studio and told me things and read the newspaper to himself. I worked till quarter past seven and then we came home to dinner; later we betook ourselves to the terrace and had coffee and fireworks and fire balloons and shooting stars. Then Vincenzo came and we consulted as to the best method of arching the new pergola. On the morrow morn we try one arch with galvanized iron rods, which seems to me the most practical way as it is strong, durable, cheap and does not need painting, which is dirty, troublesome, and dear. Nobody is working today and so things on the terrace remain as they were. Nothing has happened save a devil of a ringing of church bells.

August 16th

I have just had lunch, and as usual I am taking my little chat with you and my coffee together. I have not been to the studio yet as the terrace is in full swing and the dearest old blacksmith with a little anvil and portable fire and bellows has been working like mad all the morning. All the iron rods used won't cost more than fifteen lire and the man three francs a day.

August 17th

I had thought of going off into the country for a few days, but I do not like to leave the man on the terrace to his own devices, and as I am perfectly well and have a tap-room appetite it is not at all necessary. Tomorrow morning the blacksmith is coming at seven and expects to finish his work by midday.

August 18th

Today has been a rare good day. The terrace has gone on splendidly and though not quite finished it will be tomorrow. It is going to be perfectly delightful — and better still the work has made more progress in four hours than it has in as many weeks hitherto.

I begin to see land dimly as far as the first panel is concerned, and I trust and pray the second will not be so troublesome to me. Vincenzo, who is my only critic, is enthusiastic about it. The evening has been positively *cold*. I took my coffee on the terrace, but came down again because it was too chilly to stay and look at the stars as I generally do. It is most interesting to see how they change their position by looking at them through the trellis work.

August 19th

Today nothing particular has come to pass. I got up late, did some scolding which may not have been either merited or necessary, but I felt better afterwards, likewise penitent. I have just turned a bat out of my room by an invention of my own which is to put the lamp on the window sill, and they fly right out of the window — many breakages and much patience is saved by this method. The terrace is finished apart from the canes which have still to

be put in place, also the flowers. The blacksmith has turned out to be a person of note and you must know him when you come back. He was three years in prison as a youth before the Italians entered Rome, a political prisoner of the Pope, and he has a collection of all the papers concerning the plot which he has offered to lend me. He was a conspirator in one of the most famous plots to free Rome from the grip of the priests and the Pope, and the plot was not of a high grade. He is an honest man. He only charged me eleven francs for all his work in the broiling sun for three days. He is known by the name of "Maestro Peppe" which would in itself make a story.

August 24th

The Romans get up incorrigibly early, but then they do absolutely nothing all day long but go to sleep and play cards so far as I can see. I have been twice since you left to see Waldo Story, I like him much. He promised to come to the studio. I am lonely sometimes but not often and never for very long — except that I am always lonely for you — but people disturb me and I like to be let alone to dream my little silly dreams which grow leaner every year.... You did not tell me that you had seen Mrs. Sears' studio. She has without doubt a great deal of real talent, and her work is most sympathetic. Please remember me kindly to Munzig. The terrace has gone along finely. A man has been at work all day putting up the canes, but they really don't do it as well as I do, and there is no getting away from the fact. One of the brave roses has bloomed again. I think next spring we shall really have a beautiful terrace which you will love to potter on. I have endless enjoyment in arranging it, but always fear that you may not like the change, you are so queer about alterations and I like them so much. They are more fun than herds of goats to me.

Last night quite an exciting thing happened in the Palazzo Rusticucci, two men came to the second floor and demanded admittance. Whether they wanted me or the Count Mignorelli is a mystery, but they struck the apartment of one of the Mazzochis who politely asked them to wait a minute, which time he oc-

cupied in loading a revolver. When he returned, he opened the door and presented it at their heads, at which discouraging spectacle they fled into the night. There is little doubt in my mind that they were after the Inglese as the Count is known to be penniless, but the Mazzochi sent word and said they were in search of the Count, no doubt, so as not to scare me. I am afraid of the impression it may make, on the cook, from whom it was impossible to keep the incident, as of course it is a great topic in the Borgo, especially as she brags loudly and long of being afraid of nothing, while she screams the tiles off the roof when one of those ugly but harmless lizards gets inside the house. As for myself, I don't know what I might do. I should probably make for the wardrobe in Helen Gardner's room which is locked!

August 28th

This morning I went down town and found out from Selby that Marion expects to be in Rome in a day or two. I hope he will stay over, he is a very good tonic.... I never stop to think when judging others what an irritable beast I am myself, and that without knowing it I provoke them beyond all bounds. The wise Thales said, "The hardest thing in the world is to know oneself, — the easiest thing in the world is to admonish another." With this wise saying of the most wise of the ancients I will say goodnight, for there is nothing more to be said.

August 29th

I found Trilby this morning and have done little but read it ever since. It makes me very miserable and I cannot put it down, it is so fascinating. I have only one more chapter to read of the first volume and I fear I cannot go to bed without reading it. It is all your fault!

Sept. 1st

Poor little Trilby was slaughtered by one George Du Maurier, and I cannot forgive him for it. It makes me very unhappy for I was quite in love with her. I would give much to know Du

Maurier, though I think he deserves to be put on trial for murder. I have finished it and could not put it down till I had, so late night is upon me and I must say goodnight.

Sept. 3rd

I went off on a tramp taking the horse car out to the Ponte Molle and sitting underneath the trees till the sun had lost its power. Then I went for a long walk through strange and picturesque country lanes and bridle paths up to the top of the hill next to Monte Mario — quite a climb. I was rewarded by seeing the sun set and the moon rise — and a glorious view of Rome. I got back to the city quite tired out, having dined at an *osteria* when my appetite served me, and it came up to the scratch remarkably well. I then went to hunt up Kempie at one of his quaint little coffees and had some with him — chatted for a little while — got back here about half an hour ago, and though I feel tired, I am quite a different man for the tag....

Sept. 5th

I sent the *solito scribulations* to the mail this morning by the worthy cook, as I had forgotten to post it. You must not think that I do not feel well — I have never felt better in my life than I have today. In the old times I have stayed for summers through in Rome, and I think it is perfectly healthy, but if one goes away for July, I do not think it a good plan to come back till either late in October or better still, early in November. But staying the whole year through I think it a better city than either New York, Boston, or Chicago. I have done very little work on the picture but it is fun now to do anything at all, for everything tells and I am thinking of leaving the lower panel and making a splurge on the other, which would perhaps be the best thing to do as I have grown a little bewildered.

Oct. 17th, 1896

The day started in with more very heavy rain, and it evidently must have rained all night. There are notices up about Rome,

issued by the municipality, saying the Tiber has risen thirteen meters and a half and that much damage has been done by its overflow in the country. In the old days before the embankment, people would have been going about Rome in boats, and endless mischief and misery would have happened in all the lower parts of the city. I have not been so far as the bridge for a week, but I am told the water is so high that it is near the top of the arches, and curious people make the watching of it an excuse for wasting their time — perhaps it is as good a way as another. Marion and Bessie came again this afternoon and were most delightful. She has altogether changed front — or perhaps Time has changed it for her. Alas! I see that he has begun his pencillings on her pretty face with the sure hand of the great artist who never takes out a line when it has been drawn, though he corrects the line with additional ones. I had some tea made for them, but the cook was so slow that they went away just as it was ready and didn't take any. Bessie sent you much love and so did Marion and they were both fascinated with the terrace and the little terrace room which I think is quite pretty. The terrace is blooming and I have been quite busy there today in my spare moments putting things to rights, and cutting and contriving. I don't think you will recognize the place when you see it, the things have grown so much. It seems a pity that just when it will be really lovely we shall have to leave it. Still it has been a great pleasure to both of us, and I have grown to care for the plants I have seen grow. I have no affection for the city or the house, but when I am on the terrace I feel that I shall hate to go away, — it is my deer park and flower garden and all my estate.

CHAPTER VII

PORTRAITS AND PERSONALITIES

SPITE of Jack's forebodings he was to enjoy his Roman Terrace four more happy years; without it he would have found it hard to carry on. His life at the studio was lonely, concentrated and intense. He could not bear to be interrupted; and as there was neither telephone nor electric bell at the Palazzo Giraud Torlonia, he was undisturbed by any of the time-saving devices of our Mechanical Age. When the work was so strenuous that he could not break away even to eat, Vincenzo brought him a cup of tea and a brioche at noon and at four o'clock.

He was often very lonely for nearly every summer he sent me home to visit my mother. Returning from one of these trips I was met by Vincenzo. When I saw his face I knew he had bad news, for I never before came home without finding Jack at the steamer's dock or at the station. I found him very ill with a high fever but dressed and sitting up in a chair. Doctor William Bull, the Danish physician, came in soon after my arrival. I reproached him for allowing the patient with such a temperature to be out of bed.

"There is nothing to be done," was the answer, "the risk is less than opposing him."

We three nursed him through a long, grave illness brought on by worry and overwork. It is no figure of speech to say that Jack toiled, suffered and almost died over his Public Library ceiling. The mere physical labor of painting *sua propria manu* so large a composition, sometimes daunted him.

Villegas greeted me with the words, "He has not the *forza materiale*." The maestro was mistaken, but it took eight of the best years of Jack's life.

As soon as he recovered he began to work again. His long days of toil were rarely "devastated" by visitors. Among the few people he welcomed was Henry James, always a congenial companion.

Henry James to M. H. E.

Lamb House, Rye
July 20th, 1899

DEAR MRS. ELLIOTT:

I have, since leaving Rome, "kind of" yearned to write to you, and something I read of in this morning's *Times* brings my yearning to a head. I allude to your general shaking up of yesterday noon, — though I am really hoping that by the time this reaches you, you will partly have lived it down and even forgotten it. It must have been most horrid, and with the particular kind of horridness that one doesn't, in one's general margin for disagreeables, at all allow for. May it not have played a trick, however, to anything but your nerves — not rattled down the beautiful lamp over your dining table, not shaken a single bright maiden out of her "drawing" in your husband's great picture. During the fortnight I spent in Florence after leaving you — it must have been rather less than a month ago — we had our little 12.30 A.M. shock, which waked me, staring and quaking, out of my first sleep and rattled about everything in the room. It was my first impression of the kind, and I can easily imagine that, aggravated, the sensation isn't a bit amusing. However, Palazzo Rusticucci partakes of the immutability of St. Peter's and the Vatican into which it so familiarly dovetails, and I imagine *you* knew the affair only as a faint and far off thing. Moreover, without it I shouldn't perhaps at this moment be thus sympathetically talking with you. Therefore praise be to earthquakes of small calibre!

I look back on my too few Roman days (already) as to a legend of long ago. In this small russet and green corner you are as mythical and impossible as Charlemagnes and Borgias. May you meanwhile not be to yourselves too unpleasantly real — I mean through undue heat, detention, depression or any other material or moral accident. I kept a-wondering about you after I had left you and thinking how kind and gentle you had both been to me, to be sure. My fancy pressed on your heels through all the sequel to that lovely *festin de noces* on your terrace — altogether the most

beautiful and distinguished little *festin* I ever saw. I *miss* the picture of the events at Villa Crawford and it will remain ever a more or less, I fear, unassuaged curiosity. I was greatly — a little painfully — struck with Mme von Rabé, and the towering tall "personality" she presents. What a lady to have to reckon with — but how brilliant, too, and picturesque! Some day you must tell me the story. My own adventures were meek and mild, and it is a fortnight since I got home. I was longer in Florence than I expected, and I also went to Siena and Vallombrosa and Lucca and the Baths thereof, all of which was pleasant enough, but without the deep Roman vibration. Now I water my little lawn and interview my little cook — strangely enough — transpire as profusely as if I were beyond Alps and Appenines. The dog weather rages here — before its date — we are having a dry and scorching summer, and we haven't your vaulted chambers and your walls of medieval mass. So the siestas are long, and in them I dream always of the old enchanted Rome.

It has just been brought more intimately home to me by the arrival of a charming object I, at the last hour, made bold to purchase (on very modest terms) from our wonderful young friend, H. C. Andersen — the colored terra cotta bust of the Bevilacqua which struck me, on the whole, more than anything in his studio. It perches now on my chimney-piece and diffuses extraordinary life, expression and charm. It bids fair to be a delightful possession, and without you I shouldn't have had it, nor known the touchingly interesting youth.

I hope Elliott is fighting more and more on the winning side. I think often of his strain and his solitude — that is of yours too, and I pray for you both. Goodbye, dear lady. Commend me very kindly to Elliott. I hope the horses and their maiden grooms are prancing and dancing on. Sit close and hold fast; and believe me,

Most faithfully yours

HENRY JAMES

The horses pranced slowly but surely on. The steady grind of Jack's life at this time was the painting of his *magnum opus*.

When the strain of the work was past bearing, he broke away from it and indulged himself in making portraits. In 1894, he made his first picture of Dante from a cast of the death mask that hung in Marion Crawford's study. Crawford had collected the masks of a number of great men to help him write that enchanting book, "With the Immortals." Jack became fascinated with the face of the great Italian poet. He was a good Dante scholar and could recite whole cantos of the "Divina Commedia." He spoke Italian better than most foreigners, and often passed among Italians as a fellow countryman from another province; — in Venice they mistook him for a Tuscan, in Naples for a Venetian.

He was dissatisfied with his first effort, tore it off the drawing block, crumpled it up, and threw it in the waste basket. I rescued the sheet, smoothed out the creases, had it framed, and hung it up in our salon. Soon after Mrs. David Kimball, a Boston collector, saw it there and immediately bought it. Later Mr. Benjamin Curtis of the Copley Prints made the reproduction that has taken prizes all over the world, and has made it the most popular of all modern Dante portraits.

The original drawing that I salvaged is in colored pastels, the face is in three-quarter view. It is a virile living thing, and the only portrait I have seen that looks like a man who could have written the "Commedia." The drawing is unsigned, like so many of Jack's things. He was always dissatisfied with his work, and it was only by dint of persuasion that he could be induced to add his signature.

"Dante in Exile" is the title of his next portrait of the poet. It represents Dante while exiled at Ravenna, walking through the meadows, holding in his hand a Florentine lily whose perfume he inhales; he seems to be thinking sadly of his beloved, ungrateful Florence.

After many trials to find a cast of Dante's hand Jack hit upon the expedient of putting a glove on the fingers that hold the lily because he could not be satisfied to use any hand but Dante's. He made endless studies of the flower and the gloved hand.

A reproduction of the "Dante in Exile" appeared in a publica-

Mrs. David Kimball's Collection

DANTE

tion printed in Rome in 1897 called "*Carità e Lavoro.*" The large folio, beautifully printed by Danesi, contains original contributions by artists, musicians and writers, from every country in Europe. These artists gave their works to aid a popular Roman charity. During the World War several volumes of this kind appeared: "*Carità e Lavoro*" is the first thing of the sort I remember. Among the contributors are Ibsen, d'Annunzio, Pierre Loti, Zola, Helleu, Lenbach, Puvis de Chavannes, Burne-Jones, Elihu Vedder, and many another celebrity. The royalties represented include the Emperor William and the King of Portugal, who really was an artist. Jack's "Dante" was given an important place in the book, and later the original passed into the possession of Queen Margherita. A replica of the subject was made for Montgomery Sears and is now in Mrs. Sears' collection. The subject so possessed Jack that he came back to it over and over again, and later made Dante portraits for Mrs. Jack Gardner, Mr. Samuel Ward Boocock, and Mrs. Elizabeth Dennison. I still possess a small oil rendering of this subject, and a pastel drawing.

He was literally haunted by the spirit of Dante, and began a series of studies to illustrate his life. A spirited sketch remains of an incident that always delighted Jack. When Dante was holding an important political position in Florence it became necessary for his party, the Bianchi, to send an ambassador to Rome. Dante was proposed for the mission. While debating whether it would be expedient for him to leave Florence, then torn by the struggles between Guelphs and Ghibelines, the poet exclaimed:

"If I go, who stays? If I stay who goes?"

In the sketch Dante is shown just rising from his chair in an attitude that well expresses the doubtful mood of the moment.

Letters came from many parts of the world in regard to the Dante portraits. I quote one from an unknown correspondent:

Mrs. I. M. Taylor to J. E.

No. 41 Hamilton Avenue
New Rochelle, N.Y.
November 10th, 1911

Mr. John Elliott.

My dear Sir:

I am somewhat embarrassed at finding myself addressing you — but I have endeavored to gain the information I so much desire in every other way, and have failed. An article about you appeared in *Everybody's Magazine* some time ago, which was illustrated — among the illustrations were two of Dante. The unfinished sketch, which has been reproduced by the Copley Prints, and the "Dante in Exile." I have been trying to secure a copy of the latter ever since. Thinking it could be had through the Copley people I went there when last in Boston. I have written to see if I could get a copy on unprinted paper from the magazine, I have written to the writer of the article who advised me to write to you. Can you tell me if it is possible to procure two photographs in reproduction of the picture anywhere? The illustration as it appears in the paper has produced a lasting impression in my mind and imagination, and I am exceedingly anxious to have a good copy. I showed it to Professor Vincent of Union Seminary, and he has requested me to put him in the way of getting one, should I succeed in my quest, as he considers it embodies more of the characteristics of the great poet than any he has seen. I mention this as Prof. Vincent is an enthusiastic Dante student.

Trusting that you will not feel that I have taken too much liberty in thus addressing you,

Believe me, Very sincerely yours,

I. M. Taylor

Friendships are largely made through men's work or through their play. There was a twofold bond between Jack and Giacomo Boni, the archeologist. Boni had written a treatise on Dante in America, and Jack had drawn a portrait that made Dante's a familiar face in many American homes. Boni loved birds, owned a

terrace, and, like Jack, found his greatest pleasure pottering among his flowers. The two men took to each other from the first, and spent happy hours together swapping seeds and stories. Boni was one of the few who knew the knock that opened the studio door. He was a little brown bird of a man with a great soul, and was at this time one of the foremost figures in the archeological world on account of his discovery of the tomb of Romulus in the Roman Forum.

What a setting the terrace made for our lives and those entwined with them! What moments were spent in that enchanted garden where we lived and dreamed; moments when Jack and I were alone together with nothing but the sky above us and the low sweeping swallows at sunset, the grand march of the stars and planets at night; moments when we shared our paradise with gay young companions whose joys and sorrows moved us to laughter or sighing, moments when graver faces touched with time enriched our lives with their experience. Among the haunting personalities that look at me from the terrace is Marie Stillman, loveliest of Victorian women, last of Pre-Raphaelite painters. We called her the Muse to her husband's displeasure. William Stillman adored his wife, but resented other people's adoration of her:

"The moon looks
On many brooks."

Wherever Marie went a circle formed about her where she reigned by the birthright of a royal nature. She was not like any other; by blood a Greek, the daughter of a rich London banker of the house of Spartoli, by education and breeding British, — with a difference! Beneath the surface of her graciousness, lay a character that Jack likened to Pentelic marble.

Stillman was a marked figure in the Rome of his day; he was for many years correspondent of the *London Times*, a post of only less importance than that of British Ambassador. His chosen companions were squirrels. I see him always with a chipmunk peeping out of his pocket, feeding from his hand, or perching on his head.

Many other personalities whose names are interwoven with the romance of the "Nineties" found their way to the terrace. Here my mother enjoyed her last Roman season. In the year of 1898 — just fifty years after her first visit to Rome — she spent the winter with us at the Rusticucci. It was one of the greatest pleasures of her later years, and it was an unmixed joy to us.

Another visitor who brightened our life was Isabel Perkins, who for a year was a member of our family, and remained always a staunch friend. Hers is the bonniest face that smiles to me from the terrace. She was the embodiment of youth and gaiety when she danced into Jack's workaday life and easily took her place in his heart, almost as if she had been the daughter he should have had if the fates had been kinder. Her joyous temperament was like the breath of springtime, and while she was with us he relaxed the grim grind of work.

Among our intimates at this time were several gay young diplomats, flippantly known as "the Dips." In them he recognized kindred spirits to Isabel, and so it was that the old palazzo took on a new spirit of youth and joviality while the charmer was with us. Fairfax Cartwright, the author of a curious oriental poem "The Rose," was then attached to the British Embassy, and brought all his store of learning and experience to amuse our young guest. John Loudon, secretary of the Dutch Embassy, brought us the gift of music. I can see him now sitting at the piano. His voice singing "Lontano, Lontano, Lontano," still echoes in my memory. Mr. Wayne MacVeagh was at that time American Ambassador; the first secretary was a young man named Larz Anderson who added to the joyous festival of our life his inimitable caricatures, his sense of fun, his fund of anecdotes, his enthusiasm for all forms of romantic beauty. As clearly as the voice of Loudon singing Schubert, I hear our young American diplomat chanting "The Wild Man of Borneo has just come to town"!!

The terrace is intimately connected with the romance of our young friend Isabel, for here she often received her admirers, and met the man for whom she was destined. A sentence from

Scribbling Book

WILLIAM STILLMAN AND HIS SQUIRRELS

one of Jack's letters indicates that he divined the happy consummation of this friendship begun at the Palazzo Rusticucci.

J. E. to M. H. E.

...Larz has left Rome these many days so I cannot give him your message, but he will most likely turn up before you leave, and you will be able to thank him yourself, which he will like much better. Your summing up "of the artistic temperament of the highest type" is very sousing and I retire modestly and immediately to the sixth rank and may be conceited even to claim that right. I think Larz would make the Mouse happy, he is a dear sweet fellow, and I care a great deal for him.

As a souvenir of the happy hours that he spent there, Larz Anderson asked Jack to make a painting of the terrace. This picture now hangs at their Weld country home.

As I look back upon the carefree faces of these young people, it seems impossible that later they were to carry so many of the world's burdens, and to be as surely written into the history of the Twentieth Century as the graver faces they met on the terrace were written into the Nineteenth. Isabel Anderson was to become a popular author, to serve her country in the World War and in all the years of peace that followed; Larz, her husband, was to serve as American Ambassador to Belgium and Japan. John Loudon, after holding many important diplomatic positions, was finally to assume the high office of Secretary of State in Holland, Vice President of the League of Nations, and Dutch Ambassador to France.

The face of another youth, George Wickham Steed, who was to become editor of the *London Times* looks out upon me from that happy throng. Little did Jack think that this "rising journalist" would one day write of him one of the most beautiful tributes a man could be paid.

At this time Jack executed a commission for the young archeologist Richard Norton, son of Charles Eliot Norton. With the check in payment came this characteristic verse:

DEAR JACK:

With apologies to you I present you the contents of this paper, and with apologies to Robert Browning I present you this message:

Chalk and paper! How you limn them! In green youth when I was bold
I ventured hope that I'd do likewise — but now with heart grown old
I'm content to watch your magic — I'll scratch dirt and bring you gold.

Adoo — yours,

R. N.

Rome, June 22nd, 1900

In the new friendships Jack never forgot the old. He saw much of Coleman, and Villegas, and took the same interest in the romance of Louisa von Rabé and a young English barrister, Thomas Casson, that he had in that of Isabel, and long ago in Luella and Teodoro Serrao's courtship. He it was who arranged the Cassons' wedding feast in his sky garden hanging over the Square of St. Peter's.

One of the old-fashioned virtues my mother strove to cultivate in us was neighborliness. There were few people actually living in the Borgo who would have reciprocated neighborly advances, but vicariously we were on the best of terms with the Vatican. No Roman tea party is complete without one of the clergy. We had many acquaintances and some warm friends among them.

Our terrace was especially popular in warm weather, when there was always a cool breeze and usually a cooling drink at sunset. It was a convenient stopping place for visitors on their way to or from St. Peter's. Among the faces I remember best is the dark handsome countenance of Monsignor Merry del Val, introduced by a mutual friend Lady Kenmare; then there was Monsignor Stanley, a canon of St. Peter's, whom I had known before he took orders, Monsignor William O'Connell, now Cardinal, who was then Rector of the American College, and Monsignor Dennis O'Connell, one of the most brilliant of them all. Among the Protestant pastors in the Rome of that day the best-known Americans were Dr. Nevin, Dr. Burke, and Mr. de Nancrede.

One figure who called regularly, but not at calling hours, was Fra Antonio, the begging friar, who looked in for his "obolo" the last Saturday of every month. He was barefooted, tonsured, and wore the traditional brown monk's dress: a dear loquacious soul to whom Jack was so much attached that he always kept back a little of the money he should have given the *frate* for the brotherhood's general fund and bought a packet of snuff for the old fellow's particular comfort.

Lady Katherine Thynne, the outstanding London beauty of the hour spent the winter in Rome with her aunt, Lady Kenmare. Jack found in Lady Katherine an ideal type: her face with its long beautiful throat was just what he had been seeking for his ceiling. She consented to sit for him, and her features may today be seen in the second flying figure in his "Triumph of Time." He made several portraits of her, among others a drawing in red chalk of three different views of her face. This was bought by Mr. Thomas Lawson, and after his death passed into the possession of Mr. Seymoure Soule, who purchased it at the Dreamwold auction. Lady Katherine later married Lord Cromer, the Viceroy of Egypt, and as Lady Cromer her beauty became known in many lands, but it was in her early bloom that she posed for Jack. Every artist who saw her wanted to paint her, among others Lady Granby, better known as the Duchess of Rutland. The following letter from George Meredith seems like a recurring thread in the woven tapestry of Jack's life, for he felt exactly what Meredith expresses about the lovely Lady Katherine:

George Meredith to Lady Granby

Box Hill, Dorking
March 21st, 1901

DEAR LADY GRANBY:

The fair face (reproduction of a portrait of Lady Katherine Thynne) has come, and out of the clouds, it might seem, for I scarcely dared expect it would be borne in mind that there was a petition for it. But you can be beneficent to mortals even in the period of personal affliction. It is a reviving likeness... there

is the more than the beauty — *on y voit l'âme dans les traits.* I would speak of my gratitude — it is coin of copper in exchange for celestial gold. I am your greatly favoured,

GEORGE MEREDITH

These years were packed with thrilling incidents for Jack. For him and all the English, it was a grave time. The tragedy of the Boer War cast its shadow whenever a group of them got together. In his eagerness to do something to help his country, he undertook to preserve some of the faces of the heroes who were killed in action. With the help of Hamilton Aïdé and Lady Kenmare he secured photographs of three men of national reputation and from the photographs he created living likenesses. To many artists the thought of making a "post mortem" portrait brings despair. It was not so with him. He had a curious quality akin to second sight that seemed to put him *en rapport* with these subjects. He had many different devices to help him out. When it was possible he studied the faces of living relatives of his subjects. General Wauchope was the first of a long series of his hero portraits. He was helped here by the General's sister, who chanced to be in Rome and strongly resembled her brother. I well remember her amazement on seeing the finished portrait of Wauchope.

"You have worked a miracle," she exclaimed. The portraits of Lord Ava and the Marquis of Winchester were equally successful. The old Duke of Cambridge, formerly Commander-in-chief of the British army, was brought to the studio to see the portraits, and when Jack asked him if he would pose for the same cause he said cheerfully:

"Why not, why not?"

The sittings were greatly enjoyed. His Royal Highness, in order not to go to sleep, talked a great deal, and when he dropped off into a doze, his son would gently rouse him, and to show how wide awake he was, the Duke sang snatches from grand opera in a voice that still showed traces of beauty and training.

These drawings were a contribution to Lady Lansdowne's

Collection Seymour Soule

STUDIES OF LADY KATHERINE THYNNE
For Boston Public Library Ceiling

fund for the families of officers killed in the Boer War: they suggested to the promoters of the fund the idea of holding an exhibition and sale at the house of the Duke of Sutherland. The following letters and extracts from the press tell the story of the English war portraits, and pleasantly recall some friendships of that period.

Lady Hope to J. E.

Officers' Families' Fund
Lansdowne House
Berkeley Square, W.
May 22nd

DEAR MR. ELLIOTT:

My sister, Mrs. Crawshay, and Mr. Hamilton Aïdé, have very kindly undertaken to arrange the details of the small Art Sale and Exhibition for the Officers' Families' Fund. It will take place, we hope, at Stafford House. The idea is it should be very small and very good, and I think it ought to be successful and will bring money to our Fund, though people have already been extremely generous and all sorts and kinds of entertainments have been gotten up for us. This, however, is a new departure, and is sure to do well. My sister tells me the drawings of Lord Ava and General Wauchope are already on their way, and we are longing to see them.

Believe me, dear Mr. Elliott,

Yours sincerely

CONSTANCE HOPE

Officers' Families' Fund
Lansdowne House
Berkeley Square, W.
June 30th, 1900

DEAR MR. ELLIOTT:

This is the first moment I have had to write and tell you how immensely we admire the drawings you have been good enough to send us. Mr. Cameron is reproducing those of Lord Ava and Lord Winchester.

Our Art Sale and Exhibition is to take place at Stafford House on July 12th and 13th, and I shall write and tell you the result. We hope it will be a great success, and your kind contribution formed the basis of the whole idea.

Believe me, Yours sincerely

CONSTANCE HOPE

From the London Times

July 13th, 1900

PICTURE EXHIBITION AT STAFFORD-HOUSE

An interesting little exhibition of drawings and sketches has been arranged at Stafford-House by Mr. Hamilton Aïdé, in aid of Lady Lansdowne's fund for officers' families. Many of the pictures have been lent by their owners for the occasion, but a few are for sale, the proceeds, of course, being devoted to the purposes of the fund. Conspicuous among the latter class is a study of a child in red chalk, done expressly for this exhibition by Mr. G. F. Watts, which has already found a purchaser. A small Millais, however, may still be bought, several other specimens of that painter's work, as of Mr. Watts's, being on view only. Examples of the skill of various other distinguished artists, still living or recently dead, such as Lord Leighton, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Sir W. Richmond, and Sir E. Poynter, may also be purchased. Among the other pictures that are for sale are five portraits by Mr. John Elliott of the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Clarence, the Earl of Ava, the Marquis of Winchester, and General Wauchope. The two last have already been disposed of, but smaller reproductions of all may be obtained. In the loan collections there are some very distinguished pictures, including two Turners — one a very early signed sketch of Windsor Castle — a sketch by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a pen oil sketch by Van Dyke, a portrait of Lady Elizabeth Foster by Cosway, a sketch by Zoffany of Princess Sophia, daughter of George III; and many others.

In the last century when life was set at a slower pace than it is

GENERAL WAUCHOPE

Collection Marquis of Dufferin

THE EARL OF AVA

Afterwards Marquis of Dufferin and Ava

today we used to write letters. Some of us even (hush!) saved letters from valued correspondents, — houses were large, we still had attics. Nothing I can say about those two women, Gertrude Kenmare, chatelaine of Killarney Castle, creator of its marvellous rose garden, or about her niece "Lady Katy" is as vivid as the written words.

Lady Katherine Thynne to J. E.

78 *Pall Mall, S.W.*
London

Dear Mr. Elliott:

I cannot conceive what you must have thought of the inexplicable silence on my part during these last three months, considering that you had been so kind about sending the looking glasses. The fact is that I risked to wait till the looking glasses should have arrived before I wrote to you, and as said glasses were sent to my sister in the country I never got news of their arrival till a chance mention of them in a letter of hers. Please accept our most humble apologies.

As to the Colemans, alas! I have not been able to sell them, but a friend of mine, Lady Montstephen, wants to know if he will do a watercolour for twenty (Lbs.) of one of the old gardens at Tivoli or Frascati. Do you think he would care to do this? She very nearly bought the flowering tree, but thought eventually she would like one with a little architecture.

Meanwhile, I am forgetting to say how wonderfully beautiful the Via Babuino glass looks in the cottage. It is the one bit of finery the poor cottage boasts of, and we hope that it will so dazzle the eye of the chance visitor that he will not note the total deficiencies in all other respects.

I hope that the latter part of your summer was enjoyable, Lady Kenmare is now in London very much better than when she left Rome, as Braemar has done her a world of good, though she hated the place. She tells my sister that she will not be going to Rome next year till the end of March. We, alas! are chained to the cottage.

How can we return you the two Colemans? Would they be safe in a little box? It is very sad that we should not have disposed of them. Our own are a source of perpetual joy to us.

Yours truly

KATHERINE THYNNE

CHAPTER VIII

THE TRIUMPH OF TIME

THE dawn of the Twentieth Century was heralded by splendid ceremonies the world over. All Rome crowded to St. Peter's to hear the Pope's choir and the silver trumpets; all Boston flocked to the Statehouse to listen to the Handel and Haydn Society's chorus and the ringing of the church bells. We were sentimental then, and spoke of Italy's capital as the Eternal City, and the capital of Massachusetts as the Athens of America. The two cities were linked by myriad invisible threads of friendship, interests, business, art; the whole forming a closer alliance than statesmen can create or treaties ensure. One strand in this tie was woven in the old Giraud Torlonia studio, where in the heart of the Old World an artist toiled for six long years to create a thing of beauty for the New.

The long strain was beginning to tell, Jack was exhausted by the labor lavished on the two great canvases that now faced each other from either end of the studio. His last struggle was with the figure of Love, from the beginning a cause of anxiety. In the original composition, as shown in the studies that now hang in the Library, the procession of the centuries is led by a flying figure of Eros, blindfolded, bearing a torch. The work of years was wiped out in an hour. Coming home late for dinner one night Jack said casually,

"I have painted out the figure of Love."

My face must have expressed the consternation I felt, for he gave me no chance to speak, but explained how it had been borne in upon him that Eros, representing the love between man and woman, was not a figure impressive enough to lead the march of the centuries.

There was nothing to say! The only thing left to show for all his toil was a red chalk cartoon of the Eros bought by Mr. Thomas Lawson, after whose death it was sold at the Dream-

wold auction. No record was kept of the buyer; every effort has been made to trace this picture, we even advertised, asking for information. When the change was made we gave the cartoon the prophetic name of "The Lost Love."

Friends on both sides of the Atlantic were growing anxious. Mr. Samuel Abbott, at one time president of the Library Trustees, was now living in Rome where he held the office of Director of the American Academy. He kept his interest in the Library he had done so much for, and from time to time dropped in to see how the work was getting on.

Samuel Abbott to Dr. Henry P. Bowditch

The American Academy in Rome
Villa del' Aurora
March 23rd, 1900

DEAR DR. BOWDITCH:

I have seen Elliott several times this winter, and have had a chance to see what progress he is making on his work for the Library. He now assures me that if all goes well he will have the canvases ready for shipment to America in May.

Elliott's work has attracted a great deal of attention in Rome, especially among the French artists who are certainly the best judges of this kind of painting. The general opinion seems to be that Boston is very fortunate to have secured so good a specimen of decorative painting....

Believe me,

Very sincerely

SAMUEL A. B. ABBOTT

Morton Prince wrote from Boston to try and hurry things along.

Dr. Morton Prince to M. H. E.

MY DEAR MAUD:

...I am looking forward with excitement to Jack's picture, which, something tells me, will be a great success. Tell him

Owner Unknown

THE LOST LOVE

to hurry up and finish it, and not let himself be seduced into dwelling too long on finishing touches. That is a temptation before which authors and artists fall. NO artist will ever be satisfied with his work. He will always see where it might be improved, and any work will always fall far short of his ideal. Sargent told me he was very dissatisfied with his picture, but the public will never see the shortcomings, not knowing the ideal.

Boston has had its usual round of gaieties this winter, but I could not write you about these if I would. For myself I am trotting along my professional path, perhaps it would be more correct to say limping and shambling — still I keep in the path which is something. I am writing more or less, prospecting more. Just at present I am writing a paper to prove that Shakespear had some nervous disease as shown by his handwriting. This a diversion which I hope will divert the public — and the editor of some magazine. My father, you will be glad to hear, continues well, with the exception of occasional attacks of gout, and the fact that every year adds one.

Remember me to Jack, and with best wishes from myself and Fanny, Sincerely

MORTON PRINCE

Giacomo Boni, convinced that the time had come when Jack should quit work, quietly began to exert his influence. He is gone now, and we shall never know how much of truth and how much of fiction led him to insist that the studio in the Giraud Torlonia was in danger of falling down and crushing both artist and canvas. Every time he came to the studio, he measured certain long zigzag cracks in the wall and declared that they grew steadily wider. This proved, he declared, that the building was unsafe for further habitation.

Jack reluctantly yielded to the steady pressure from his friends, and the farewells to Rome began. Many visitors came to the studio. Bishop Henry Potter was so much impressed with the ceiling that he described it afterwards in a sermon preached in New York. Another famous churchman, Paul Sabatier, author

of the life of St. Francis of Assisi, spoke and wrote about the "Triumph of Time." Our clerical friends of every denomination were enthusiastic about it, and if appreciation could have comforted Jack he had plenty of that and to spare.

Queen Margherita was among the most sympathetic visitors to the studio. Her coming was announced only the evening before, and I well remember the hurry and flurry of that day. Jack stripped the terrace of its roses, the apartment of its choicest furniture, to deck out the studio for the Queen's visit.

Lord Curry, the English Ambassador, helped receive the Royal party and nobly devoted himself to the lady-in-waiting and the equerry, leaving the Queen free to talk with the artist. She rewarded years of silent devotion by her words of praise and sympathy.

Soon after, the Queen sent Jack as a *ricordo* of her visit "the gift of a jewel for his wife." I still wear the Queen's Jewel on great occasions.

Our last days in Rome were saddened by the assassination of King Umberto. It seemed a strange chance that Jack and I, who had both attended the funeral of his father Victor Emmanuel, and been present when Umberto took the oath of office, should also take part in the magnificent obsequies for Umberto, at the Pantheon.

Victor Emmanuel died quietly in his bed at the end of a long successful life, the idol of his people and one of the chief historic figures of his time; there is a statue of him in every town in Italy. Umberto was murdered while still in the prime of life. His had been the hard task of wearing the giant's robe; neither as a man nor as a monarch had he been as successful as his father. Though a brave soldier and conscientious ruler he suffered by comparison to the adored Rè Galant' Uomo. The reaction of feeling after his death was striking. United Italy mourned her soldier king and gave him an even more splendid funeral than his father. The season was propitious, it was midsummer, and from every part of the country came delegations of citizens bringing crowns and garlands of flowers; many of the groups wearing

costumes that dated from the middle ages. Sienna sent a band of youths dressed as pages with long hair and mediæval garb. Looking back at this long distance of time, I can see certain features of the pageant of death as clearly as if it had taken place yesterday. The crimson velvet coffin of the king strapped to a gun carriage followed by his horse, the boots in the stirrups turned backwards. The gondoliers of Venice a superb group of bronzed men. The great procession wound slowly down the hill from the Quirinal in silence, save for the tap tap of the marching feet, when we became aware of a faint sound like the humming of myriad swarms of bees.

"Observe," said a man near us in the crowd, "the lawyers are coming. It is impossible for them to be silent even on this solemn occasion." The humming swelled to fuller tone and the vast platoon of jurists in scarlet and ermine passed, talking as they went.

The breaking up of our Roman home and parting with the terrace were tragic happenings. Jack had made our dwelling too perfect; it attracted the attention of the powers that rule in the Papal City of the Borgo. The landlord refused to renew our lease, and we were routed out to make way for the three maiden sisters of the Pope who took possession of our paradise. The fate of his beloved flowers greatly concerned Jack. Boni, who was planting the Roman Forum with the flora of the classical period, took many of the best, and it was some comfort to feel they would go on blooming under his care.

In Boston, Jack's friends greeted him with open arms, and the months devoted to the installation of his ceiling were happy ones.

The Trustees of the Library sent out an invitation to a private view of the "Triumph of Time" on Sunday morning, March 17th, 1901, between eleven and one o'clock, the hour when the ceiling can be seen to the best advantage.

An interesting group gathered in response. From Cambridge came Charles Eliot Norton, Colonel Higginson and Mrs. Louis Agassiz; from Concord, Frank B. Sanborn; among the Boston friends were the Barrett Wendells, the Morton Princes, Mrs. Jack

Gardner, General Charles Loring, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Judge and Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

It was a gala day, letters and telegrams from far and near poured in. Charles McKim, the architect, wired his congratulations, and Henry James wrote from London.

The following letter from Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson gives an interesting picture of the event, and the impression made by the ceiling. It also gives evidence to what advantage Jack had utilized the beam.

From Thomas Wentworth Higginson

... Yesterday, Sunday, Mary and I walked across to the Public Library, and saw by invitation the beautiful decoration of a ceiling painted in Rome by Maud Howe's husband. A heavy beam divides the ceiling happily into panels of equal size and causes the whole to form two pictures of united theme. The scheme is to typify the passage of the centuries by means of horses and figures. The whole picture is of light pearly tints that are nowhere departed from, the intention being plainly to produce an effect of dreamy cloudland. I admire the work immensely. Serious attempts to represent horses and figures are usually unsuccessful, owing to the fact that the spectator looks up at horses' stomachs and human legs, deprived for the most part of any means or method of suspension or support. I long thought in favor of Guercino, but was finally obliged to go over to Guido.

For my own taste Elliott's work is a brilliant success. Not only is it beautiful and delightful to look at as a scheme of color and a spirited composition of purely Greek horses, as one is acquainted with by means of friezes, and the figures that command and control them, but it conveys to the spectator a sense of movement, rush and whirl that is quite impossible to describe. Once you divorce yourself from human beings in black coats and furred pelisses, who are humming around you, you receive quite the impression that you experience on some seashore cliff with thou-

sands of birds circling overhead between you and the clear blue ether. It is hardly noise, but it is a tremendous sense of movement that affects you like noise. This is precisely the case with Elliott's picture. I not only admire it hugely, but I think that I prefer it on the whole to any decoration in the Library.

I have made no study of the drawing, not having had time. Indeed, I do not think myself a judge upon such matters, but I call it a beautiful conception very ably carried out, and I hope it will deservedly advance Mr. Elliott's reputation, and help him to fame and fortune.

Unlike Sargent's brilliant painting in the upper gallery, where the most brilliant effects that color can produce are arrived at, and where you are penetrated by the idea that the little saucers in Sargent's color box once got adrift and were shaken up together to suggest what appears on the wall of that rather ill lighted corridor: unlike the dull and faint frescoes of the staircase that are completely out of tune with the glowing marble that frames and supports them, this ceiling is placed in a simply treated room with ample reflected light. Almost too much light on a sunny day like yesterday.

So far I have seen no newspaper criticism, but the public who saw the ceiling with us are full of praise.

I have thought you would like to hear this.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Henry James to M. H. E.

Lamb House
Rye, England
April 17th, 1901

MY DEAR MAUD ELLIOTT:

I can't tell you what a joy it is to me to hear from you, and how my heart goes out to you in consequence. I've been feeling somehow as if, after that too brief, but to me, delightful frequency of the old beautiful golden Rome of near two years ago — delightful to remember and cherish and exquisite at the time — we had been blown, in a manner asunder by strange currents:

so that all renewal of contact was to be a thing of vague, dim, dreadful future....

All the more then is it a benediction to me that the obscure and equivocal future aforesaid has so comparatively soon proved gentle and charitable. To know something about you both from yourself is a comfort I've truly yearned for — and the sweetness is all the greater now that you're able to tell me of a happy fact. I rejoice with you and with Elliott in the crown of the long and heavy years. I only wish I could be there to see. Well, I *shall* be on the first opportunity — whenever that may be. Receive at any rate my heartfelt congratulations. It will be moving to have from you a photograph or so of the great work as it now shines out. *Damn* the balcony (the trustees, or whoever they are ought to be pitched over it if they don't take it down). How I thought of you during the stress of that supreme summer! — and how homesick I was for the golden Rome during long months after my flight. That little marriage feast in your hanging garden on that wondrous June afternoon gathered the whole thing up in a bunch and stuck it in me, as with a golden nail — a potentiality of ache.

I greet you again, dear Maud Elliott, and I greet the fine young Master, most tenderly, and I am yours and his very constantly, HENRY JAMES

The following letter is from one of Boston's leading architects, Mr. William R. Ware.

William R. Ware to J. E.

...Painting ceilings is a hopeless endeavor, for if the subject is interesting and important the better it is treated the more vexed one is to look at it over head. If it isn't one doesn't care to go to all that pains to look at it at all. It seemed to me that the subject and the treatment were both most happy, from this point of view. The whole thing was interesting and gave great splendor to the room, with its brilliancy and animation, while

there was nothing that exacted special and prolonged examination. Just the same thing is to be said of the frieze of the Parthenon, which it in so many respects recalls.

Of all the letters received none pleased Jack more than that of his old friend and associate of the Chicago days, William Pretyman.

William Pretyman to M. H. E.

Sunday

My dear "Missie Elliott":

Did he tell you of all the kind things he did for me, how he tied me up and untied me, trotted me where he thought needful and covered the old man with a wing of care — did he? If not it is a pleasure to record the touch of old friendship that guided my path.

Jack took me to see his ceiling, and I took myself there late in the afternoon. There are many things in the Library that have better painting in them, but his ceiling is the best piece of decoration in the building, and the setting shows a grasp and judgement of which it would be impossible to speak too highly; it is the one restful perfect room in the Library, and if Elliott can carry a piece of such large proportions to such an all round point of perfection, he can do anything in reason: he has proved himself here to have what we who know him knew was within him — there are points in the work which one might take exception to, and if I say so, it is only to prove the sincerity of my previous opinion: I was a long time in the room by myself and came away as before very greatly impressed by the power of the work as well as the sustained effort apparent everywhere fully in support of his imagination. "Elliott, take up your brush and work like a fiend, you should not lose a day."

Affectionately yours

William Pretyman

The long labor over it seemed wise for Jack to take a time of rest, and the next year 1902 was largely spent in travelling in

Europe and the Near East. The stay in Greece, the land of his inspiration, was the high light of this journey. We had for our companions two American girls, Gladys and Marion Lawson, and to the zest of his own enjoyment was added the pleasure of sharing with these ardent young travellers the impressions received at Olympia, Eleusis and Athens. A few weeks were spent in Rome. An Italian art review, *Veduta*, for April 30th, 1902, recalls the most interesting happening of his Roman stay:

At Palazzo Margherita

"Her Majesty the Queen Mother gave an audience to the English painter Commendatore John Elliott. The august lady wished to congratulate the valorous artist on the triumph made by his pictures for the ceiling of the Public Library of Boston. She had already admired the designs on the occasion of her visit to the artist's studio. Elliott, who has worked for nearly twenty years in Rome, has recently been awarded the order of Isabella the Catholic by the Queen of Spain in recognition of this work."

On the seventeenth of March, 1929, twenty-eight years after the installation of the ceiling, a group of friends met at the Library. Some had been present at the opening reception. Among them were Judge and Mrs. Robert Grant and Benjamin Curtis, lifelong friends. The Triumph of Time never looked more triumphant than on that bright March morning. Its colors were as fresh as the day they were laid on. Some of the other decorative paintings have suffered from accumulations of dust, and were in the process of being cleaned. It seems another of Time's Revenges that the position on the ceiling that gave Jack so much trouble, proves the safest place for the survival of the work.

CHAPTER IX

THE PIPES OF PAN

"So much there is to catch
And the years so short
That there is scarce time to snatch
Pen, palette, or aught...
Gold king-cups crowning the ditches,
April agleam,
Old willows standing like witches
Haunting a stream,
Far mountains lit with a glow...."

DUNSANY

WE passed the summer of 1903 in Cornish, New Hampshire. This was in the palmy days of the artist colony, while the founders were still the benevolent despots of its destiny. Mrs. Houston with Lucia and Harry Fuller were our sponsors; thanks to them we were admitted to the close corporation of the Cornish of that day. Jack's letters show how strong a hold the beauty of the place gained over him during that first season of our life in the New Hampshire hills.

J. E. to M. H. E.

Cornish, N.H.
October, 1903

This morning the birds started their early morning tuning up — a song sparrow, a wood pecker, and a song bird common to these parts, but I cannot name him by his song; robins digging for worms in the grass. It was misty and the trees were wonderful with huge webs of spiders all jewelled with dew, and the grass covered with fairy tents of gossamer, as if all their cohorts were camping there — but they have struck their tents and departed. At last the sun is out, and the robins are trying their pipes. — I would give a good deal to hear the solitary thrush. It is the wildest and most inspiring song I know. I am sure it is the tune Pan played upon his pipes — the little reed call, of the Italian shepherds on the mountain side, is so like it.

Jack first heard the Pipes of Pan in the glens of Scotland. The music so enthralled him that henceforth his inner life was set to its cadence. Whenever he had a breathing space from the work of the hour, he used it in trying to express with his brush different phases of the life of Pan. He painted him dancing on a wooded hillside, answering the song of the birds in the trees, calling the wild creatures from the field. "The Infancy of Pan" shows a nymph dancing through the forest, urged on by the child Pan seated on her shoulders, waving over her head his thyrsus crowned with a pine cone. "The Childhood of Pan" is a joyous composition, showing him dancing opposite a white goat to the piping of three marching children: the gay procession winds across a sunlit meadow under the pink blossoms of an almond tree with a blue mountain as a background. The legend that most appealed to Jack was the story of Syrinx, the nymph, who, on being pursued by the god, fled to the river Ladon in Arcadia. When Pan strove to clasp her in his arms Phœbus transformed her into a reed: from this reed the baffled lover fashioned his flute, and so the Pipes of Pan were made. For years Jack worked on this theme which he called "The Making of the First Musical Instrument." In his large mural Pan is reclining on a tiger skin, spread over the fallen limb of a silver birch, tuning his pipe to the song of a distant bird. One feels the calm of still water, the silence of the woods, the breathless hush of noon, when all nature awaits his magic note. I do not know where he came upon the god as he last painted him, but it was not in Cornish. It was by some river, where the willows bend and blow. Pan was tired now, — not old — but he had suffered the sorrows of life, and his frame was withered and shrunken. Some one had shot an arrow at his heart; not a visible arrow, but one that nevertheless had hit its mark.

The world around was drear and desolate, and as one stands before this last painting of the beloved piper, one remembers that "Pan is dead!"

In the possession of Mrs. Elliott

THE MAKING OF THE FIRST MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

J. E. to M. H. E.

Cornish, N.H.
Sunday, Nov. 1, 1903

I am sitting out on the Houstons' piazza writing this, with the sun shining and a gentle warm breeze blowing and the wonderful "mounting" in front of me — a deep plum colored bloom over it, so beautiful that it is beyond description. Nearly all the trees have lost their leaves save the evergreens and the oaks, which still cling to their autumn cloak of russet gold.... It is evening now, and I am writing in my pleasant room with a lovely birch wood fire. Last night I closed with Williams for the twenty acres, fifteen acres of pasture, and five acres of woodland. The spring is going to be turned over to us in the deed. Mrs. Houston and I walked over the farm yesterday. It is beautiful land, with a good grass grown road running through it, and not only one but many views of the mountain and plenty of water, — really much finer than I had imagined. As my candle is burning down in the socket I must say goodnight.

Jack named the little farm he bought from Williams *Farthest North.* The colony was founded twenty years before by the Beemans, the Evarts, and St. Gaudens, the sculptor, who had come here first, because some one had said to him: "There are plenty of Lincoln shaped men up there."

If a model for his Lincoln was to be found anywhere in the country it surely was in New Hampshire, where the early American type still lingered. In Cornish, St. Gaudens found his Lincoln men and something more, — the beauty of the place enchanted him, and for a certain amount of money and a bronze portrait of the owner he purchased his home, Aspet. George de Forest Brush was the first to follow St. Gaudens to this paradise. Then came Thomas W. Dewing, who also bought a home, paying for it by a portrait of the wife of the owner. Dewing was followed by Oliver Walker and his friend Charles A. Platt, the architect. Mr. Platt invited his friend Stephen Parrish to visit him. Mr. Parrish joined the colony, and brought with him his son Maxfield.

"The deep plum colored bloom" described in Jack's letter soon became known by the rest of the world in that color peculiar to the Maxfield Parrish pictures. So the colony grew. These men stayed, other artists followed in their footsteps. Then writers began to make their way here. The life of the whole community was centred around "the mounting" as Mount Ascutney was called. It was like a great personality that dominated our existence and lifted us to its heights. Ascutney is the ideal mountain, tall, pointed, looking just as a mountain should, and more like Vesuvius than any I have seen this side the Atlantic.

Every fair morning in the red dawn the whole countryside watched and waited for the moment when the veil of white mist was dropped and the dark blue of the mountain was revealed to its worshippers. The knowing ones made their plans for the day according to its aspect:

"There's a cap on 'Cutney," farmer Reed would say. "I must hurry and get in the hay."

Ascutney was the most treasured possession of each inhabitant. When one contemplated buying a home, it was not the style nor size of the house that was considered so much as the view it commanded of the "mounting." A man's prestige depended on that: when a stranger visited the house, it was the prospect that was first discussed and admired.

Farthest North stood at the foot of Home Hill, where the songs of birds, the bleating of lambs, and the tinkle of cow bells were the first sounds that awakened us. Jack took great interest in making over the little old cottage that looked out upon a scene he called the Val d'Arno; — it was so like the valley of the Arno near Florence. His friend Henry Vincent Hubbard helped him lay out the small estate. Between them they cooked up an excellent scheme for house and garden. The cottage was pulled to pieces, jacked up, plastered, painted, the great ceiling beams stained their natural color. The furniture was rustic and of the simplest kind. A well was dug near the spring; the grove was cleared.

In the midst of the reconstruction activities our good friends

Henry and Aline Harland descended upon us for a visit. It was, I doubt not, the greatest "roughing" they had ever known, but we had a merry time together. It was a shock to Jack when shortly after he read of Harland's death.

"Harland's work was only half done," I remember his saying. "He had a brilliant mind. 'The Cardinal's Snuff Box' was only the beginning."

"Long Mike" Stillman, the son of our Roman friends, was another visitor. He helped Jack design our new kitchen ell, the best of all the many kitchens I have presided over. As Michael was six feet five and one half inches tall, I feared lest the spare room bed would not fit him, but he managed somehow to curl up in it! Stillman's visit was destined to be written into the history of American art because of the part he played in the fire which destroyed St. Gaudens' studio and almost all its contents. It was on a night in October, 1904. St. Gaudens was with his son in New York. The fire started in a stable adjoining the studio about nine o'clock, and had made great headway before it was discovered by the servants. Ere they could summon aid, the flames were bright against the sky. All Cornish rushed to the scene, only to find that it was too late to be of much assistance. Higher and higher mounted the flames, and in them perished the work of years of St. Gaudens' life. Among the things destroyed were a number of bas-reliefs, a nearly finished statue of Lincoln, the statue of Marcus Daly, one of Charles Stewart Parnell, and irreplaceable photographs for commissions on hand, St. Gaudens' correspondence with Robert Louis Stevenson, his own drawing of his mother, a portrait of himself by Kenyon Cox, sketches of him by John Sargent and Bastien Lepage, paintings by Winslow Homer, William M. Chase, and numberless other priceless possessions were wiped out by the flames. Jack and Michael were among the first to arrive on the scene. They and the other men did what they could to help. The rest of us stood in a circle, awed and silent, like worshippers at a sacrifice. "Long Mike," who towered above the rest, pushed his way into the studio, where he came upon the uncompleted statue of Phillips Brooks. With one

wrench he pulled the head of clay from its shoulders, and carried it to safety. Twenty sketches had already been made for this model, and when St. Gaudens took up his work after this terrible devastation, he began with this long delayed commission, which was finished only just before he died.

It seemed to Jack a strange chance that the guest he had so hurriedly driven from *Farthest North* to Aspet should have been the person to save the head of the Brooks statue. Years later when we passed the completed monument outside Trinity Church in Copley Square he often spoke of the incident, which in a mysterious fashion seemed to link in his memory the great Bishop and his brother Ned. The brothers had sat together in that very church one Christmas eve at the midnight service, and listened to the Bishop's words of comfort and inspiration. So Clotho, the spinning Fate, weaves the web of destiny with ever recurrent threads.

Cornish! The very name gives a thrill, and recalls certain vivid faces among our dear companions of that time. Herbert Adams, the sculptor, and his wife were our nearest neighbors. Once, as we drove up the lane to their house, we were greeted by the cooing of doves and came upon the lady herself standing under a shade tree, a dove on each shoulder, another on her hand. Farther off lived Peter Finley Dunne, the creator of Mr. Dooley. He was a robust, vigorous man, full of laughter and verve, lately married to Margaret Abbott, daughter of our friend of the Chicago days, Mary Abbott. This was a sad time for the young couple, for Mary was dying of a painful malady. I never shall forget their devotion to her, or the last gift of a string of pearls, a thing she had coveted all her life, which Peter brought her one day on his return from New York.

In Cornish, Jack made many paintings of the silver birch, his favorite tree. One small landscape, now owned by Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, is perhaps the best of these; another, a large oil, "Silver Birches at Sunrise," is filled with the atmosphere of *l'heure doré*. He painted endlessly in Cornish; the velvet pastures inspired him, the bubbling spring, and above all Mount

Ascutney, in the distance, towering against the sky. He was at home in these hills, and the mood is felt in his pictures.

The life of the colony seemed to reflect the beauty of the country. It is little wonder that Jack felt at home in this sylvan atmosphere. That nature should dominate man had always been his creed, and here that creed was the unwritten law. The result was an exquisiteness in the merest details that he had never before found in this part of the world, — it was life in the poetry of living. In the mechanical civilization of today, it shines out almost as an Utopia.

The New Hampshire farmers called all the artists, whether they hailed from Rome or Boston, "New Yorkers." Great strong men they were, who loved the soil they tilled, and though sometimes puzzled by the "New Yorkers" they recognized their appreciation of the beauty of the land, and tolerated them for it; so a good understanding existed between them. "Norm" Williams, from whom Jack bought *Farthest North*, and our neighbor Farmer Reed and his wife were our warm friends. Jack enjoyed foregathering with them far more than any social festivities. The farmers could teach him many things, and he never tired of their talk of "crops and critters."

Cornish had a law strict as those of the Medes and Persians that might only be broken in case of emergency. It was not allowed to visit one's friends or neighbors before five o'clock tea time. Morning and early afternoon were sacred to work. One day that iron rule was broken. Shall I ever forget the morning of the great thunder storm when the countryside was roused by a farmer mounted on a big yellow cart horse galloping from farm to farm calling out the news:

"Prellwitz' house struck by lightning. Woman hurt!"

It was the house we had lived in before we owned *Farthest North*. Perched like an eagle's nest on a high hilltop it was exposed to every wind that blew.

Children played an important rôle in the social life of the colony. Save on the rare occasions, when an entertainment was held late at night, they were included in all festivities as a matter of course.

Jack was more at home with the youngsters than with their elders; it was easier to persuade him to go to a party if I told him that Sylvia Hyde, Clara and Charlie Fuller and the jolly little Shipman girl were to be there.

The only public conveyance was the old stage coach that jogged by on its way to Windsor every morning. "Buggy riding" was universal. Jack had a gay little yellow cart drawn by a handsome bay mare called Gypsy. In the afternoon he drove me over rambling country roads, across stony pastures, through purple hills into a quiet woodland, where a small amber stream reminded him of Scotland. Sometimes we joined an evening picnic. I remember one when the guests assembled on a high hilltop in time to watch the sun set, and remained to see the full moon rise. The children made oak garlands to deck the tables and crown themselves. In the gathering twilight they danced like joyous elves against the purple background of the "mounting." There was music too; some one had brought a guitar, another a flute; the piping treble of the children's voices was deepened by the velvet notes of Grace Arnold's contralto.

When play was over and it was time to go home the children were corralled and sorted out, the buggies were hitched up, a lantern tied at the back of each to light the way. Goodnights were exchanged, and, singing as they went, the company dispersed in different directions. As we drove home we kept constantly looking back to the dark hillside where the lights of the lanterns looked like a swarm of golden fireflies, glowing fainter and fainter till they disappeared.

Often on such occasions we had charades or outdoor pageants. The care with which these performances were planned made them memorable occasions. The spectacles of modern pageantry do not compare in beauty to the rustic fêtes the Cornish artists made to please themselves.

The most brilliant of these was the famous "Fête Champêtre," given in the pine grove of St. Gaudens' estate to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the colony. On the small silver plaque made by St. Gaudens and presented to each

of the participants as a memento the name of John Elliott stands between that of Kenyon Cox and William Frazer Campbell. The afterglow of the sunset hung golden over Ascutney as twilight gathered among the trees on the longest day of the year. The babbling of an unseen stream in a nearby ravine made interludes to the invisible music. Several hundred guests were seated before the sage-green curtain that fell between two pine trees, on which hung great gilded masks fashioned by Maxfield Parrish.

As if from the gathering dusk, Iris appeared in floating rainbow veils, holding in one hand a staff of living fleur-de-lis. The first strains of the wind instruments fell upon the night, the curtains parted. "Visionary as some Keatsian glade" the natural stage was set with a sculptured altar beneath a temple of Ionic columns hung with laurel ropes and flowers. On either side stood classic benches. Entered Pluto and his court clad in black, gold and purple; then came Neptune and Amphitrite attended by Nereids in sea green and blue drapery; Apollo and the Muses followed in white and gold; then Venus and her train in rosy hues, the wood gods in green, dun and yellow; Diana and her nymphs in white, silver and pale blue; Ceres, crowned with corn attended by Pomona; Pan, horned, hoofed and gilded, a living replica of an archaic Greek statue; Mars, a giant, in blood-red draperies and armor. As I look back across the years I have a vision of Maxfield Parrish who took the part of Chiron, the Centaur. He came clattering in followed by a group of scantily clad children. The crowning glory of the evening was the sibyl of the golden bowl, who slowly rose from behind the altar in a cloud of smoke and fire that transfigured the temple and cast an opalescent light on the pines. Tall, with the bearing of a young goddess, she held above her head the golden bowl which the colony presented to St. Gaudens.

The masque was written by Louis Evans Shipman, with a prologue by Percy MacKaye, produced under the direction of John Blair, the actor, with the musical accompaniment played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, written and conducted by Arthur Whiting.

I impersonated Pomona. As of old, Jack attended to my costume. He contrived the wreath of blackberries for my hair and the horn of plenty I carried in my arms.

At the close of the masque, a banquet was spread under the pergola. After the feast came the dance in the new studio. The last impression that remained of that amazing evening is of a strangely assorted couple, a tiny Cupid and the statuesque Pan, dancing across the hillside. It was an Arcadian Age, and Pan was never far away.

CHAPTER X

WASHINGTON SQUARE, SOUTH

J. E. to M. H. E.

New York, N.Y., 1904

I HAD no idea we were anywhere near Ash Wednesday. They gave me no pan cakes, anyone; how else should I know? New York is hellish as ever, but I almost doubt whether we ought not to come here. The people, — I mean the people in the street — all chew gum, and they look like a lot of fish in a glass globe, opening and shutting their mouths ceaselessly. I have seen A and B, but I wish I could have spent my time with John Mitchell, Oliver Herford, Dana Gibson, Thomas Janvier, and people of that ilk. They are the only ones worth while. Since my arrival here I really think there is a great deal in my idea that the landscape painter and the *sotino* (knife and scissors grinder) are the only independent people and lead the happiest lives, for they always have their shop with them, and can work in the open when and where they wish.

This is the grab bag of the universe, but I fear there is nothing in it for me. I want to spend this springtime in the country and not in a beastly city. I kind of long for England and the May, — but any country will do. Good night.

In the winter of 1904, we took a studio apartment on Washington Square, South. It had a rapturous great studio, thirty-two feet long, for work and play, with sunny rear rooms for housekeeping and sleeping. In the mornings, when we looked out of the big window into Washington Square, we saw the top of the marble arch bathed in sunlight, the base muffled in river mists; through the arch the vista of Fifth Avenue with yellow and white sparks of gas and electric light gleaming through the veil of mauve vapor.

"Some people suppose," said Jack, "that we live on the *wrong*

side of the Square. That is a mistake. The North-siders live on the wrong side. They have to look at us, while we have the fun of looking at them. Besides we have this jolly view through the Washington arch *up* Fifth Avenue; they can only see down, toward the slums."

So it was, that we came to spend the winter in this studio apartment at 62 Washington Square, South. The habit of living on the top floor, contracted in Rome, was hard to break. The wider view, the better air, the sense of nothing but the roof between us and the sky was worth climbing for. The North side had always kept its head high. The noble old red brick houses, with their white marble columns, steps, copings, and their solid mahogany doors, were as fine, and far more picturesque, than the day they were built. Our side, — Jack called it the steerage side — had gone down hill. We had a groggery at each corner.

"We are pioneers," he said. "All the steerage side will be redeemed in the end."

Ours was the first private house to be so redeemed. It had slipped down, down to the very depths of steeragedom. The summer before we arrived our landlady, a Cornish neighbor, Clara Davidge, with a valiant hand, plucked it out of the mire, cleaned and scraped, washed and whitewashed.

Mrs. Davidge lived on the ground floor. Our next-door neighbor was the young artist, Bay Emmett, cousin and friend of Henry James.

If the Square was finest in the morning, the studio had its moment at night. The lavender mists came up again at sunset, and the yellow and white lights pricked through. When the moon, "nature's bravest liar," was up she improved things generally, refined even the outline of the stark new University building on the right of the Square. As the studio grew darker and darker, shadows of the great rough hewn beams were thrown up on the ceiling of the high pitched roof. The first night as we sat there, there came a sudden flood of rosy light in the sky. We ran to the window thinking it must be a fire. The flush faded slowly, as it came, from red to rose. After this had happened a few times, we realized

that the glow came from the gas works, and we were thankful for its fitful radiance that added one more element of beauty to the studio.

That first night the great bare loft of shadows seemed an awesome place. Jack was tormented with memories of a strange old picture in the Vatican, of the martyrdom of some missionary monks, whose swaying bodies in their monks' robes swing from the high rafters of a hall something like the studio.

"I shall make use of that idea," he said, "by hanging a rope with a noose in front of the door, and putting a screen as high as the shoulders of a man before the entrance. When I see the head of a fellow with a bill over the top, we can drop the noose and swing him up to the ceiling!"

During his life at Washington Square, Jack spent much of his time with the people he thought "worth while," Oliver Herford, who has delighted the world with his animated nature drawings, Albert Ryder, the artist, Thomas Janvier, the writer, Peter Dunne, and John Mitchell, editor of *Life*, were his favorite companions. There was another "personality" that played an important part in our life, "The Pobble."

I wish you could have seen the Pobble as he sat kindly looking at you. His incarnation took place one bitter winter evening on the hearth rug before the fire. "The Pobble" was created by Jack with the assistance of Oliver Herford. In his youth he was pale green and salmon pink, but he later turned yellow with age. He had a short stubby tail, a long bill, attached to his head by an elastic band, in which he held a coil of the serpent of eternity, personified by a spiral of grey rubber gas tube. He had six long slender toes, and two eyes. He belonged to the vegetable and mineral kingdom. The pupils of his eyes were metal drawing pins, the whites, disks of Irish linen paper. His bill was of pink cardboard, and his slender toes, of splintered pine. His body was originally a squash brought down from Cornish the autumn before, because of its lovely color. Soon after his creation I asked Oliver,

"Are you the father or the mother of the Pobble?"

"That," he replied, "all depends on the sex of the Pobble."

"The Order of the Pobble" was founded, Oliver being Knight Commander with the handle of K.C.P. to his name. He designed a crest for our note paper, the Pobble *regardant*, and the motto "*Vox Pobuli Vox Dei.*"

Besides comforting us with his wise, gentle influence, the Pobble was a good test for visitors. He was never vulgarly displayed; it was not allowed to call attention to him. The elect were aware of his presence; those who failed to see him were not of them.

Many and brilliant were the utterances of "The Order of the Pobble." One of Jack's was seized upon by John Mitchell and published in *Life*. He had been telling Jack of a friend of his youth, whom he had recently met greatly changed.

> "Time like a fishwife doesn't fight fair.
> He scratches your face, and he pulls out your hair,"

flashed Jack.

A short time later he received the following letter:

Life
17 West 31st Street
New York, N.Y.

My dear Elliott:

The fishwife verse strikes us, and the usual check of insultingly microscopic figures will follow. I had hoped to see you before this, but *tempus* and other enemies seem to have intervened. Hoping for better luck soon,

Most sincerely
J. A. Mitchell

Another animal figures in that scene — the old white horse of Ambulance Number 4 of Saint Vincent's Hospital. Once or twice a day, at the most unexpected hours, we would hear the clang, clang of his bell, and running to the window would see him gallop gallantly by.

"My heart!" said Jack, "it puts courage into one, to see the

way that old horse tears along, head down, heels in air: 'A rescue! A rescue!' he seems to say."

During these months my husband was at work on several portraits, though he could not be induced to send his work to the regular exhibitions. He held that a composition to look well, and hold its own against the jarring juxtaposition of other pictures, must be painted especially for the purpose. If it looked well there, it would not look well anywhere else. He never found time to paint his exhibition picture. The price paid for this stand was a heavy one; for it meant comparative obscurity, while men of less talent achieved wide reputation.

From time to time, his friends persuaded him to give a one-man show. During this New York season, he held one of the most successful of these. Thomas Janvier, a frequent visitor, told me that what impressed him most was the variety of the mediums used, oils, water color, pencil, red chalk, silverpoint, and miniature. The oils were chiefly landscapes painted at Cornish; among others "Mt. Ascutney by the Hunter's Moon," "The Melting of the Mists," and a "Stony Pasture." There were a large marine and two small studies of Sir Bedivere and Excalibur for a series of murals, illustrating the Morte d'Arthur, he dreamed of painting. Among the red chalk portraits was one of my mother drawn with tender care. The face is that of an ancient sibyl. One, who loved her, protested "too many wrinkles." He was indignant; he loved every one of those lines pencilled by time and thought, — not one could be omitted. This drawing was bought by Mrs. Douglas Robinson and others for the Metropolitan Museum. Many well-known people of the world of art and fashion came to the show, and nearly every picture was sold. A letter, from a well-known London critic and art lecturer, proves how the people, who knew Jack's work, felt about it:

Stewart Dick to M. H. E.

18, *Elms Building*
Seaside Road
Eastbourne
June 19th

Dear Mrs. Elliott:

A propos of the article I am writing for the *International Studio* on Mr. Elliott: do you know, I believe I am more interested in his portrait work than the decorative pieces, and should like very much to see any reproductions you have on hand. It seems to me that it has that rare grace that one sees in Vandyke, but which is unknown in most modern work. After all, the basis of even portraiture is in the mind and character of the artist, and one misses the rarer and more subtle qualities in this bustling age. Sargent is the type of today, and I don't like the type! In my first letter I said the Studio people seemed much interested in what I told them of Mr. Elliott's miniature painting. Have you any photo of the lovely little thing of Lady Curzon's sister that I saw? And of any silverpoints?

With all kind remembrances to Mr. Elliott,

Sincerely

Stewart Dick

Silverpoint is the most difficult, and was to Jack, the most fascinating of all mediums. It allows of no mistakes, nothing can be erased: the indelible lines once made must stand as long as the paper endures. He was one of the few modern men who had the patience to work with silverpoint, a method of drawing dear to the hearts of the old Italian masters. As I watched him bending over his delicate drawings, Browning's lines echoed in my mind:

"Raphael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume,
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas....

"Oh, their Raphael of the dear Madonnas,
Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,
Wrote one song — and in my brain I sing it,
Drew one angel — borne, see, on my bosom!"

CHAPTER XI

COURT AND COURTIERS

DURING our New York winter Jack received a commission to paint his large mural composition "Diana of the Tides," for the new National Museum at Washington. Another heavy task lay before him, another battle to be fought and won. Where should the scene of this battle be laid?

Spain! Spain!

Out of the Arabian nights that he had spent there in his youth it called him through the voice of Villegas.

José Villegas to J. E.

El Director
del Museo del Prado
Particular
October, 1905

CARO ELLIOTT:

I have learned with great joy that you will probably come to Madrid to execute a commission, although it is not as convenient here as at Rome, as it is rather hard to find nude models, both men and women, almost as difficult as in Paris. I hope you will let us know when you will arrive in Spain. With kind salutations to your wife and to the Mamma, and to you a warm embrace from your good friend, JOSÉ VILLEGAS

We were met at the station by Villegas and the Señora who insisted that we share their home on the Paseo Recoletos, an avenue laid out in the grand style of the Champs Élysées. We found Madrid very unlike the Spain where we had loitered on an earlier journey: Seville, where roses grew at every doorway and we breakfasted in a summer house lost in orange trees, where a hidden singer carolled Andalusian love songs to the accompaniment of a guitar; Granada, where we feasted with the gypsies in their

caves, lingered through golden days and jewelled nights under the red towers of the Alhambra; Toledo, where on the bridge of the Blessed Martin we met men who looked like living Velasquez portraits, women who smiled like Murillo's Madonnas. All these things belonged to the Spain of our youth.

Madrid is a very different pair of shoes; a modern capital, a little like Paris, a little like Brussels. At first we were rather dazed at the changed atmosphere of the Villegas household. In the Roman villa on the Viale Monte Pariole, where we had passed so many happy hours, there had been a pleasant mingling of formal and informal hospitalities. The master's show studio and state dining room were well suited to the distinguished personages he often received there, but on the lower floor the simple life was lived, and it was here that we had most enjoyed ourselves. In Madrid there was no trace of the rustic grace of the Roman villa. Villegas was now Director of the royal museum of the Prado and Court Painter. We were proud of the honor which the dear friend carried off so well, but the formality of the Madrid ménage was rather startling. Always sensitive to his surroundings Jack was not slow to discover that there was another side to this new Madrid with its splendid boulevards, conventional cafés, and air of prosperous business. There was an old Madrid, full of quaint corners and picturesque buildings.

The palace of the King stands at the edge of this older quarter, boldly planted on the high land above the river, where the Moorish Alcazar once stood. The façade fronts and dominates the city; the rear looks out on vast stretches of royal demesne. On the right of the palace is the Plaza de Armas, where gaily dressed guards pace up and down solemnly. At one end of the Plaza the long narrow arches of the peristyle frame a stupendous view. Behind, runs the river Manzanares; beyond lies the park of the Casa de Campa, with its masses of green trees, broken here and there by the glint of a lake, or the spire of one of poor Isabel Second's expiatory chapels. Beyond the park, the bare plains of Castile sweep grandly to the north, rising to the stern snow-capped range of the Sierra Guaderrama.

Brown University

THE CHEVALIER
Samuel Gridley Howe

Jack had little interest in court or courtiers. His mind was busy with his Diana and the steeds she was to drive across the tides. But Madrid, Spain, — it seemed as if all the world, — was preparing for the royal weddings. The Infanta Maria Teresa was to marry Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria, King Alfonso of Spain was to marry the English Princess Victoria. If a household is turned topsy-turvy when a daughter is married, it is not strange that a city should be turned upside down when a king is wed.

Villegas, the Court Painter, was the centre of the artistic activities, and Jack, too, was almost swallowed up in the hurly-burly. Night and day, Villegas was at work designing dresses, uniforms, fêtes and decorations for the palace.

One evening a few days after our arrival there came a tremendous ringing of the door bell.

"A message and a box from the bedchamber of the King for Don José," cried a voice in the hall outside.

"Put down the box, Don José is dining," Elio, the man servant, haughtily replied.

"Give him the message then as I give it to thee. Here are the pantaloons of his Majesty the King. They must be returned by the fifteenth of the month, when his Majesty wishes to wear them."

"I am to paint the King's wedding portrait," Villegas explained. "As he is not very fond of posing, they have sent me the clothes to work from before the next sitting."

"The Infanta's wedding is to be on the eighteenth," said the Señora. "Perhaps they are wanted for that. Be sure nothing happens to them at the studio."

Just then the butler appeared bearing a curiously shaped bottle covered with dust and cobwebs. "This wine is Trafalgar, 1805, year of the great vintage of Jerez and the famous battle," said our host. "It is good enough to drink to the portrait of the King."

"To the portrait of the King!" We drank the toast standing.

Villegas asked Jack to share the studio adjoining his on the Pasaje del Alhambra, a picturesque place not more than half a mile from the house. The next day at the studio I helped the

Señora unpack the royal box. It contained a fine cocked hat, a red and blue military coat and waistcoat, a pair of short white cloth breeches, a dainty sword and sword belt. At the very bottom of the box lay a thin morocco case. As I opened this I gave a scream, for it contained the insignia of the Order of the Garter!

"A beautiful piece of goldsmith's work!" Villegas turned it over in his hand and felt of it lovingly.

"Where is it worn?" he asked.

By this time the clothes were on the mannikin, the palette was set, Villegas unrolled his great sheaf of brushes and was ready to work.

"On the left leg below the knee," Jack replied.

At last the mannikin was adjusted, and Don José got to work. He did not like to paint from the lay figure; he said it was too stiff and would spoil his portrait, but that it would be impossible to put the royal uniform on an ordinary model.

"He is never satisfied!" the Señora complained.

"The day he is satisfied he will be finished!" said Jack.

"I am not at all satisfied with this!" Villegas threw down his brush. "I must have a model." Then he had an inspiration. "Jack, for a little while, you shall be the King!"

Obedience was the first law of the studio; and in a few moments Jack took his place on the model table dressed in the clothes of the King of Spain, and wearing the Order of the Garter.

At the studio things were less formal than in the home, and when I look back at our half year in Madrid the scenes that took place in the Pasaje del Alhambra are more vivid and more interesting than those in the Paseo Recoletos.

Jack never forgot a certain day when the King's portrait was nearly finished, and the master was so absorbed in his painting that he forgot to give the usual half hourly rest. Thirty minutes stretched to sixty. Villegas worked steadily on. In the third half hour the sitting was interrupted by a loud crash: the model had tumbled off the table.

"*Hombre vivo!*" cried Villegas, "why did you do that?"

"Couldn't help it; leg went to sleep. The breeches are a trifle

tight. Don Alfonso is only twenty. If I were his age it might not have happened."

"All the same," Villegas said as he told the story that night at dinner, "since Jack has posed for it, the King's figure has considerably improved."

When Jack first knew Villegas in Rome twenty odd years before, the Spaniards were predominant in the International Artists' Club; almost as much Castilian as Italian was spoken and quite as much was sung: Andalusian airs and Zingaree tangos were as familiar as Neapolitan folk songs. Though their native music moved them to melancholy, the Spaniards could never have enough of it. When Villegas was called to Madrid many of the old Hispano-Roman crowd followed him. It sometimes seemed that they were all back again at the Circolo. Benllieure and Ercole Monte talked of nothing but old times in Rome, while Rosilio, who used to sing them Spanish music, when they were in Italy, was now called upon for *Pied di Grotta* and Venetia songs.

Villegas was one of the workers who are stimulated by the company of other people, especially artists. He complained that they stole his subjects and copied his style, but he was never so happy as when he was surrounded by them. His house and his studio were as generously open to poor artists as to wealthy patrons. His was a rich gregarious nature; he gave of himself with both hands, and he took something, too, from each of the men who clustered about him like bees about a hive. One night as he sat at the head of his dinner table he looked round upon his guests and counted seven nationalities and four languages being spoken at the same time.

"This, my house," he cried, rapping with his fork to call attention, "is the Tower of Babel!"

Señora Villegas was the ideal artist's wife. They had married young, and she was always his best model, tall, handsome, dignified and grave as Spaniards like their wives to be. I think of them now as Baucis and Philemon, two tall trees standing together, their very roots entwined. She understood her husband's

nature and made his friends welcome, especially the artists who looked upon him as their head and called him Maestro. Beyond this they had no interest for her. She never went to their studios, hardly knew their different styles, save those who copied her husband; she was keen as a sleuth about them. She had no interest in any art save his, and yet in spite of this narrow vision she was his keenest and best critic. She was the daughter of a Roman wine grower, and had the tenacity of her kind. In Madrid, though she lived in a fashionable quarter, drove daily in a smart victoria and dressed with taste, she remained quite untouched by the change in her fortunes. A simple Italian woman with all the prejudices and traditions of her kind, she neither liked nor understood the court ladies who made much of her husband. In the privacy of home life she sometimes spoke her mind pretty freely about them. Her kindness to us both was unfailing. Everything was done for our comfort. At quarter of eight every morning Petra, the housemaid, a ravishing beauty, came and made the fire in our room, then returned with the "little breakfast," coffee, rolls and orange flower honey.

"Imagine," said Jack, "a fire of olive wood!" These little chunks of dark red wood gave out a strange perfume of the forest, and it must have been while comforted by their flames that he thought out the early studies of his Diana. Our room was the only place where he could be alone to think and dream in this strange city, where it seemed as if nobody ever slept.

At seven o'clock they begin to clean the streets of Madrid, the hour when Paris and New York leave off. By ten the neighborhood, in which we lived, was flooded by great horrible swashes of water, and the streets were not dry and comfortable to walk in until noon. As a rule the people, who lived in this quarter, did not get up till twelve o'clock, an early hour for the *beau monde*. At one o'clock we met our hosts at the meal we call lunch and they call breakfast. Dinner was not served until eight, and three times a week they went to the theatre. The performance lasted till one or two o'clock, and the parties began after that. It seemed to us that Villegas kept strangely late hours.

"Nobody thinks of going to bed before one o'clock in Madrid," the Señora told us.

The itch for work tormented Villegas, but like many another artist he was never satisfied, always falling short of his ideal and agonizing at the "failure" the world applauded. The bond between him and Jack was close, more intimate than that which exists between many fathers and sons. As Jack often turned to him during his despair in Rome, Villegas now turned to Jack. It meant much for them both to be together again, and they spent many hours in the Prado among the pictures in Villegas' care, which he loved as if they were his children.

"Other museums may illustrate the history of art better than the Prado, but none possesses more masterpieces" was his boast.

These hours were the greatest gift that Madrid had for Jack. With the Maestro he studied the paintings of the masters who had travelled the road they both found so hard. "We, too," they seemed to say, "have known discouragement and despair." They marvelled at the sixty-seven Velasquez paintings, hanging together in one room, in the chronological order in which they were painted. In every picture they read some momentous event in the artist's life.

Among the things about which Villegas sought Jack's advice was the new arrangement he was then planning for the long gallery. Opposite the entrance it was decided to hang the Titian portrait of Charles V on his warhorse, near that some examples of Tintoretto and of El Greco. In this way, it was decided, it would be possible to trace the influence of Titian on Tintoretto, of Tintoretto on El Greco, of El Greco on Velasquez.

Villegas was in constant communication with the Palace, and thanks to him our path led us one day up a private stairway covered with a blue Aubusson carpet, sprinkled with roses and lilies, to a grated balcony in the royal chapel where we sat as if in a private box, and saw the wedding of the King's sister. "Only in Madrid is there a court," according to the old saying. The arrival of this famous Spanish court was like a gorgeous pageant. The only plainly dressed people were the American minister,

Mr. Collier, his secretary, and the English nurse who carried the baby of the Princess of the Asturias.

The young King bowed graciously to everybody as he entered. His wedding garments had been returned in plenty of time for the ceremony, and looked as good as new as he led his sister with one hand and the young Prince Ferdinand with the other to the altar.

As the procession left the Chapel it seemed like a scene from Lohengrin. Four stalwart mace bearers, splendid in black velvet, were followed by the Grandees and court officials, then the bride and groom laughing and talking, bowing and smiling to the people. The bride wore orange blossoms in her hair; the front of her satin dress sparkled with diamonds, the train of white velvet that hung from her shoulders was carried by a page. The Queen Mother Maria Christina walked with the young King. She wore a long ash-colored dress, a white mantilla, a diamond diadem, and priceless pearls. She neither bowed nor smiled; on her stern ascetic face lay the shadow of the throne.

The wedding of the Infanta, the betrothal and marriage of the King, brought many royal visitors to the city; they all came to the Prado, where they were welcomed by Villegas. The Museum had for them an especial attraction apart from the artistic interest, as it contained portraits of the ancestors of most of the royal personages in Europe, and they were naturally interested in seeing their family portraits. On these occasions Villegas summoned Jack to his aid. The ill-fated Don Carlos, King of Portugal, his son, and the little Don Luis were among those he helped to entertain. This visit held a special interest, for the King of Portugal was a fair painter himself, and one of his own pictures hung in the Museum of Modern Art.

Madrid was perpetually *en fête* during the visit of the King and Queen of Portugal. We had glimpses of them on their way to the bull fight, driving to the opera, reviewing the troops. The whole city seemed to burst into glory to celebrate the marriage of the King. Crowds thronged the streets day and night admiring the magnificent illuminations, the splendid decorations. Where other cities use bunting, Madrid uses damask, and brocade.

The fronts of the houses were brave with rich embroideries and priceless tapestries. The famous ruby velvet hangings covered the façade of the Duke of Cestus' palace, the pattern of the silver blazonry outlined at night with electric lights. During the whole week those treasures hung exposed to the burning sun, or to the chance of rain, which fortunately never came.

Villegas was busier than ever. He seemed to be called everywhere at once, and Jack was usually with him. One morning as he arrived at the studio, he met the Maestro on the stairs. "Just in time!" he cried. "I was afraid I should not get you. A message has come from the palace that we must meet the Prince of Wales at the Museum." Jack was genuinely pleased, for like all his countrymen — like the whole world — he felt a warm admiration for the young Prince, who was later to become George V of England.

Villegas met the Prince and his cortège at the door, and asked leave to present his English pupil. He then led the way through the Museum with the Princess, leaving Jack to follow with the Prince who looked carefully at the pictures and asked questions, which showed he was thinking about them.

The Prince, after looking a long time at Tintoretto's "Last Supper," said,

"What is that on the dish? It looks to me like a sucking pig."

"That is just what it is."

"But our Lord was a Jew, he never would have eaten pork!"

As it was hot in the Ribera room, where they had lingered behind the others, Jack took off his hat for the sake of coolness.

"Keep on your hat," said the Prince. Supposing this was merely politeness Jack forgot all about it, and a few minutes after took it off again.

"*Please* put on your hat," said Mr. Keppel, the equerry. "We don't want to attract attention to the royal party."

"Yes, yes," laughed the Prince lightly. "We must not do that."

They might well wish not to attract attention! Only the day before the young King and Queen were driving from their wedding

ceremony at the Church to the Palace — their coach of crystal and gold drawn by eight cream-colored horses, the last of a gorgeous procession — when suddenly out of the heavens there fell a great bouquet. It looked like those that had been showered down from window and balcony all along the route, but it fell with a blinding flash, a crash, and a cloud of smoke. The crystal coach was shattered. The bomb, aimed at the royal pair, killed instead, eight soldiers and seventeen of the throng that had been cheering the bridal party on their way.

The wedding fêtes lasted a week; the gala performance at the opera, the bull-fight, the battle of flowers, the balloon race, the ball at the palace. One more function was added to those scheduled: the funeral of the officers and soldiers killed by the bomb. We saw that black pageant of death, and were deeply impressed by it.

The ball at the palace was changed to a reception. Dancing, when so many mourned their dead, was out of the question. The streets blazed with lights; the Puerta del Sol was a sea of sparkling flames.

"But the skies, they do not forget! They mourn," said Jack. It was true. They hung above the city like a shroud of black.

Isabel and Larz Anderson joined our party for the reception.

As each Grandee or Ambassador passed up the long stair, the halberdiers saluted by striking the marble step with their halberds; the sound was like a peal of thunder. As we passed the salute rang out.

The King and Queen bowed and smiled to us. Don Alfonso recognized the Maestro, and waving his hand cried out,

"Ai, Villegas, com' esta?"

The Queen Mother, Maria Christina, gave him her hand, and later the Infantas Isabel, Eulalia, Maria Teresa, and the tall Swedish Crown Prince all stopped and spoke to us. I remember how overjoyed the Russian Grand Duke Vladimir was at seeing Villegas. He patted him on the shoulder, and said a few polite words to us in French. Jack enjoyed seeing the portrait of the King, for which he had posed, hanging in the palace.

None of the royal guests, we were told, made any allusion to the tragedy of the day before; but at the funeral of the victims they all marched through the streets bare headed in the cortège. The morning after their marriage, before eight o'clock we saw the young bride and groom drive through the Paseo Recoletos in an open runabout. Don Alfonso was at the wheel. It was a brave gesture and had the effect of making the people prouder than ever of their young rulers.

I went to the gala bull fight with Irene Gibson, the original Gibson girl, who was spending the winter in Madrid with her husband, and was greatly admired by the King.

Charles Dana Gibson had come to Madrid to study Velasquez, and here Jack greatly enjoyed his companionship.

Another pleasant memory of Madrid is the dancing girl, Imperio. On one occasion she danced at Villegas' studio. I can see her now: small, lithe, graceful as a young tigress from the jungle. The inner studio was given over to this fandango; and tables were spread with sandwiches, sliced sausage and manzanilla. Among the guests was a famous matador. Jack looked at him searchingly:

"He's the man," he said. "I had forgotten the name; I remember the face. I saw him kill a bull in Cadiz once. I have never forgotten that."

Maddern Summers, the American Consul, his Russian wife, and Señor Canalyas, then a power in the Spanish government, were also among the guests.

During the late winter I went to Seville and Morocco with the Andersons. Jack stayed in Madrid, hoping to do some work on his Diana. A few letters from that time remain.

J. E. to M. H. E.

Madrid, Friday, 1906

Your letter of Wednesday has just come. I knew how you would feel about the bull fight. I am only surprised you stayed so long. Isabel must have suffered horribly at seeing the poor horses killed. Now you can describe one. I did not want to go, but I

did not want to keep you away. Well, that experience is over! Just fancy, Gibson never missed one bull fight while he was here. He said he was thoroughly ashamed of himself, — thought the killing of the bulls and horses horrible, but that the whole scene, especially when "the critter," as he calls it, was first turned into the ring, was to him the most magnificent thing he had ever seen. I hope you have been having a good time apart from that unpleasant experience. What awful news about the earthquake in California! Much more terrible than anything at Naples. It is raining so terribly that I don't quite know whether I can venture out to post this.

Sunday afternoon

At one A.M., I came home from the theatre with Villegas and Dick, — Gibson's treat to us — to see Imperio dance. She danced wonderfully, but not the same dances as we saw, and I didn't like them quite so well. Dick says it is a drama, and remarked that it had always been a mystery to him why Herod had John the Baptist's head cut off to satisfy the whim of a dancing girl, but after seeing the Imperio he could quite understand it, and moreover if the dancing was up to hers, he didn't feel sure that he, in the King's place, would not have been more generous and given the heads of half a dozen blooming prophets. This sounds like "Patsy"! I went to the Station and saw Waddie Longfellow off on the night train. I had been longing for this moment to come, and when it came I was really quite sorry in one way, for he is a very likable little chap, but, of course, a great time eater. However, I had to do all I could to help him about his museum business here, and he seemed to appreciate the trouble I took for him.

Gibson is going tomorrow night *really*, I think. He has said goodbye to Villegas and me so many times and then turned up again as if, as it were, to see the effect of his departure on us, that I have given him the name of "Farewell Gibson." He is a thoroughly nice chap. I was too tired this morning to go to the palace, though I suppose I ought to have done so. Now I have

no more news today, so go on having a good time. You say nothing about the guide I recommended to you.

Though the royal marriages were over, the drama of court life went on, and Jack finally realized that he would never be able to do any serious work in Madrid. He found what Villegas had written him about the scarcity of models to be only too true. His stay here had only been an interlude on his road to Rome, but he did not regret it, for it had given him imperishable memories.

"Do you remember," he would say as the years flew by, "that New Year's Eve in Spain?"

And I, remembering, would see again the guests who spoke so many languages at "The Tower of Babel." Don Antonio Weyler, the son of General Nicolau Weyler, of Cuba, was among them. He told us he was on his way to the ceremony of eating grapes that New Year's Eve at the home of a Spanish Grandee.

"Just as the clock strikes twelve," he said, "all the company will spring up and clutch at grapes or raisins from bunches hung from the ceiling. One grape must be eaten on every stroke of the clock, so you devour the twelve months of the old year." What the significance is I never learned. It may be that no ill consequences, no wasted regrets may assail you from the acts of those past months.

When our guests had gone, Villegas, the Señora, Jack and I assembled round the dining table to see the old year out. We each picked off twelve grapes, and laid them ready before us. Elio, the strange-looking manservant, stood ready to draw the cork of a large fat bottle. The clock in the hall, before it really struck the hour, began a gurgling stammer. At the first sound I put the smallest grape in my mouth.

"No, no!" cried Jack. "You are too soon. It is not yet time."

I promptly took out the grape, and put it back on the table. This made the others laugh so that when the first stroke of twelve actually sounded, they could hardly get the grapes into their mouths fast enough. Villegas and Jack managed theirs

somehow by hobgobbling disgracefully. I devoured eight of mine, and the poor Señora tried to hide what she had left. We insisted on counting them; — she had only eaten six. Tom-foolery, but we four grown people laughed till we cried. Then Elio opened the fat bottle, and we pledged each other and our dear ones. A happy way to begin a New Year, with a laugh and a jest!

CHAPTER XII

DIANA OF THE TIDES

IN spite of his threats to devote himself to landscape and miniatures, Jack took up painting his large mural Diana of the Tides with pleasure. Before getting to work on the big canvas he spent some time in Greece. I remember how much he was impressed with the beauty of the Hellenic land as well as with the glory of its art. He was too deeply moved to talk about it; his silence at Olympia and at Sunium was more expressive than any words. The hours spent on the Acropolis at Athens studying the frieze of the Parthenon were just like a post graduate course to those months of study in his youth among the Greek marbles of the British Museum. The Phidian steeds haunted his imagination and galloped ever through his dreams. In his Diana of the Tides they appear as he saw them in the surf breaking on a sandy shore. The painting represents what he called the poet's hour, the supreme moment in the pageant of the year, when the full moon has risen in the east before the sun has gone down in the west.

It was Charles Eliot Norton who first pointed out that Jack had added a new attribute to Diana. Mr. Norton kept the preliminary sketch for some time in his library at Shady Hill, and in one of his letters to me he says: "For the first time in art, Diana is here portrayed as the ruler of the tides. Most artists go to the poets for their inspiration, but Elliott, like the Greeks, goes straight to nature. To this he owes his originality both of conception and of treatment."

Having vainly tried to please me by painting his Diana in New York, and to please Villegas by painting it in Madrid, Jack pleased himself and returned to Rome, where he was more at home than anywhere else, to paint his next large mural.

The early summer of 1906 found us again established by the Tiber, in surroundings more comfortable, if a trifle less picturesque, than those of the Rome of the last century. He found a spacious

studio in the new Corrodi building and an apartment close at hand, and here he took up the life of the artist in what was for him the heart of the world of art. The next three years were passed in *urbe eterna*. We were now in the second lustrum of the century's first decade, a whole world away from those romantic Nineties. Rome had changed a little superficially, since the Rusticucci days, but not in the essentials of climate, beauty, glamour.

His old friends welcomed him back as if they had seen him only yesterday. Teodoro Serrao was gone, but Sartorio, Mancini and the dearly loved Enrico Coleman were generous in their congratulations upon his new commission. He found in Rome something that he had greatly missed in America, an esprit de corps among the artists. Among themselves they might quarrel, and doubtless did, but to the world they presented a solid front for the craft they all served.

Queen Margherita, now the Queen Mother, wished to consult him about the portrait of her husband, King Humbert, which Jack had made for her six years before. He found the widowed queen in her new home at the Palazzo Margherita, still lovely, still gracious, and always taking the same interest in the artists and musicians of her city. She told him that his small silverpoint drawing was her favorite portrait of her husband. She carried it with her in her trunk wherever she went, and as the portrait had changed color somewhat she was afraid this was due to its having travelled about so much. He explained to her just what had happened. A silverpoint drawing when first made looks like a pencil drawing. No color is used, the line is produced by the action of the silverpoint, upon the surface of an especially prepared paper. With time the lines oxidize or tarnish, so that an old silverpoint drawing acquires a far richer and deeper tone. He was much touched to find his Dante in Exile hanging in the Queen's own writing room where she received him.

New friends appear on the Roman scene; among others, Wilfranc Hubbard, representative of the *London Times*, the successor of two old friends, William Stillman and Wickham Steed. He occupied an apartment below ours in the Via Maria Adelaide, and

From The Great Sea Horse

FAIRY OF THE POND LILY

the two men became great cronies. Jack made a red chalk drawing of Hubbard, one of the few things he ever did with which he was satisfied.

He found it necessary to return to America from time to time to consult with the architects of the new National Museum at Washington which was to be the home of his Diana. Samuel P. Langley, familiarly known as Czar Langley, his first friend at the Smithsonian, was now dead, a unique person whose place could never be filled. Jack formed the happiest relations with all the Smithsonian men with whom he was brought in contact, Richard Rathbun, Charles D. Walcott, and dearest of all, William Henry Holmes, the artist.

Another who felt the beauty of the Diana was Theodore Roosevelt. When he was lying wounded at the hospital in Milwaukee, after the attack on his life during the election tour of 1912, I sent him a telegram of sympathy. In reply he sent the following message:

Theodore Roosevelt to M. H. E.

Mercy Hospital
October 16th, 1912

My dear Mrs. Elliott:

I greatly appreciate your telegram. By the way, tell your husband I like his mural painting in the Natural History Museum at Washington.

Sincerely

Theodore Roosevelt

Extracts from Jack's letter-journal give some idea of the things he was doing and thinking about, during one of my enforced absences, at this time.

J. E. to M. H. E.

Dampfer Koenig-Albert
October 10th, '08

My dearest:

The pilot leaves us at one o'clock. I sent you a letter ashore just before the gangplank was hauled in. We started on the tick,

German fashion. Now it is nearly twelve and at half past lunch will be served as it is earlier today. Dr. B. is aboard, posing like all creation. I should like to chuck him overboard. The Italian doctor is one I have crossed with before. I had a good look at the New York Public Library. It is pretty good if not very good indeed, — I can't quite make up my mind. I will most certainly send you a letter from Gibraltar and Naples, too. I won't mail anything from the Azores though, and I hope we are not going very near them. I told Toots that your book wouldn't be published till the 7th of November, and that you were very much disappointed, but he said you need not be for neither book nor anything else would be bought until after election, which I believe is on the 8th.... I am writing in the smoking room and while the writing room is crowded there isn't a soul here but me. Now I have babbled on till it is going on for one, — there must be some mistake about lunch for there is no sign yet....

October 18th, '08

We are going along the coast of Portugal and arrive at Gibraltar tonight too late to land, but as we have passengers we shall anchor outside and go ashore tomorrow. The last two days have been quite beautiful, and I have been attentive, for me, to Mrs. Hobson. She seems a nice old thing and quite entertaining. She gave me a sad bit of news the other day though. It seems Mr. Hornblower went over to Europe about two months ago for a holiday and to see his brother who was ill. The brother died about two days after he arrived and he died, himself, a day or two later without any illness, I gather. He was the one who always took me to the club to lunch and was very kind to me; Marshall was or is the one who is interested in my work.

The band is making its morning rumpus outside the smoking room where I am writing this and it is very difficult to think. I read the "Duke's Motto" with delight, also the "Royal Magistrate" which I don't think is quite up to the first. Apart from these I have nothing but an article on Lincoln and Isabel's stories... I have seen a great deal of B. who has attached him-

self especially to me. I have tried to be pleasant and have even read three medical booklets by him which I could in no way understand. His chief topic of conversation is himself, and it is easier to listen to anything than to talk, besides it is the safest way to carry on conversations with strangers. I have had nothing much to do with the other passengers save to pass the time of day.

8.15 P.M. We are in sight of Gibraltar lights and shall soon drop anchor, which means a beast of a night as there is a lot of cargo to go ashore and you know how like wild beasts the passengers are. We expect to start for Naples at midday tomorrow. It has been a wonderful day and I have been watching the ships and the coast but the letter hasn't progressed much. The ship is coming to a standstill, and I must go and see what is happening and perhaps I shall have something more interesting to tell you.

October 20th, 7.30 A.M.

I am on the tender going ashore after a desperate night with three donkey engines going at once unloading cargo all night long; among other things eight thousand sacks of flour for Gibraltar. I have nothing to go ashore for, but you know what a Babel the ship is while in port with all the fan and lace sellers.... Now be happy and take care of yourself. I am being squeezed out of my place! The chief reason for going ashore is to mail this and make sure that it goes. Now we are off and I am being walked all over, so goodbye. Give my love to the dearest Mammie.

Dampfer Koenig-Albert
October 22nd, 1908

I am all packed and ready to go ashore and am sitting in bed getting this little word written to send off to you. It is very late and we arrive in Naples early, about four, I believe. The trip has been a lovely one. Jules Guerin, the illustrator of the Century Magazine, with his little wife are very pleasant, simple people and he gives one a sense of power. I have cultivated them. I learnt all I could about color illustration, which I hope will be

valuable to me. Howard Pyle gets as much as three thousand for his best drawings after they have been published, and I gather this is where the great profit comes in, though some of them (illustrators) get a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year for a stipulated amount of work.

8.30 A.M. I am going ashore in a few minutes and hope to catch the 10 A.M. train for Rome if I am not too much delayed at the Customs.

Rome, October 23rd, '08

Here I am in our own little dining room. At about 7 A. M. we came alongside the landing we sailed from. I got through the Customs without any trouble. The train started on the tick and arrived in Rome on time, viz. 2.30 P.M., though one lady in the carriage was thrown out of her seat half way across the car in the effort, and mostly everybody was badly shifted. For a moment I thought we had left the rails. When I arrived in Rome I had my baggage sent by the railway cart and came home on the tram, I arriving at a little before 3.30 and the luggage about half an hour later. Can you believe it?

Everybody seemed glad to see me, the porter and his wife and Agnese, looking pretty as a picture and glowing with delight, — the house all nice and ready for both of us, for you seem to have been expected too. Hubbard came to see me almost as soon as I arrived and was very dear. He had read Mammie's letter in the London Times and said Mrs. Humphry Ward had been knocked quite flat, and that her answer to it was extremely weak [referring to a controversy about Woman Suffrage.] The Edgertons don't go till December and all the others at the British Embassy seem to have been changed round. As I wasn't expected till tomorrow, owing I suppose to having forgotten to telegraph from Naples, there was nothing in the house, so I went and got Sartorio and took him to dine at the Concordia, and Apolloni moved over and dined at our table, and as I was very dull Apolloni did all the talking as he always does and saved me the trouble. He was very cordial and sent you many messages.

Hubbard told me this afternoon that Charles Eliot Norton was dead, which is not a surprise after what you told me.... Oh, I *must* tell you that poor Apolloni's hair is terribly thin on the top of his head, and sitting close to him, likewise opposite with the light blazing down on him I saw that the skin was stained the color of his hair so that it should not show pink. That beats anything I ever heard of. I won't do that anyhow whatever else I do.

Sartorio is living in my studio building now, so we walked home together and that I think is about all I have to tell you for it is everything that has happened to me so far. It has turned quite cold though the glass in the dining room is 62, but I am sitting before a cozy wood fire in your study which is burning gaily and is very pleasant company.

October 26th, '08

I have seen the painting today and I think it goes pretty well. The curtain has kept it free from dust and the color has held all right. I went to see Carlandi this morning to ask about showing the painting in England and France, — of the latter he knows nothing. Of London he said the season was the time to exhibit it, in May or June, and that two weeks was the limit, and a week long enough, if properly put before the public.

October 27th, '08

I have been busy all day making most careful measurements of the painting and snapping lines. The exact measurement is twenty-five feet long by eleven feet high, which I will write to Marshall....I think the portrait of your father for Brown University rather smiles if there is anything to do it from. This afternoon when I came from the studio I found Daisy Chanler's card asking me to dine tonight which I could not do. I went right round as I thought it was quite friendly for her to leave her card. I wish I knew what I am wanted to do — something about Laulie I take it. She seems a charming girl. I found myself being pumped on art matters. I went to see Jessie Cochrane after I saw Daisy and had quite a crack with her.

October 31st, '08

I have been down to dine with Hubbard and have met Wyndham and Herbert, two new men at the British Embassy, both of them ever so nice, but I was awfully stupid and rather out of it as Wyndham is an old friend of Hubbard's and Herbert is quite young and they are all Oxford men and the talk was a good deal about Oxford at dinner ... Herbert seems to be the young blood of the Embassy, has an auto and is a sport in general. I had meant to call on the Edgertons at the Embassy today but didn't get round to it. I shall try to tomorrow as I must go to Mrs. Hobson. It has turned a little colder today, though it has been so warm it is better to have a little snap.

About the regiment with no bugle call for retreat: Hubbard has searched high and low for some mention of it, and can find no trace of any kind, and if you are going to write about it, which I suppose you are, it would be well to be quite sure. I know I have heard what Hubbard calls "the legend" either about the Black Watch or the Death or Glory Boys, — I think the latter, to which regiment John Eliott belonged, and my impression is that Arthur Eliott told me about the bugle call when he gave me the portrait of him, but I should scarcely think Arthur quite trustworthy about matters historical, and I know you wouldn't consider me so. Hubbard says many regiments have legends that are not in the least true. I should hate to part with this one, as it has always particularly appealed to me, but don't use it till you are sure.

John Eliott, great uncle of Sir Arthur, held a commission in the regiment spoken of as the Death or Glory Boys. It is a miniature of him that looks so like Jack that it might be taken for his portrait in fancy dress.

Sunday

I have had another letter from Villegas today, in which he says, in answer to my questions: "Speaking of the decoration, there is no doubt that it would be a great thing to make a success

in Paris before taking it to America, — there is no denying it, for it is a great truth and the only thing you have to do is to be sure and go to Paris, because it is a place you have to know and you have many good friends who will tell you how to arrange it. Above everything else don't let yourself be deceived by the French people. I remember their asking me to send my two large paintings for the inauguration of a new gallery, and they demanded twenty thousand francs for one month, and I had to think about the newspapers into the bargain, and this is why I did not exhibit them in Paris. I think, however, it would be quite possible to get the Paris edition of the New York Herald to find a way of whooping up the exhibition. You could hire a studio for a month, that would not cost a great deal, and the American and English journalists could speak of it to their French confrères, and I could write to the Spanish correspondents who are in Paris to make a campaign to ensure success. These are the ideas that come to me at the moment, and I repeat, *caro amico*, that the New York Herald *sararebbe un grandissimo mezzo;*" and then he goes on to talk about having an exhibition of the picture at Madrid.

"It will be very easy to make a successful exhibition of the picture at Madrid, where it will cost you nothing for the gallery. That can easily be arranged and the other expenses will amount to very little, because you have so many good friends here, and will not have anything to contend with, as in Paris or London."

The rest of the letter is dear, but this is the important part so far as the picture is concerned.

November 6th, 1908

You won't believe it but I actually wrote a four page letter in Italian to Villegas and didn't even have a dictionary. I have been dining with Hubbard tonight, and we have talked about the London of ages ago, and I find we used to go to the same theatres night after night to see the same pieces, and we have been capping gags of centuries ago. Tomorrow we are dining together again at Miss Koch's. Monday night he dines at the British Embassy, and I am invited afterwards, so we can come home together.

The Edgertons are going the end of the month I believe. I hope the new ambassador Sir Ronnell Rodd will be nice. Uncle Sam was very fond of Rodd, and I believe he was a properly adopted nephew.

Wednesday

Tomorrow Hubbard has a big man from the Vatican to dine with him as he has to prepare an obituary notice of the Pope, likewise Rampolla. Isn't it gruesome to sit and write these things while people are alive?... So glad that Rathbun was so pleasant about the Diana. Of course I am pleased to have such an important place. I am only anxious about the painting being up to it.

Tuesday

It is very late. Hubbard has just gone. He came up and dined with me tonight as he said last night he liked cold bacon and never could get it. I told him if he would come tonight I would give him gammon and spinach, and he came and we had it, *delicious*, and he had two helps and stayed till past eleven. I have had a day of it, getting the studio stove in working order in its new place. I had to move it as I have decided to show the painting where it is, and the stove was, and always has been, in the way, making a big square black spot in the picture. Emilio, our house porter, and myself moved it with greased bits of wood.

Wednesday

I have just this minute finished an absorbing novel by William de Morgan called "Somehow Good." One of those books that makes you feel when you get to the end of it, like you do when you are waving goodbye to a transatlantic liner moving away from the dock with somebody dear on board. Mancini came to see my picture this afternoon and seemed much taken up with it, and said he wanted to come again and see it in the morning. He brought with him the German, — who by the way is a charming person — whose portrait we liked so much last year by Mancini

at the exhibition. I think we were told he was a dealer or collector or something. He liked the picture too, and said he thought it would make a sensation. I didn't particularly mean to show it to either of them, but Mancini butted in and the other man followed suit. I spent the afternoon in the studio, and Coleman came in to see how I was getting on, and seemed to like the way things are going.

Monday

At last with a mighty effort I rushed both Embassies. I went first to Miss Koch who was out, then to the Griscoms who were out, but Mrs. Bronson was in and I had tea with her. Then I went on and had tea with Lady Edgerton and asked her to come to the studio, and she is coming tomorrow. I suppose there are lots of other visits I should make, but I can't think of them.

Tuesday

I have just come up from Hubbard's, where I have met Richmond, who, I take it, is one of the Editors of the Times. He is a nice fellow, and is coming to the studio tomorrow to see the painting. Today your book arrived. I am busily reading it. I think it mean of those Little and Brown people *not* to have cut out the Gothic trefoil from the cover as they promised. I can't judge of the colored prints as I haven't seen them by daylight, but they look pretty rotten and I am glad they had the decency not to tag them with my name. They are better than the things they proposed putting in, which is a comfort. I think apart from these two things the book looks quite swagger and is nicely done. Goodnight. God bless you.

Friday

I have missed writing two nights, but somehow I have been reading your book. It is just like talking over old times with you, and it didn't seem necessary to write, — anyhow it literally didn't occur to me. I enjoyed it immensely. I stopped reading Joseph Vance right in the middle of a most exciting scene, and bit into

Sun and Shadow, and I couldn't leave until I finished it. It is a jolly good book and made me very proud. I hope it will make a strike.

An exhibition of the Diana was held in the studio after my return, and proved the outstanding artistic event of the season. In Rome the execution of a notable work of art is a matter of importance, and so great was the interest that the exhibition, at first planned for five days, lasted fifteen.

The first visitors to arrive were the Chinese minister and his suite who on the stroke of ten marched into the studio clad in embroidered silk robes bringing with them a faint perfume of straw matting and sandal wood. The minister and Jack talked in pantomime. His excellency wore seraphic clothes, had lovely manners; his hand was smooth as a rose leaf, his nails so long that I wondered how he could possibly use his fingers! One of the younger men spoke English; after gazing long at the divine huntress he whispered to Jack:

"I beg your pardon, Mister, is that God?"

The second visitor was a member of the Italian cabinet, Luigi Rava, the Minister of Education. He showed great interest in the picture and asked many questions about the building where it would be placed. To Signor Rava we owed the idea of keeping a visitor's book.

"Shall I write my name?" he asked politely. After that all the guests wrote their names. The list as I read it over now, brings vividly to mind the Roman society of the time with its strongly contrasted types of artists, musicians, royalties, diplomats, prelates, beauties, belles, and the ubiquitous tourist.

On the ninth of February, Queen Margherita came to the studio. The old chair she had sat in, when she came to the other studio, was brought over and placed before the picture.

"This is your Diana of the Tides for the new museum in Washington," she said. "A fine opportunity and worthy of you. I congratulate the Museum. At what height will it be placed? At what distance will it be seen?"

National Museum, Washington, D.C.

DIANA OF THE TIDES

Her questions showed the trained mind of a woman used to dealing with many kinds of affairs and of giving undivided attention to the matter in hand.

After she had looked at the Diana she walked across the studio to the easel that held my mother's portrait. "This is old age as it ought to be," she exclaimed. She asked many questions about my mother, and laughed heartily when Jack told her of her mot at a dinner of the Circolo Italiano in Boston:

"The American eagle came out of the egg of Columbus!"

On taking leave the Queen said she would try and send her son King Victor Emanuele to the studio, and sure enough three days later Jack was honored by another royal visit.

King Victor arrived at eight o'clock on the morning of February twelfth. He came in a motor with two aides, an admiral and a general, and stayed half an hour. He was interested in the horses, and discussed their action with animation. When thanked for the honor of the visit, King Victor said simply:

"Not at all. It has been a pleasure. Besides, my mother told me to come!"

Reproductions of Diana appeared in the art journals of the time in Italy, France, England and Spain. A book of clippings has been preserved from which the following has been chosen:

From the London Times, Feb. 8th, 1909

ENGLISH ART IN ROME

Our Rome Correspondent writes under date February 2nd: "Mr. John Elliott, an English painter for some time resident in the United States, has this week exhibited in Rome an important picture upon which he has been engaged for the last two years. The painting is destined for the Smithsonian Institution, the well-known museum in Washington, and covers a canvas of twenty-two feet in length and nearly twelve in height. Its subject, 'Diana of the Tides,' has met with a very beautiful treatment at the hands of the painter, who has been singularly successful in carrying out his poetic conception and realizing a rare and

exquisite effect of light. The hour is in the late evening, before the moonlight has quite replaced the fading glow of sunset. The goddess is represented outlined against the full moon and standing on a shell, which is drawn by four white horses through the breaking waves to the shore, the action and relative position of the horses' heads suggesting the rhythmical rise and fall of the waves themselves. The allegorical idea is carried out in a way which is at once very simple and complete. But the great beauty of the picture lies in its scheme of colour, which is as lovely as it is original.

"The exhibition has already attracted most of the notable people in Rome, and seems to have created no small sensation among Roman painters. Queen Margherita, who has taken a lively interest in Mr. Elliott's work, has announced her intention of visiting it next week. Mr. Elliott some years ago painted another great picture in Rome, 'The Triumph of Time,' which now adorns one of the ceilings of the famous Boston Library, which also was decorated by Mr. Sargent, Puvis de Chavannes, and Mr. Abbey. It is possible that this present picture of his may also be exhibited in Paris and London before it ultimately goes to Washington."

Jack wrote to Villegas:

Carissimo Villegas: ... The King was a long time in my studio and also Rava, Minister of Public Instruction. Two ministers sent me written excuses with their visiting cards, but all the Ambassadors, in fine, all Rome was there, and the picture made a success as you predicted....

CHAPTER XIII

THE VALLEY OF THE MOSELLA

ON Christmas morning, of the year 1908, Jack drew a long breath as he signed his name to "Diana of the Tides." Another milestone was passed on the long hard road. He felt a sort of anguish at letting go; at the same time a sense of relief. *That* grind was over!

Three days later, on the 28th of December, Rome, Italy, — the whole civilized world, — was stunned by the overwhelming disaster of the Messina earthquake, which destroyed two cities, a score of towns, and killed two hundred thousand persons. All personal interests were forgotten in the universal impulse of compassion, the desire to help the stricken people; Jack could hardly sleep or eat for days for thinking of them. When the American Ambassador Lloyd Griscom called for volunteers for a relief expedition, under the naval attaché Commander Reginald Rowan Belknap, Jack was one of the first to enroll. The American Committee chartered the North German liner *Bayern* for a relief ship, and shortly after the disaster the expedition sailed for Messina. Jack's official position was that of interpreter, but actually he served in many capacities, chiefly as stevedore. He spent the greater part of the ten days on board the *Bayern* in the hold of the ship, where his general activity won him the nickname of Johnny-on-the-Spot. The treasurer of the committee, Mr. William Hooper of Boston, Jack's side companion, went by the name of "Bill-of-the-Bilge." In his published diary Mr. Hooper says:

"I beg to state after the first two days the supplies and stores in the after holds were so well arranged and systematized, that the work of two men became unnecessary, and Mr. Elliott thereafter had charge, and should be given full credit for the excellent work done there."

Admiral Belknap, then Commander Belknap, said in his report:

"Mr. Elliott was indefatigable, ready and useful for any kind of work, an excellent interpreter, and one of the best spirits in the party, keeping all in good humor by his wit. His remark, after three days manual labor in the hold, should not be lost, 'I have only two fingers left that I can wash.'"

While Jack was away I read in the Roman *Tribuna* that he had been hurt in an automobile accident in Palermo. In the collision his nose was driven through a plate glass window, and he returned to Rome all plastered up. The wound, however, thanks to the skill of the Italian doctor and the good condition of his blood, left no trace.

Marion Crawford to M. H. E.

S. Angello, January 18th,
1909

DEAR MAUD:

Sorry for handsome Jack's nose! But perhaps he only blew it up in the face of the moon, which produced a newspaper report!! Yah!!! Your devoted

MARION

Jack's letters tell the story of his part in the expedition.

J. E. to M. H. E.

S.S. Bayern
Thursday, January 7th, 1909

... We got straight to work the moment you all were clear of the ship, and I didn't even get a chance to take a snapshot as we left the harbor, as I had intended doing, — indeed, I did not see the town as we left, as I was helping Thompson go over his invoice. After that we all went down into the hold, and were hunting for, and moving things, and getting them up on deck. Such confusion as there was it is impossible to imagine, — everything simply dumped into a heap. I found a lot of things they wanted. We worked down there two hours, just like porters, and then came a lull, and it was decided to quit till after dinner. I went to my stateroom and changed every rag; then went up on

deck to have a stretch. I found Griscom, and we walked together for twenty minutes. He was most interesting and charming. At dinner I sat next to a pretty American nurse and opposite a nice plain one. We had quite a pleasant time. I ranked next to the official people. We all met in the smoking room, at a little after nine o'clock, where there was some sort of committee meeting, in which I, of course, didn't take part, but I was there expecting to go back to the hold. However, we didn't, and now it is past bedtime, and I am tired as a dog. I hope you had a jolly trip back to Rome, and that you are happy and taking care of yourself, goodnight. God bless you.

S.S. Bayern, Messina
Friday, January 8th

... It is awfully late, and I have so much more to write you than I ought to take the time for, as tomorrow morning I expect to help get off the first boat load of stuff. I had better begin with the day, the way you like me to. Breakfast, then, at eight sharp. Afterwards I was to find sterilized milk in the forward hold, — this at the request of Nelson Gay, who kept me chasing after him so long, and giving me no sign of being anywhere, that I determined after three-quarters of an hour's loss of time to do something, anyhow. So I got hold of the Commander, who is a brick from the word go, and got to work with Hooper as my partner, who is another brick, and between us we cleared out the forward hold. Griscom came down and saw what we were doing, and tried to photograph us and approved our efforts, — which resulted in finding many things at the bottom that were supposed to be missing, — but such a jumble was never seen. Everything had been hauled off the lighters and pitched into the holds without any attempt at order, — one and every kind of thing on top of the other, and always the thing most needed at the bottom. When I tell you that bunches of picks and spades had been dropped upon boxes of macaroni, you may get a slight idea of what would naturally happen. Well, I spent the day as Hooper's side companion, — a bully worker, no shirk in him — and we got through

at about six this evening. At 4.45 P.M., we dropped anchor at Messina, — what there is of it. Only a heap of ruins, though at first sight the houses didn't seem to be so utterly destroyed. However, under the searchlights from the ships one could see how utter the ruin is. Nothing but heaps of ruins and walls sticking up above them. At about lunch time, we passed Stromboli and the other volcanoes and islands. As soon as we came to anchor, the first thing that happened was that I stuck to the Commander like Sherlock Holmes, and was his interpreter to the Captain of the Port. This was soon over, and he was handed over to Gay later, — that is almost immediately, as he wanted to know the kind of things they had on board to send ashore, if they needed any. Three American officers came aboard, Major Landis and Delme Radcliffe (who is looking awfully fit), and Bayard Cutting, and they all dined on board. Winty Chanler came, looking as handsome as a picture. He was very jolly, seemed quite in his element, and a good deal like Uncle Sam. He went ashore early. Everyone is saying what splendid work he has been doing. A little after nine o'clock the Ambassador, Landis, the Commander (Belknap), the Consul of Messina (the one who was supposed to be dead), and yours truly went to see General Mazzas on board the Duchess of Genoa, a magnificent Italian liner, which I must describe to you some day, for it was all very interesting. I went as interpreter to the Ambassador, thanks to Belknap, who engineers most magnificently. As they could talk quite well in French, I wasn't necessary at all. Delme Radcliffe is quartered on board the Staff Ship, so he went with us too. He applied to the commander of one of the American ships in the harbor for a boat to take the remains of the English Consul's wife to the cemetery tomorrow morning, but could not get one till 3 P.M., as the U. S. flagship arrives in the morning. (Griscom returns on her and brings this.) The English Consul is to have a leg amputated in Palermo tomorrow, and his child is dead in the upper part of the Consulate, and has not yet been recovered. Delme Radcliffe saw a man taken out alive at six o'clock this afternoon. (Eleven days after the earthquake.) Apropos of boots — they seem to

be the things most needed. Now, my ownest own, I really must go to bed. By the way, Winty and Cutting sail with us to Catania and Syracuse at midday tomorrow. I fear I have lost my pen in the hold, I cannot find it. I am sorry Griscom is leaving us and Earle Dodge, too. D. has been working like a slave — splendid!

P. S. Saturday morning. I forgot to say the visit to the General-in-Command was to place the ship with everything aboard at his disposal. I have already been at work in the hold. I am stealing this minute between coffee and ham and eggs.

S.S. Bayern, Messina
January 9th, 1909

...I got off a letter to you by the Ambassador today, when he left for Naples. I was in the hold early this morning — before breakfast — getting out stores for the Consulate here, but I think I told you in a P. S. Thompson and I were working aboard all the morning, while all the others were ashore, and when they came back to the ship, we were sent ashore. It is all indescribable. I will try and tell you about it; though not tonight, for it is very late, and I am very tired. Winty is aboard and Cutting, who has gone to bed sick and worn out. We got back to the ship late.

Sunday

We are two in a room, and I had no more chance to write last night. This morning we came here to Reggio, where we are sending ashore no end of all sorts of things. I have been in the hold the whole morning, have just had lunch, and we are now going to send the stuff ashore in the boats. It is getting rough, and it won't be easy. They swamped one boat yesterday, and left her ashore at Messina. The sailor men are the worst set of soldiers you ever saw. They don't even know how to row a boat. It is raining hard. I have never seen such rain as we had last night.

S.S. Bayern, Messina
Sunday, January 10th, 1909

This morning we went over to Reggio to send ashore lots of things, and all the others got off letters, but I couldn't, though I

tried, as I only came out of the hold about two or three minutes before the officer went ashore. We are back in Messina. I only got a squint at Reggio for a moment, just as we were leaving, when the rain let up a little, and we had sent our last boatload ashore. I spent all the morning getting up the stuff from the hold and keeping track of it, as it went into the boats; the rest of it down in the forward hold hunting among hundred of bales and things for two bales of tent canvas, which I found and got on deck. Winty Chanler had been down there with a gang in the morning and arranged things in a way that made it possible. The last time I was down there it was in a terrible mess. You see, the after holds were where I have been since the first day, and in my part I know where to find anything they ask for; though some of it — the white beans, for instance — I can't get at yet, as there are two layers of sacks on top of them. It is raining like mad most of the time, but I believe I have said so already several times. I can quite understand how your refugees could not help speaking of it all the time, for anything more dismal it is hard to imagine. I have only been made uncomfortable by it, but there are hundreds of poor people camping out wherever there is a clear space big enough to run up a primitive shelter with boards, if they have them, or sails rigged on poles. I saw one ambitious family roofing roughly with tiles they had collected in the streets. They seemed to have been the first to have made any attempt to use them, though the streets are strewn with them. In these shelters, and even the miserable little tents, which did not reach the ground by a foot and a half, the water was flooded in every one I saw, and came in at the sides and roof as well, — if one can speak of the roof of a tent, which I doubt. The suffering from the rain to these poor souls must be cruel beyond words. I hear the Americans at the Consulate have dug down to the ground. Yesterday, when I saw them, they were digging on a level with the second story. We have had quite a let-up since the boat went off. I had a lovely bath, as hot as I could get it, and cleaned myself and got into a boiled shirt and white collar. Tell Hubbard I don't know what I should have done without his flannel shirts.

So far, it seems to me, we are on the field much too late. The nurses have not even seen a sick person, and are asking everybody if they think sick people will be brought aboard later on. They work like little men, and checking off the things they sent ashore was a cinch.

Catania, January 11th,
1909

I haven't kept time, so I don't know just when we left Messina this morning, but it was early, and we came straight here, where we have been getting rid of a lot of stuff. I believe we are likely to discharge the greater part of our cargo here, perhaps all, and then take a fresh cargo of planks and building wood to be taken to some particular place, where they are much in need of it for shelter. This afternoon I helped Belknap receive the *Prefetto* and *Sindaco* of Catania, together with a committee of ladies and gentlemen, and to show them over the ship, — the operating room, storeroom and rooms where the nurses have clothes, boots, hats, etc., which they put up in bundles according to needs. They inspected also the staterooms turned into hospital wards. Then, as soon as they all went, I got the hatches off (it was six o'clock), and went down into the hold and sent up sixteen bales of blankets and two cases of suits of clothes. As luck would have it, I had had them all moved in the morning right under the crane, so that I was able to get them slung up and over the side into the boats in record time, but for all that it took an hour and three-quarters, and I didn't come out of the hold till eight o'clock. I helped Thompson for about an hour after dinner, and that let me out for the day. We started in with breakfast at 7.30. Hatches off at 8.30. Work till lunch at 12 o'clock — then getting ready for the reception, the receiving committee being Commander Belknap, Hooper (my side companion), Gay and myself and Weston Flint (a first rate Harvard boy) as assistants to handle the crowd. I have done so many different things today that I have forgotten about half of them.

Catania, January 12th,
1909

It has been a busy day, the busiest yet, it seems to me. It has been a glorious day, and so was yesterday. There are a queer lot of things — by which I mean people. One lot of people refused to take anything but black clothes, and when they had been supplied with what they asked for, they carefully inspected everything piece by piece and declined to carry them to the boats themselves and asked to have them sent.

Catania, January 13th,
1909

I have had a strenuous day, — in the hold by 8.15, checking the things as they came out and generally working like a beaver. I got everything clear in the after hold by a quarter to eleven, then I went to help in the forward hold to finish loading a lighter for the *municipio* and another for Taormina, sending every imaginable kind of thing. The cry is always for underwear, both for men and women, boots, and shoes, and blankets. In the afternoon Belknap took me ashore with him on his official visit to the Prefetto and the Mayor, and we were taken round to see the wounded in the Garibaldi, the Victor Emanuel, the *Carcere Nuovo*, and another hospital. We also went over two shelters. I got really a bigger grasp of the horror of the earth quake in doing these things than I did by going on shore at Messina, for, while one got an ample idea of the overwhelming and utter ruin of the place, which could scarcely have been more complete, one got no adequate idea of the horrible human suffering, though there was enough to make one's heart bleed. Here, for fear I forget it, I must mention a thing I saw, which seemed to me so characteristic. There was a long line of soldiers reaching from the sea across the road along the sea front into the ruin of some public building. They stood some ten or twelve feet apart. The man at the ruin end of the line dug out a small spadeful of rubbish, and put it down on the ground between himself and the next man, who took it up with his spade and repeated the operation, until, when it

reached the man by the boat into which the rubbish was being put, there remained little more than a spoonful for him to cope with. It would have been funny, if it had not been so pitiful. I imagine it is the same way with the money and most of the other things that are not done directly by the Committee. The guide, who attached himself to us in Messina, and took us to see all the principal things, refused to accept any money for his trouble.

Now I will go back again to Catania. We were met as we landed by a beautiful auto, owned and driven by one Marquis of something, — a pie-faced individual and a daring driver, likewise a rotten bad one. However, no harm came to us, so long as mere people, donkey carts, or goats and such like light stuff were in our way. They either got out, or were put out. However, when it came to trying to get in between the corner of a house and a high wagonload of lemons, when the space was not so wide as the machine by the width of our left hand mud guards, why the latter were simply taken right off. As this stunt was being done at quite a fair speed, and I was naturally going as fast as the machine, when it stopped suddenly, without any warning, I continued to travel until my nose came in contact with the plate glass in front, which I perforated very neatly with my nose, leaving a clean cut hole in the glass. My nose got a bit scratched and bled like a pig, but one of the doctors was with us — the chief, in fact, — and the whole thing happened almost outside a chemist shop, so I was plastered up at once, a chair being brought to the door, so that the entire population collected around to see the fun, and I became for a short time a sort of free show. Here again the chemist refused to be paid for the plaster and things. We continued on our round as soon as this had been accomplished, as the machine had not been damaged beyond losing the mud-guards and running board on the left-hand side, together with the pane of glass.

The things we saw were distressing beyond words. The first shelter was an infant asylum, turned over for the purpose. All the desks for the children were put in the middle of the room, and

here and there, where the seats might serve as tables and afterwards to sit upon. It was so dark that I got no idea of anything save discomfort and distress. The refugees had straw with blankets round the walls to sleep upon, but never more than one blanket apiece and more often not that, alas! In one room the food was being served out to these poor wretches. It reminded me of the Almy boys' chicken cook-house, only the stuff in the pot didn't seem so good, or certainly didn't smell so. I don't yet know who the lady was, who took us over this and the other places. I only know that she was French and her first husband had been French Consul. Anyhow, at all the places she said to the sufferers that we belonged to the American Red Cross expedition, and they were to thank us. This they did exactly as the chorus on the stage would do — quite without any feeling, expression, or interest of any kind. What little interest they had was concentrated on their food. They all seemed dazed. All those who have escaped do, and all have that indefinable look of dread.

From this shelter we went to the hospitals. I shall not try to remember at what particular hospitals I saw the following cases. However, in the first ward were two women all bandaged up in bed, both quite mad and apparently quite happy, as they sat and smiled and bowed and talked to imaginary friends about them. A little further on, at the other end of the ward, was a handsome young man with great blue eyes, who had been one of the rising medical men, I believe, quite idiotic, almost as bad as your man in the wheel chair. He tried continually to pick up the hem of his sheet, played with the tips of his fingers, and smiled always. In another ward was a beautiful girl of nineteen with a broken back, and a little child with a wan terror-stricken face which seemed to be the only thing about the little tot that had not been smashed, for nearly every other bone in its body had been broken. Both arms and legs were in plaster casts. Another case was a poor woman, whose head had been broken, and who kept up a pitiful moaning of "Ai, Ai." All the people in the hospitals seemed to have horribly blackened eyes, and at the time of our visit they were every kind of hue from a deep indigo blue to pale chrome

yellow. All this took quite a long time, and it was getting towards dusk, when we reached the shelter called the Benedictine, an enormous suppressed monastery with three courtyards and sheltering seven hundred and eighty souls, for whose accommodation they were provided with only two hundred and twenty-five mattresses. All the others slept on straw with blankets spread over it, here and there, where they had them, but there was a pitiful dearth of them, and many had none at all. They were ill provided with clothes and begged for blankets, underwear and boots, more especially. This institution, I gathered, was supplied by private enterprise; for, though the building belongs to the State, and, if I am not mistaken, is directly under the jurisdiction of the municipality, the director told me that the city had done nothing to help them beyond loaning the building, and they begged earnestly for assistance from the relief expedition. However, as nearly everything on board in the way of food, clothes, blankets, tools, spades, buckets, etc., had been handed over to the municipality and the Ladies' Committee between them, we suggested that they should apply to the former for assistance. They shrugged their shoulders, sighed, and said there was little hope getting anything from them. So far they had not even been able to get food from the *Cucine econonmoce*. I believe this particular enterprise is Austrian. This would account for their being left to their own resources, for the natives know by experience that the foreign enterprises all get along well enough when left to themselves, and I think they purposely neglect them and put upon them rather than help them.

I cannot describe the meeting of the Prefect or the Mayor and other people of note. It was all very boresome, and they seemed insignificant and trifling in the midst of these mammoth misfortunes and the great prostrate multitude. To go back for a moment to one of the hospitals, — in the center of a ward, in bed, with broken head and arms and otherwise generally battered, lay a little lady, who, a few days before, had been one of the richest in Messina. She had nothing left in the world, — nothing but her poor broken, bruised little body; left absolutely alone, — husband,

children, brothers, sisters, all her relatives wiped out, and not even a thread to her back. One of the most pathetic things of all was a young mother frantically going the rounds of the hospitals and shelters, asking if there was a little baby with the habit of sucking the two first fingers of its right hand.

S.S. Bayern
January 15th, 1909

This is the 15th, early morning. We have returned to Reggio, where we discharge all our cargo, and then sail for Palermo. I shall send these few disjointed words to you from here. We had expected to get back to Rome on Sunday night till orders came late last night saying we were to go as quickly as possible to Palermo. The *Tribuna* correspondent says he telegraphed to Rome about the automobile bump. I want to tell you it was nothing at all. Only a damned dago would have thought it worth mentioning. I am absolutely well, and I hope you are having as good a time as I am. I have enjoyed (in a sense) every minute of it.

When Jack returned to Rome his mind was so filled with the earthquake that he could think of little else. It was with difficulty that his friends persuaded him to hold the exhibition of Diana. It proved a fortunate moment for this. Rome, the city of pleasure, had grieved for the suffering south one whole month. Strict court mourning had been maintained, and all social life had been at a standstill. Early in February Queen Margherita and King Victor Emmanuel visited Jack's studio. This set the fashion, and all Rome flocked to the studio by the Tiber.

On the 15th of February, Commander Belknap wrote asking Jack to go back to Messina with him, and help build the American houses.

"I would rather have this invitation than an order to paint the biggest decoration in the world," was Jack's comment on Belknap's letter. So, in a moment, he threw over the carefully laid plans to exhibit Diana in Paris, London and Madrid. A

From The Great Sea Horse

FAIRY ADMIRAL

friend, to whom I complained about this great disappointment, rebuked me with the words; "Don't you know yet that Jack likes to work a long sight better than he likes to swagger?"

I knew it very well: there was nothing more to say.

Jack returned to Messina on the U.S.S. *Celtic*. I quote the following from Admiral Belknap's book about the second expedition:

"Besides the *Celtic's* own complement, our party on board were myself, representative of the American Ambassador to Italy, in general charge of the expedition; Lieutenant Brofferio, of the Italian Navy; Lieutenant Allen Buchanan, and Ensign John W. Wilcox, Jr., U.S.N., who had been temporarily detached from their regular duty on board the *Scorpion*, at Naples, to assist in this work; and Mr. John Elliott, the artist. The last mentioned had been a member of the expedition in January of the Red Cross relief ship *Bayern*, and had responded to my invitation to take part in this new work by saying: 'I would not think of not coming.' He came away from the exhibition of his new painting 'Diana of the Tides,' now in the new National Museum in Washington; and it was his participation that brought out the tribute of Prefect Trinchieri to our work, 'the heart of philanthropy and the soul of an artist.'"

The story of the building of the American village at Messina is one of the most romantic episodes in later American History. For Jack's participation in it, I quote his letters:

J. E. to M. H. E.

On the Naples train
February 19th, 1909
1.07, P.M.

I stopped at the Embassy and got a letter for Belknap. I suppose it is called a despatch.

We have two promises to fulfill, the first to Mammie and the second to Mouse, and nothing ought to be allowed to interfere with them. I must keep faith with Mouse and you with Mammie. There is no getting away from it, unless the picture can be exhibited without interfering with what is not only our duty, but,

at the back of our heads and the bottom of our hearts, our desire also.

I had promised my mother to return and pass the summer with her at Oak Glen. He had promised Mrs. Anderson to make a set of illustrations for her book of fairy stories, "The Great Sea Horse."

U.S.S. Celtic
Saturday, February 20th, 1909

Just a little word of goodnight. I got myself on board about 7.30 and had dinner in the ward room. The doctor, whose room I am to share with two officers of the *Scorpion*, who come on board tomorrow, was told off to see that I was taken care of, and he did so most delightfully. He is one of the handsomest men I have ever known. He seems to me quite as big and much the same build as Hal Richards, and something like him, too, with more of the Hermes. After eating a regular American meal I took a walk, and then the Captain came, — I mean Belknap — and took me to Captain Huse's room, and he invited me to take all my meals with him from now on. I met Col. Russell, who remembered me as far back as '78, and we talked about Hunker, — Rubino, — Julia McAllister.

Messina, Monday, February 21st

We arrived here this morning. I am having a glorious time. I have been designing a hotel, — that is, making plans for one of the simplest kind to be put up perhaps at Reggio. I have worked all day, and have finished the ground plan. Tomorrow I do the second floor. Wednesday the ship arrives with the first lot of houses to be put up here — Messina — where we stay for the present. This is only to say goodnight. There is no room anywhere to write, so I am in the bathroom.

Tuesday

I don't seem to get a moment, and when I do, I find nowhere to write. Captain Belknap has been given the chart room as his

quarters, so I am writing this on my drawing board. Mr. Billings came aboard this morning with the two nice men from Taormina I met before, Bowdoin and Wood. They all lunch aboard. The first timber ship, the *Eva*, is dropping anchor at this moment close by, so tomorrow the real rush will begin. Everything is all so very new on board a ship like this. I enjoy it though; I am treated like a king. I have been designing a little outside kitchen for the cottages, a very primitive arrangement. I hope it will work.

Friday, February 26th, 1909

I got up at 6 o'clock this morning, and went ashore just after breakfast for the first time since we arrived. I have been drawing plans for the houses and making working drawings and tracings, and literally have not had a moment to call my own. I made photos this morning of the first house — the portable house — and I got Captain Belknap to send it to Vasari, 38 Via Mercede, this afternoon.

It is a great weight off my mind that the "Diana" question is decided, and I am sure it is all for the best. I have felt quite sick to think of you wrestling with everything, "Diana" included. I think I am doing the right thing to be here. I don't want to quit this job until it is finished, if I can possibly help it. It is only just begun. In one way it is much harder than the *Bayern* work, because it is head work. I have had to design a hotel two stories high, and to remodel entirely the plans sent from America — a difficult task but about over. Then I have to design a church on a very primitive plan. The high altar end is to be in a little house, but the main body of the church is to be roofed in only, with no sides. I have in mind "the only place where the cannibals are." Do you remember it? The great place under a roof where the King of Dahomey sat at the Chicago World's Fair?

Winty turned up this morning, lunched on board, and left this afternoon for Reggio with his little band. I was glad to see him, but quite glad he didn't stay, as it would have meant four in our cabin, where we are three already, and we can only dress

one at a time. I should have written you more, but I had to make a set of tracings for Winty to take to Reggio and show the General, but after I had sweated for an hour and a half to get them finished for him he went off and forgot them, which made me rather mad. I hope you are having some good times, and that Hubbard and others are nice to you. The whole "Diana" arrangement seems to me like a dream, and I feel as if I had always lived on board ship.

U.S.S. Celtic, Messina
February 28th, 1909

Yesterday your dearest letter of the 25th February came. It was Sunday, and I think it was the last day of the month, but all days are alike and all go quickly. I literally have no time for anything, unless I steal it, as I am doing now.... I never felt so sorry for architects before. It seems to me I have made hundreds of drawings (of course, I haven't) and all of them have been changed either by the Prefect, the Capo engineer, the Captain, or the carpenter. But it is all in the day's work. One cannot make such a good showing, however, when one drawing after another is either altered or discarded altogether. I have only been on shore twice, not more than two hours all told. Today I was to have gone with Belknap to Reggio, but he is in a hurry to get the hotel design finished, so I am left behind to worry it out in the chart room. Hence I am writing this on the Captain's pad at the Captain's table, the first time I have sat down, except to eat, since I came on board. You cannot well imagine how very bare the boat is of anything in the way of comfort. The sailors squat down on the deck and write letters, using their knees as a desk. It looks all right, but the decks are made of iron, and one's feet will slip away from one. It is blowing great guns, and all the ships are strengthening their moorings to keep from being blown into their neighbor, which seems to be the great defect of the harbor here. I should have enjoyed going over to Reggio awfully, and I really am quite a little disappointed; it's no use pretending I'm not. But I am not here exactly to do what I should like to do, and it is much

more important to work out that blessed hotel. Most of the changes that are made are to save wood, so as to have enough to build with, but if rafter, corner posts, floor beams, studs and sills are cut out continually a day's work soon disappears in respacing them. It is ten minutes to lunch time, and I shall be ready for it, seeing that I had breakfast at seven. The coffee is a dream, with rich American cream. I am feeling like a sort of mutineer to be writing instead of working, but it really is the first chance, since I got here, that I could write a decent letter, or, indeed, any kind of letter. I do so hope you will carry out your plan of coming down to Taormina. The hotels are closing for lack of business, sending their guests to one — of which I forget the name, — and even so it is not nearly full. You ought to see Sicily. You ought to get some idea of the earthquake's work, because no matter how wild your idea of it may be, it will be tame beside the real thing. Wood and Bowdoin are at Taormina, working like slaves to relieve the villages, and you could see and do much.

It is now twenty minutes to two, and I have just finished a bite of lunch with the Captain. We have had quite a lively time since I began this. Indeed, it is still quite exciting. It is blowing a gale, and things are happening. Our anchor lost its hold and dragged until we were not more than six metres from the bows of the steamer alongside. I didn't know anything out of the way was happening, until I heard quick commands and sailor men running. I looked out, and saw they had sent the steam launch over to an Italian man-of-war with a hawser, which was made fast on board of her, and the other end was hauled in by the donkey engine, and we were pulled away just in time to prevent a collision. How they did it all without my assistance I can't quite make out! They are getting over another anchor now for safety's sake, and they probably need it, as the wind seems little inclined to quiet down.

It is very warm here. I haven't worn my overcoat since the first day after our arrival. I doubt if you will be able to see much of me when you come, but they will probably let me come up to

Taormina for a day. In about ten days we go ashore and live in the first twelve houses, and this ship goes away. The ship's doctor went ashore and found a spring of water up a hillside near the camp, and it will be brought down in breakers every day in a dear little painted donkey cart, just like the one I brought from Palermo, and not so very much bigger. I shall have nothing to show Belknap when he comes back, but I don't much care. I have been very faithful to my work till today. Now, my darling, I must get to work, or I really shall be in disgrace. The first bag of mail sent on to Messina by the Scorpion was returned by the postal authorities here, hence the long delay in hearing from you. Troll loll, my sweetheart.

Your dearest letter came yesterday, worrying a bit about me. I am all right. It isn't true about the smells; they are worse in Rome. You can be comfortable at Taormina, at least the captain of the ship says so, and he was there the other day. Three officers have been there, and all tell the same story, also Miss Hill, who lives there, and is working among the sufferers. I am terribly rushed, as I have to get out a set of drawings for Queen Elena of her village and the houses I am to put up there. I took Duca Ascoli, the Queen's gentleman, out to the camp to see what has been done. I was looking over the land at Villaggio Regina Elena yesterday, where he had just arrived, which was luck. I have sent a roll of films to the photographer this morning of the American Village at the end of the first week.

U.S.S. Celtic, Messina

It is half-past eight, and I have just sent you a telegram about the copyright [of the "Diana"]. For the love of beauty, don't let them disfigure the plates with a hideous great thing. Make them look for the notice on the plate, which ought to show enough to protect it. I would almost rather lose the copyright than disfigure the reproduction.

This ship is a U. S. commissariat, carrying about 140 men and bow and stern guns. The men in the cabin with me are two charm-

ing officers from *Scorpion*, Buchanan and Wilcox, and the Hermes, who is not so very, very handsome after all, though pretty good looking and awfully nice, but green enough for cows to eat. Belknap is working on my left, so I must stop this, or he will think I do it all the time! Winty blew back from Naples at seven o'clock this morning, and went back to Reggio. He is looking awfully well and full of business.

I hope the photographer got my films. I am sending him another I took of the workshop and the houses in course of construction at the end of the first week. I shall try and send a film once a week to show progress. Apparently I have the only camera and shall be expected to let everyone have copies. It is a divine day, very warm. I have never once worn an overcoat in the day time. It has rained a great deal, and Hooper's rubber coat has been of immense use to me.

U.S.S. Celtic

It is just 9 A.M., and I have been working for two hours, and though they are waiting for my drawings at the village, they can wait a little longer, while I tell you how much I love you and miss you. I had a lovely, long letter from you yesterday, full of good advice, which I shall try to follow. About writing things, nothing has happened yet, except one rather severe earthquake — which I thought was the ice machine — and only learned that it wasn't the next day. You see, I am making all the drawings for the whole outfit, and duplicates to send to the different places, where our wooden palaces are desired. I am, at this moment, supposed to be making three tracings and a new scheme for the hotel — one is entirely worked out two stories high, with four bathrooms and capable of putting up a hundred people or more, with a great big dining room and restaurant, thirty by forty feet, with all the kitchen quarters. I try to keep plans, my dearie, but they are snatched away from me, naturally enough, as soon as they are finished. I am to have my innings in building the duckiest little kitchen you ever dreamed of, and a whole carpenter to help me. Now, my ownest own. I don't think I ought to play truant

any longer.... It is such a divine day I should like to go off and play.

Do keep well, and don't get too tired. Now that the studio is off your mind, as I hope it is, turn the key in the apartment and come to Taormina.

U.S.S. Celtic
8 A.M., *Wednesday*
March 9th, 1909

I got your telegram late yesterday afternoon, but had no chance to answer it save at once, and my head was too confused with trying to get the drawings done for the Queen, and translating employment forms and things every minute as well. I really couldn't think fast enough. Of course, send the frame with "Diana." I hope, though, I got the message straight. It came in this form: "Shall I send 'Diana's' frame to Washington or Boston wire answer." I gathered by this that you had decided to send "Diana" straight to Washington and wanted to know where to send the frame, but it has just occurred to me that there might be a word left out, and that you wanted to know whether to send "Diana" and frame, which would put a different face upon it. However, it would be a great wear and tear to mount and remount the painting. There was no one in Boston who could handle the Public Library ceiling canvas; I had to do it myself, and now I feel (having decided not to show it in Europe), as I imagine you do, that we had better get it off our hands, and get what benefit may be coming by having it in place when the building is opened, and take no more chances. I am well and happy and working like anything. The hotel is accepted and a project of mine to have a little way station especially for the American Village. The Queen wants me to make designs for a schoolhouse for her, and I am trying to do it, but there are usually anywhere from two to four people in the chart-house most of the time, and I get my elbow poked just as I am almost successfully through with an ink tracing, which is simply desperate. However, I am getting used to many things. At this point I remember a note I made and tear it out of my note book and send it. Rush

order. Must stop. God bless you. When are you coming to Taormina?

The Leaf from the Note Book

In the street below, miserable shops for foodstuffs, — I say street, but really only a passageway where the street used to be and on either side mounds of débris; with little parties of diggers hunting for their relations; with a soldier leaning on his gun with fixed bayonet beside some coffins always to be seen in readiness. Or perhaps you will see the party — if you happen to pass at midday — using a coffin for a table and others as chairs. Truly, familiarity breeds contempt. Not only this, but little toddling babies are put to play in them to keep them out of harm's way.

One thing that seems to show a wicked lack of forethought is the fact that shelters have been built right on top of the train tracks, which are only slightly damaged in one or two places, and make the entire route of the villages that have suffered inaccessible.

U.S.S. Celtic
Thursday, March 11th, 1909

It is 8.45 A.M. Belknap went over to Reggio at 7 this morning, and doesn't get back till lunch time, and I have a great stunt before me. Saturday we go out to live in our first batch of twelve houses which are finished. The water supply comes from a mountain stream away above the town supply, has been analyzed by the doctor (who goes with us), and piped to the camp. The work that has been undertaken is simply immense. The houses are spotting themselves over the surface of the earth like flies on sticky paper — as thick and fast. Yesterday was a tremendous day. I had to get out the hotel scheme plan for the engineer to give an estimate of how much wire, etc., would be needed for the electric lighting, and the Duca d'Ascoli took off at 5 o'clock a bundle of drawings for Queen Elena. All the time I was being joggled and jostled by people coming in and out and many of them staying in the chart room. I cannot imagine where you got

the idea of cold from. I wrote you a long time ago that I had never had occasion to wear my overcoat since I came down here, and it has been very much in the way in these cramped quarters. Bill O' the Bilge's rubber coat has been my greatest boon; though I have sweltered in it, it has kept me dry. Twice we have had dinner on the quarter deck. We did last night. The Captain gave a dinner for the Duca d'Ascoli, the Captain of the Port and the Commandante of an Italian man-of-war. Ascoli sat on the Captain's right, and I sat next to him, and we had a jolly evening. The Captain — I mean Huse — is awfully nice to me. I had shown him the *Nuova Antologia*, with the reproduction of the "Diana," the other day, and before I knew what was happening last night, it was being handed round and eventually I found myself describing it, as I did so often in the studio, and it all came back dimly and seemed so long ago. Huse thanked me after dinner for being so nice to his guests, and said he would like to take me along with him to help him entertain. I only tell you this, because I know you will be pleased. The day before yesterday I sent a roll of films to the photographer. They are of the camp at the end of the first week. I hope Griscom did show the photos to the Queen. Ascoli, last night, said he had met you at the Embassy just before he started. You never told me. About my getting away from here is a question. I have worked like a slave, and am just about to be put in charge of the arrangement of the business at Villaggio Regina Elena, to work it out and arrange it as I like. All the frills are going to be put on there. I have worked out the hotel, special houses for Queen Elena for work rooms, schools, a church for our own village here in Messina (all on a modest plan that will fit the lumber we have at our disposition), the hotel with seventy-six rooms apart from offices, and now I have to tackle a railway station. George Haynes, of Cadinabbia, was here a day or two ago, and said he wanted to do something for the hotel. He is going to be at the Excelsior, and will probably call on you. We want him to give us the electric lighting outfit. I hope soon to find out how much money it will be necessary to ask him for, as he naturally wanted to know. Now, my dearest

heart, I have been three-quarters of an hour talking to you, and I must stop now, or I shall be desperately behind hand.

March 14th
Address letters due to arrive Monday
care Commander Belknap
care the Prefetto di Messina

Our warship leaves here on Monday, but we go to the houses to live tomorrow, and the ship only waits to give us a chance to find out if we need anything more. I have sent two rolls of photos to Vasari to develop. One of the rolls is of the Villaggio Regina Elena. The other roll is of the U.S. Village here at the end of the second week's work. There is a wall along a river bed (called the Torrente) showing a water pipe which brings the water to the cottages. It was turned on yesterday. They tapped the water main before it enters the town. It is said to be pure water, and comes from a reservoir up in the hills. The doctor has had charge of it, and has examined it. The piping was done by the *Celtic's* plumber. I tried to get a photo of the kitchen sink with the water running, so you will know, if you see jets of water that are otherwise unexplainable, what they are. Then — most precious of all — are some photos of a church belfry with a clock on it, and the hands pointing to the exact hour of the catastrophe. I said this morning that this is God's own country in charge of the devil, which isn't a translation of what the natives are saying! Now I must stop. It is post time. Tell MacKenzie I got his post card, and I will send him word about George Bicknell, who left us yesterday for Taormina. Do you know of anyone like Flint or Thompson you could send down to help out? A good boss with some idea of method and system and accounts, and who can speak Italian. I am so sorry Thompson couldn't come. I think he is missing a chance, but he knows his own business. Captain Belknap asked me if I thought you had someone up your sleeve, so I ask you. Don't tire or worry yourself to pieces over the refugees.

P.S. A divine day, but so hot I wish I had brought my light summer suit.

U.S.S. Celtic
Monday, March 15th, 1909

We are just off for camp at the *piano della Mosella*, I think it is. It is a glorious day, but hot, though it is early — not yet ten. I send you a cutting from a Boston paper, which Captain Huse gave me about Carrie Hall's marriage to Hugh Birckhead. Last night I dined on board the man-o'-war Dandolo, and send you one of the menus. They were all done by the sailor men, and I thought it would interest you. Did I tell you that the Queen has made a request that we build for her three hospitals, one at her own village, one here and one at Reggio? I am expecting to get to work on the designs as soon as we get instructions from Griscom. When do you come down? You must not go away from Italy without coming, and that is all there is to it. Mind you write what your plans are, and remember that post cards have a peculiar fascination for sailor men, who haven't been home since Lord knows when — many of them; for we shipped a lot, forty or fifty, who were on their way home and brought them here. Letter day on board is a sight to be seen. I think we are going to be comfortable at the camp. Here is a letter man.

Campo San Martino
Piano della Mosella
Messina, March 16th, 1909

We left the ship yesterday, and came out here, where everything is running like clock work. I have a pleasant room, but with no view, while the house where the nails are stored has a divine one. The night was very cold, but thanks to your travelling rug in addition to two blankets, an overcoat and the dressing gown, I was quite warm. I got the tip from a native that the nights were very cold at this time of year, and passed on my acquired knowledge, but it was unheeded by the others who got left. I knew I should be too sleepy to put the things on later, so I plumped them all on before I went to sleep. Tonight we are going to be supplied with extra blankets. It is now a little after one o'clock, and the heat is quite uncomfortable, and it seems stupid to be talking of blankets. I got your dear Perugia letter this morn-

ing. I am so glad you are having such a nice time. I feel ever so much better about being here, now that I know you are not slaving in Rome, doing the things I ought to be doing myself. I have called the camp *San Martino*, but it has no official name, though the name isn't inappropriate, as the first five houses face the street of that name. The Valley of the Mosella is a pretty name and might make the heading in a chapter of a book. I am going out to Villaggio Regina Elena this afternoon, where, in a day or two, we begin putting up houses, and I am to work on the Queen's hospital there. Belknap has mentioned me in his despatches, I gather from a letter he got from Griscom. This morning I went with Belknap to finally settle about the hotel, and I ought at this moment to be working on the plans. Things move very rapidly, and many of them at once. We lunched with the General in command yesterday, and I am sending you the menu. I don't know whether these things interest you or not.

Sunday, March, 1909

The mail carrier is waiting for this at the risk of getting into a scrape, as he is a sailor man, so I must make it very short. I got your Siena letter this morning. I have been working very hard all day, trying to get the plans of the hotel ready to send by this afternoon's post, but the Captain isn't here to send them, though they are ready. I have now to draw the hospital plan to be submitted to the Queen for the Reggio hospital she wants us to build. I hope Mr. Bicknell of the Red Cross will call you up on the telephone this evening; he is due in Rome this afternoon. He is a perfect duck. He was my roommate at the camp.

March 20th, 1909

I think I got a lovely letter from you yesterday, but everything is in such a rush, that I don't know one day from another, or what happens on which. I heard that Roosevelt would arrive about the first of next month, and Griscom is coming down with him. The plans the Queen sketched herself for the hospital in her village came this morning. Yesterday I didn't get word to you, and so

I am stealing a few minutes to say how do you do today! Now I must go and get on with my stunt. I have to make three entire plans, one for Griscom, and another for Bill O' the Bilge to send to Boston to try and get us an electric lighting outfit, and another for ourselves to work from. I am glad I am not an architect, but perhaps it would be different, if I did not have to do the mechanical drawings, only plan them. I like that part.

March 30th, 1909

The rush is still terrific. Ground broken for hotel, and I have to supply plan for sills immediately. I hope this will reach you at Palermo, and I hope ever so much you will have a good time there — there are lots of things to see, lots and lots! Roosevelt arrives here on the 5th of April, positively. Yesterday I designed a new type of cottage (semi-detached) for the Queen's village, and the Italian commander has asked for a copy to send to the Minister of the Interior, to whom he has mentioned me in his despatches. Funny to be mentioned in despatches! I also have to make another copy for the Queen. I am signing them all!

April 6th, 1909

King Victor Emmanuel arrived unexpectedly at Camp at 9 A.M. Brofferio let me know about ten minutes before, so I was tidy and accompanied the King and his staff together with Buchanan and Brofferio. I was with the King nearly all the time, and brought him into my little office, and showed him things till he was almost dead. I showed him the cottages designed for *Villaggio Regina Elena*, which he liked very much. The Admiral, who was with him at my studio, was sweet and brought him in. The first thing he saw was a framed photograph of the "Diana" — I mean the King — and he spoke of it. He told me that Queen Elena was at the *Villaggio*, so, as soon as he left, I went with Brofferio and our cabman as hard as we could put to try and catch her, but we passed on the way, so we turned and followed the auto — easily keeping up with it, as we thought she was bound for the Mosella, but they turned off, and went to a hospital where

SNAPSHOT OF JOHN ELLIOTT AT WORK

KING VICTOR EMANUELE III AND STAFF AT MESSINA
WITH JOHN ELLIOTT

Brofferio went up and asked one of the gentlemen-in-waiting, if they were on their way to see our camp. He was told that they would come this afternoon, but we waited, and I was introduced to the Prince from Naples, who was most pleasant. I told him I had brought the drawings for the cottages to show the Queen, and was disappointed to have missed her. He went and told her, and she sent for me, and I was presented right there, and kissed her hand as prettily as I could, and she invited me to go on board and see her at seven o'clock tonight to show her the drawings. She is now due in camp. Roosevelt was to have arrived at one in Messina, and to have come straight up here, but it is three o'clock, and he hasn't come yet. I have just had a telegram asking for a 100-word wire about Roosevelt. I wish you were here to write it. I had only a few minutes before seen Hale and asked for MacKenzie's address. Wasn't that strange? He had been in my head all day. Now I must be on the look-out. I should hate to miss anything. Winty went to Rome, and is coming down with the President. No more now. I asked Brofferio to telegraph you this morning, but, poor dear, he has been terribly rushed.... Roosevelt has come and gone.

Zona Case Americane
April 6th, 1909

This morning I went with Griscom and Belknap to the *Villaggio* where the Queen was, and we all paddled about in the wet and between the showers! Griscom photographed a group of us, and I was quite near the Queen. Roosevelt was most cordial and wished to be remembered to you and Mammie and Laura, of whose work he spoke enthusiastically. I sent off his message to the American press, and copied out a bit that I thought might interest you, — here it is; — (after of course saying lots and lots about the splendid work, etc. etc. of the sailors and carpenters). "In addition there is a fine group of generous Americans, such as John Elliott, Winthrop Chanler, Jerome Brush and R. Hale, who are giving their time and energies to help a philanthropic work, — I wish to say I consider the American people deeply indebted to these men. T.R."

I think I told you how I met the Queen through Brofferio, and how she made an appointment with me for seven o'clock. I was taken on board the *Umberto I* by the steam pinnace of the *Dandolo*, and I got aboard twenty minutes too soon, but was received immediately by Queen Elena, who is a most fascinating lady. I sat with her till twenty minutes past seven, and she thanked me many times, till I felt quite ashamed. She was really quite dear about the hospital and the cottages. Then, in the course of the chin-chin, the subject came up about the Barracks and the right people getting them, and I said I thought the plan the King had spoken of to me as his idea of the best way — viz.: the drawing of lots — as he said they would not be satisfied with any other way, not that they would be satisfied with that, or anything else, so far as he could see. But by this method utterly undeserving people would be lodged, while others would get nothing. I spoke to her of a naval man at Reggio, who was a most deserving case, I had heard of, and she asked his name, but of course I could not remember it. I said I would find out and let her know through her lady-in-waiting. I spoke with her lady-in-waiting this morning and had the name in my pocket, but of course did not think of it. Imagine my surprise to be hunted up by two naval officers who had been sent by the Minister of Marine to get the name. I met them just as they were leaving, and they had left a note. I asked the young Queen in this way. We were talking about people of a higher grade, really the greatest sufferers and getting the least attention, — and she said it was so sad: that they all expected her to give them houses, and that she was desperate not to be able to, as she had not the giving of them. Then I ups and says, "True, your Majesty, but a word from you to the right person would very soon dispose of a house," and I mentioned Brofferio's friend. It would seem she has been putting in the word. I do hope it will come out all right. I told the Ambassador that I should have to go in a few days at the outside, and that I thought I might go on doing the church and school and send the drawings down. He said he hoped I would be able to find it possible to stay. He went over to Reggio today, and goes

on to Rome on the train that leaves here at 18.20 . . . The Queen sent an auto for us this morning; it belonged to the Red Cross. I seem to be twaddling now, and telling you nothing. That pig, Wintie, goes up with Griscom tomorrow, too. He was here when I started off to see the Queen, and lent me his gloves, as I couldn't find mine. The royal people stay over tomorrow, I think.

Wednesday, April 14th, 1909

Last night, after I got back to camp, two yachtmen in white caps went nosing around, and I thought they were Germans, and somehow they seemed familiar to me, but I couldn't think where I had seen them. Belknap spoke to them, and they turned out to be Sir Thomas Lipton and Colonel somebody. Sir Thomas asked the Captain to dine and bring two others. He took me only, as Spofford wouldn't go. The company was one something Jones, I think, said to be of the *Times*, one Sir Thomas Dewar, Mr. Morris and his wife, née Swift, all most excellent "copy." I do wish you might get hold of Sir Thomas. He is quite fascinating, and was most kind to me. Both the *Times* men and Sir Thomas said the King of England was due here on the *Victoria and Albert* towards the end of the week, and that most likely the Emperor of Germany would meet him here.

30th April, 1909

The rush is increasing every minute. I cannot get the drawings done fast enough for the carpenters at the hotel, and the sill layers are howling for ground plans of the schools. I have tried to do all these things and get something done for myself, and pretty well failed in all. At the present rate we shall be all through by the 1st of June, unless the *Scorpion* goes away, which I fear is quite settled. I have got hold of a live wire and cannot let go.

American Camp
Messina
May 2nd, 1909

Here I am quite well, and ever so much ashamed that I have let all these days pass without writing. The rush has been growing

greater every day, however, and it has been impossible to find a minute save in the evening, when I have taken a short walk with Brofferio and gone to bed beaten out. So much so, that I slept through one of the very worst earthquakes yet. We have had five very severe ones since you sailed, two of which succeeded each other within a few minutes, and toppled over a whole lot of the ruins along the *Marina*, so that it was blocked again for a day or two. A soldier exclaimed, "O, my poor dancing land." This quake I have just spoken of was on the Saturday morning following your departure. I have seen no newspapers, and know nothing about the arrival of your steamer in America. I am sending you some photographs taken by Rudolfo Serrao expressly for Captain Belknap for an account he is going to write for some magazine. You will see from it how the hotel has gone ahead, and can imagine how busy it has kept me.

May 25th

I am sitting on the sand by the sea with the wonderful mountains across the straits. The sea is like sapphire and emerald, — and not at all beautiful to look upon! On the other side of me looms up the roof of the hotel above the railway embankment and everything. It is covered in, and the clapboards are being put on.

I am back in camp again. I was afraid to stay in that most refreshingly cool breeze, for it is so hot now, that one gets into a perspiration the moment one takes a few steps. Yesterday — Sunday — Brofferio got the loan of the Red Cross auto, and we had a magnificent time, — he, the Captain, I and Buchanan in the morning; changing the latter for the doctor in the afternoon. It was wonderfully beautiful, and more interesting than I can say. I find that nearly all the *torrente* are used as roads and are picturesque to a degree. It occurred to me that a book could be written called "The River Roads of Sicily." An auto is the greatest thing in the world for seeing the country. Next Sunday, I believe, the auto is going to take us to Taormina. If not, Lloyd Derby and I are going to have a sail with Brofferio, which I should enjoy immensely.

I don't seem able to get this thing off, — two days more have gone, and still I haven't sent it, and I have so many things to tell you. My work here is really finished. I am doing no real good now, and I told the Captain I thought I had better go to Rome and do something for myself. However, he begs me to stay, and go back with him in a few days. Everyone is tired out, and wants to get away. It is raining today to beat the band, which has put things back unfortunately. The day before yesterday I sent a cablegram for Mammie's birthday. I could find nothing in the code book that said anything I wanted to say. I hope you understood what I did say. I can still see you, my darling little one, on the deck of the Romanic. All your boys you sent down have turned out splendidly, and Serrao has become quite a pet with everyone. He makes wonderful caricatures, and has made them of all the party. I am keeping all I can get to bring back to you, which I hope may be soon. I never see the newspapers, and don't know what is happening in the world. I sent word to MacKenzie of the birth of the first child born in the American Village, whose name was Theodore Roosevelt something, which I forget! He wrote me he had telegraphed it the same night to the *Sun*. The hospital at *Regina Elena* and all the houses are nearly finished. Here the hotel will be finished as far as we are concerned in a few days and the church and schools too. There are no more houses being put up. I don't know how many have been built. I wish I could tell you how many houses are inhabited, — a great many I know. The workshop opposite the camp disappeared long ago, and cottages are standing on the site so that we are all shut in and living in a common street called Via Bicknell. The Captain has named streets for everyone. There is to be a street named for me, which I share with the Captain...

On the 12th day of June, Jack left Messina. He shared the banquet and all the honors the local authorities showed the departing company of Americans, and received, together with Commander Belknap and the other officers, the Freedom of the City of Messina.

Translation

(Decree of Citizenship)

COMMUNE OF MESSINA

Extract from Deliberations of Municipal Council:

The year nineteen hundred nine, the day nine of the month of June. The Municipal Council of Messina being called together by a notice of meeting, convened today in a hall of the Public Palace with the following present:

1. Sr. Commendatore Antonio Martino, Mayor, presiding.
2. Sr. Avvacato August Bette, Assessor.
3. Sr. Cavalieri Avv. Francesco Martino, Assessor.
4. Sr. Cav. Ingegnere Amilcare Martinez, Assessor.
5. Sr. Cav. Ing. Arturo Lella, Assessor.
6. Sr. Dottore Crazio Ciraolo, Assessor.

The Secretary-General, Sr. Avv. Giacomo Crisafulli, assisted at the meeting.

The President at one o'clock P.M. declared the session open.

On motion of the President,

THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL

considering that, in the tremendous disaster of the 28th December et seq., all the civilized nations of the world, sympathizing in the distress of the surviving *Messinese*, united in various ways to relieve and mitigate their sufferings; considering that the Republic of the United States of America chose to take part in this great manifestation of the solidarity of humanity by means of enduring works, namely, by the construction of one thousand five hundred houses, for the shelter of a good portion of the surviving population, a magnificent hotel, a church, and three school buildings; considering that this new proof of affection furnished by the worthy American people merits being signalized, and that a tribute is due in equal measure to those also, who, with so much zeal and affection, have devoted to this work for several months their energy and activity; convinced in consequence that the executive body interprets the voice and feeling of the entire

From The Great Sea Horse

MERRY JERRY

populace, in solemnly expressing the most sincere sentiment of gratitude, at the moment in which the gallant officers and sailors of the glorious American Navy are leaving these shores, tried by suffering; assuming, on account of urgency, the power of the Community Council, by unanimous vote

DETERMINES

(a) to communicate to His Excellency the President of the United States of America, through His Excellency the Ambassador, resident at Rome, the profound gratitude of the survivors of Messina for this proof of the common bonds of humanity, furnished on the occasion of the tremendous disaster of the 28th December;
(b) to confer the honorary citizenship of Messina upon Messrs.
1. Reginald Rowan Belknap,
2. Allen Buchanan,
3. John W. Wilcox,
4. Robert W. Spofford,
5. Martin Donelson,
6. John Elliott, son of the late John, born in Lincolnshire, England, the 22nd April, 1859;
(c) to make to the aforesaid Commandant Mr. Belknap the warmest expression of appreciation for the kindly care with which he attended a difficult undertaking, superintending an extensive and complicated work;
(d) to recognize also the zealous efforts, effective and harmonious, of the other officers and of the Engineer Elliott, who contributed so much by their co-operation.

After being read, the present proceeding is approved and signed.

The Mayor,
(Signed) A. MARTINO

Jack once said, in speaking of the honor of citizenship conferred upon him by the people of Messina, "It was the only thing these poor souls had to give, and I value it more highly than any honor I have ever received."

The months at Messina were so packed with activity that those engaged in it forgot everything else in the urgency of the work to be done. The experience was poignantly interesting to Jack. On his return to Rome, the first reaction was bewilderment that people had forgotten all about Messina during these months when he had thought of nothing but Messina, and forgotten everything else. He found he was in disgrace with the publishers on account of the delay of his illustrations for "The Great Sea Horse."

Lloyd Griscom to M. H. E.

American Embassy, Rome
June 3rd, '09

My dear Mrs. Elliott:

First let me thank you in the name of humanity for taking the orphan Palma Cogliandro to America. I am sorry she had measles, to add to your troubles. Your two letters were very interesting, and I am proud to think that your mother took an interest in our work.

The most important thing I have to say to you, is that I feel very badly to think that your husband may have done himself a financial injury by staying on at Messina to carry out the splendid, charitable work he has been doing in rebuilding the city with American materials. I understand that by this personal and generous sacrifice he risks losing a contract with his publishers. This seems impossible, as I cannot imagine any publisher, at least not an American, who would insist on their letter of contract when it is a question of Mr. Elliott serving the United States and the American people in such a philanthropic manner.

Let us hope that the publishers will see things as I do, and not punish Mr. Elliott for his public spirit.

We sail from Cherbourg July 1st on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, and my wife and I wish very much to see you in the summer. Your husband's splendid work continues, and we are all proud of him.

I hope that you will appreciate that this is a long letter for me

to write in my own hand, but my feelings towards you and your husband are something very exceptional.

Yours ever

LLOYD GRISCOM

Mrs. Lloyd Griscom to M. H. E.

American Embassy, Rome
June 3rd, 1909

DEAR MRS. ELLIOTT:

To Lloyd's letter, I must add just a line to express my great admiration of Mr. Elliott's work at Messina. He ought to become an architect after building 3000 houses, a hotel, a meeting house, etc.

By remaining in Messina a month longer than he promised he will enable Belknap to finish much sooner than he expected. It was very good of him not to leave Belknap and my husband in the lurch, as any man could have done, who regarded his own interests as more important than those of the country he was serving.

We land in America — New York — about the 15th of July, and go at once to Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Camp in the Adirondacks. Then I must look for a country house near New York. In the meantime my adress is c/o Edgerton Winthrop, Jr., Esq., 32 Liberty Street. Be sure to address me always as Mrs. "Lloyd" G. in America, as our name is Legion. We hope to see you often, and that you will be in New York next winter.

Affectionately yours

ELSA GRISCOM

Saverio Donati to J. E.

Messina, October 1st, 1909

MY DEAR MR. ELLIOTT:

Tomorrow I am returning to Rome with a letter from the Archbishop for Cardinal Merry del Val, in which he expresses gratitude for, and pays a high tribute to, the rare talents shown by your splendid artistic work towards the resurrection of Mes-

sina. I don't know how to convey to you all the enthusiasm, and I hear on all sides expressions of gratitude of these poor people for your work.

The following letter to Villegas refers to an annoying incident between the artist and an American purchaser of one of his pictures.

J. E. to Villegas

February 19th, 1910

CARISSIMO VILLEGAS:

First of all I want to say that a worldwide reputation such as yours, founded upon so many successes, through so many years, cannot be lost so easily as you seem to think, and it seems to me that you have taken this contretemps with this donkey in a lion's skin too seriously. However, my dear friend, we have suffered much with you on account of this painful misunderstanding.

Immediately after my exhibition of the "Diana," I returned to Messina. The American Red Cross gave me a medal of merit for my services there, and the Italian government the Cross of the Cavalier of the Crown of Italy. The municipality has conferred upon me the citizenship and the honors of Messina. The church which I designed now serves as the pro-cathedral, and I know that my name has been warmly recommended to the Vatican by the Archbishop of Messina. Commander Belknap writes me that the hotel has become the center of high life.

I send you the papers of the Corona d'Italia, for which I was nominated by Titoni himself, when he was minister of Foreign Affairs. I would be grateful, if, when it is convenient, you would send them back.

I hope you are well and happy, and will excuse me for troubling you with this infamous letter, and believe me,

Your grateful and very affectionate friend,

JOHN ELLIOTT

Lloyd Griscom to J. E.

52–54 *William Street*
New York
January 4th, 1910

My dear Cavalier:

I have pleasure in sending you herewith enclosed the diploma and insignia of the Grade of Cavalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy, which the King of Italy had conferred upon you.

With many regards,

Believe me,

Very sincerely yours

Lloyd C. Griscom

Chevalier John Elliott
241 *Beacon Street*
Boston, Mass.

Besides the decorations mentioned in Jack's letter to Villegas he was awarded the Commemorative Silver Medal by King Victor Emmanuel, the Medal of the Italian Government, and the Medal of the Italian Red Cross for his work at Messina. This was the third award he had received from the Red Cross, having been presented with the Diploma of the Spanish Red Cross in November, 1899, for his efforts to help the sufferers in the Spanish-American War.

Commander Belknap to J. E.

My dear Mr. Elliott:

This is what I have written in my official report, but I hope you will know that more is meant than words convey.

Sincerely yours

R. R. Belknap

Extract from Commander Belknap's Report to the Secretary of the Navy

Thanks are due in a measure that I cannot express to Mr. John Elliott, who shared every hardship with unfailing good humor, and

left his beautifying touch on every part of our work. He was the first volunteer, and the most devoted worker; rendering service that can be appreciated only by one who enjoyed his close companionship and discerning council throughout a long period of pressing occupation.

CHAPTER XIV

THE HORNS OF ELFLAND

AFTER four months of activity as architect and builder at Messina, Jack returned to Rome where he spent the summer alone, making a series of pastel drawings to illustrate Isabel Anderson's book of fairy tales, "The Great Sea Horse." In the long period of practical service the dreamer had not forgotten how to dream. As one critic wrote, "The illustrations fit the stories as music fits the words of a song. They have a feeling of Sicily; the supernal beauty of its seas and skies, the rocky isles, the flowers, the volcanos, the pines, all the witchery of that earthly paradise is here, shut between the pages of a child's book." These drawings were a new departure for Jack, and gave utterance to the everlasting child within him. He liked above all else to use his talents for children. He drew pictures for every youngster who came to the house. Now that he was given the chance to illustrate a book of fairy tales he felt the strange lure of the unknown audience all makers of books know.

While this series of illustrations represents one of the earnest efforts of his life, he was so much at home in fairyland that the task of creating pictures of elves, mermaids, sprites of wood, sea and air, was a pure delight.

The reason why he was left alone in Italy to carry out the heavy order of making the illustrations for Isabel's book was twofold. First, the word had come that the flame of my mother's life was beginning to burn low. Margaret Deland wrote from Boston urging my return: my sister's letters seemed to express the same wish. She had lived so long — ninety years — in such perfect health that we had come to look upon her as well-nigh immortal, and surely good for a hundred years. My father had likened her to the "One-Hoss Shay" and foretold that she would share its fate. One day while I was alone in the Museum at

Palermo, standing before a famous archaic altar, I heard, as if at a great distance, what sounded like my mother's footsteps, coming slowly down the long marble passage.

"The shuffling footsteps of age," they seemed to say. Though I soon realized that the echoing footfalls were those of an old custodian, the message they brought remained imperative. I telegraphed Jack at Messina that I felt constrained to return to my mother, and received his immediate sanction. From the Museum I went to the tourist agency and engaged a passage on the first steamer sailing for America. The second reason for Jack's last season of loneliness in Rome was my own conviction that, when he was busy with composition, it was better for him and for his work to be lonely, than to have my absorbing companionship. So once more and for the last time, I put the ocean between us, and left him alone to wrestle with his problems of which I learned only through his letters.

J. E. to M. H. E.

8 *Via Maria Adelaide*
Rome, July 4th, 1909

I have neglected you most shamefully, you darling, and there is very little to be said in my defence, save that I have been very, very tired and have been trying desperately hard to get the drawings done for Isabel. About two weeks before we left Messina I came down with a spiteful attack of grippe, which Spofford picked up somewhere, and came near dying of; and of course I got it, and though I was only actually in bed three days (how hard the bed did get) it knocked me end for end, and left me so low in my mind and body that I am only just beginning to feel up to the mark. When I got back here, on the 12th of June, I started right in to work and tried to get the drawings done by July 1st, but though I haven't stopped working, it was an absolute impossibility to get them done, let alone in Boston, by the date. I have finished three in color, — all of the Great Sea Horse, who refused to be great. Two of these are doublepage drawings for the book-ends and the other is a full page for the story I have under weigh of the Sea

From The Great Sea Horse

THE GREAT SEA HORSE

Giant knocking the ashes out of his pipe, which will do very well for the frontispiece, as that story begins the tales. I have made a design for the cover of a group of fishes reading the title of the book, which Hubbard approves of. For the page for the contents I have made a border of little sea horses. There are seventeen stories in all, according to my counting, with some of them like the "Great Sea Horse," "The Giant and Merry Jerry" full of subjects. I find the Moon Boy almost impossible. However I have made a little sketch of him sliding down a moonbeam. There is one thing more, while I think of it, and that is that I shall stay here and do as many drawings as possible. I have just got back into the lilt of my own work, and it is always fatal to break the thread.... You wrote in your last letter that the "Diana" was all safe in a fireproof room in the National Museum. ... Now I must stick this letter up, and send it off and break the spell of silence somehow. I dream of you so nearly every night that I might say, every night. I think of you and love you always and miss you terribly, and am very lonely for you. Do not forget when you are feeling indignant because I have not written, that you have your mother, whose hand you can hold, and lots and lots of people who love you near at hand, and that I have no one in the world but you.

July 12th

It is gruesome lonely in the deserted house, and I am having a terrible fight. This week I have only succeeded in doing one drawing. Coleman, Hubbard, McGoodwin and Benllieure, who have seen it, all say it is good. I hope to finish the cover tomorrow, but then I hoped that a week ago. I am worried to death about the delay....It is Gospel truth when I say that not one day since the 14th of June have I worked less than eight hours — nearly always twelve — and *one* day I worked sixteen. When Agnese remonstrates with me, and says she thinks I shall make myself sick if I work so long, it surely doesn't mean that I am loafing. I have been asked again and again to go out to dine with Hubbard, and I have not, because I did not want to break the thread.

Once he came and took me for a walk by force almost, when I hadn't been out of the house for four days, and the porter told Benllieure, when he asked if I was upstairs, that he didn't even know whether I was in Rome, as he never saw me. I have never worked harder and certainly never better. Your silly old fool has been mentioned to two governments for distinguished services, so don't go back on him, even in your thoughts. If you think big things about me I'll do 'em, — but if you think small things it is evident you are not expecting much. I have been feeling like a condemned soul a good deal of the time, as though I had been the fool of the world and had dropped substance for shadow, and when you sent the cable it seemed as if everything had gone, and I don't feel safe yet. Anyhow I need all the courage and help you can give me in your thoughts — which help me more than you can know, for I have no doubt that half my desperate blues have simply been waves from you. I have even had a good many sleepless nights, which I have very little use for, and they don't help the work next day a bit. Now I pray one thing of you, dear heart, don't borrow trouble, — do get on with your book about Sicily while it is fresh in your mind, — to me it seems ages and ages ago already, oh, so long ago....Forgive me for having been bad about writing. You don't know how confused and tired my poor old head is after six months of hard work without any rest. I love you and miss you terribly, and it would be good to sit and hold your hand again.

July 18th, '09

Today I haven't been able to do much work as I have been trying to get the drawings off. I haven't known how to send them. I have been advised to do so many things. Giosi advised the mail and have them go as a letter. Cook on the other hand (I mean the nice man at Allinari's) said: "Send them by American Express." The young manager there said that he could not say how long it would take by express; it was all a matter of chance. So I said I should very much like to know what he would really advise if he were not thinking of the interest of an express company, but

simply wanting to get a packet to America in the safest and quickest way. As his answer was, "You can't beat the post," I am going to send them that way. I had hoped to have been able to get them off today, and have tried hard, but what with card board tubes, paper to put between the pastel drawings, so that they will not rub, — for though they have been fixed it does them no particular good to let them get too much rubbed, — the day has gone and they have not. However, I think the change of occupation has been good for me.

July 19th

I have put the whole of this blessed day into getting off the pastels, and I have not succeeded in doing so, simply because dear Hubbard, who is half dead with toothache, thought he ought to encourage me, and instead he confused me so hopelessly that the address I was looking for I deliberately took in my hand and put at the bottom of the heap. Hurrah for the Burmese who, if a bridge is broken, and they see their best friend walking over the bridge, he knowing nothing of the danger ahead, would consider it an unpardonable piece of officiousness and meddling with his freedom to inform him of the fact.

July 25th, '09

Today I have rolled up two more illustrations, one of the giant sitting on a cliff knocking out his pipe, and the other of the child in a cockle shell drawn by gulls. These are three color drawings, very subdued in tone, and ought to be easily and well reproduced. Everyone who has seen the drawings has liked them, especially Coleman and Hubbard, who were both enthusiastic, and I don't think they are either of them "slop overs." My next seven miles is to do the moonboy and the mermaid, taking the child past the devil fish cave. I am sending the cover design, with all the speed I can, together with the title page....The cover design is two old fishes taking their young to see things in the Fairy Tales. I hope it will be liked, for it was made with infinite pains. Hubbard came up this afternoon and took me for a walk in the Villa

Borghese. We went the same way that you and I used to go together, only we didn't feed the fishes, we only watched them feed. It made me feel very, very lonely for you, and tomorrow I shan't even have "Upardi." I am trying to make a small red chalk drawing of him, and have been working on it today; he seems very pleased, and I hope it will be good. I should have liked to do something better, but I have not been able to spare the time. I shall miss him terribly; he is a dear, kind friend, and I am really very fond of him.

July 26th, '09

The first thing this morning I sent off the two drawings I told you about in yesterday's letter. Hubbard has sealed them all up; so far he does it very nicely and is very proud of it. He is leaving on the train tonight. I am to dine with him, and then I shall of course go to the station and see him off. It is more than probable that it will be the last I shall ever see of this dear kind friend. He tells me that he wrote to you yesterday. I had a long sitting from him today, and I think I have succeeded in making a very fair portrait and a really good drawing. He seemed very pleased with it, and I think it really is better than Benllieure's or the Russian lady's.

Yours of July 11th made me terribly homesick, and I wanted to be going with Maudie to get the eggs for breakfast, and then go and lock myself up in the little room and fight with sea giants and devil fish and things. I am awfully troubled that you have not been able to get hold of your work. I fear you have been worrying about me and my work; — well, well, it cannot be helped. I think to mend. Rudolfo Serrao came in this morning and brought a photograph he made of Elliott Street and the church at Messina.

August 31st, '09

A lovely letter from you today and quite a long one from Isabel, which I will send you. I let Sunday get away without writing, but I was in a sort of panic about the work and was pretty desperate. Today I have sent off four more pastels, one of the Moon-

baby. They are among my best. This brings the number of colored drawings up to eighteen. I have written Isabel the subjects of the remaining six which are well under weigh, asking her to telegraph me if she wants them. Quite a few of the drawings are lengthwise, — and all things being equal, I should prefer having them all upright, but the subject must be considered first.

Those beautiful Dulac illustrations are none of them the same size or shape, and six or seven of them are lengthwise, and I should say, for a bit of book making, it is quite the last word. Call Bailey's attention to it. Arthur Rackham doesn't do it in "Alice," but the kicking horse would have been tiny done the other way. Well I know you will see to it. I cannot. I have here the sea fairies taking the sea urchin to Neptune, the young Neptune fighting the Octopus, and Merry Jerry, all nearly done. Now Isabel wants to know if I will do another cover. I will do Merry Jerry riding the dogfish, a simple one-color drawing, and I will do it large, so that it can be used as an advertising poster. I don't think it ought to interfere with the colored drawing, which is one of the best. I am going to send you a cable, as there was quite an earthquake today; it will be telegraphed to all the papers, and I want you to know that there is nothing to be alarmed about.

The drawings were finished and the publishers brought out a special edition, printed on handmade paper. The book proved a success. Countess Gianotti, lady-in-waiting to Queen Margherita, wrote that the Queen was greatly enjoying it.

Of the many letters we received at this time, I quote a few that meant much to Jack.

Mrs. John Jay Chapman to M. H. E.

Sylvania
Barrytown-on-Hudson
May 8th, 1910

Dearest Maud:

You will not think me ungrateful for this long delay in thanking you for the heavenly book. I wanted to write myself, and letters have been just beyond my strength till now.

Jack's illustrations are the most enchanting ones I have ever seen. He has discovered a new track into Fairyland, and shows us regions unexplored by any other mortal. I remember the same elfin delight in his panels of baby satyrs. But these illustrations give a wider field to his fancy, and he weaves a heavenly note of childhood, round-eyed and human, among the super-mortal shapes of his elf-land.

Please tell him how much I admire this new turn of his genius. And please share my thanks with him, for this beautiful copy of the beautiful book. With dearest love

ELIZABETH

Henry James to M. H. E.

Lamb House
Rye, Sussex
December 21st, 1909

MY DEAR MAUD ELLIOTT:

I am greatly touched by the generous nature of your remembrance and fidelity, and by the magnificent form they so gallantly take. John E's book dazzles and delights me, and makes me want to pat him on the back for it. His pictures are all charming conceptions, exquisitely translated — rendered with greater fidelity as color productions than ever yet elsewhere, I think — and I envy him his being able to live in this ugly age, as it so aggressively and importunately is (though with beauty still lurking in some parts and the things that consent to let one alone) in communion with such adorable visions and such a faculty for holding and conveying them. The book, in short, is a truly fine and distinguished thing, and I heartily congratulate him on having so artfully pulled off so precarious a proposition. (The text itself must be sympathetic to have suggested so much, but I haven't had time for it; your missive arrived but this A.M.) The only thing is that it isn't fair of you to keep on otherwise *always* giving one such a markedly wide berth. When, oh when, are you going genially to turn up here? We, too, are "suggestive" — even poor I am — as well as the Boston wits or muses (all except your

From The Great Sea Horse

PHANTOM SHIP

marvelous and magnificent Mother, whom I set wholly apart, sending her my deeply affectionate respects and warmest invocations), and, in short, impatiently await you — if you don't expect me to hold out too long, for nature and time tend to conspire against the mellow maturity of yours and Mr. Jack's.

Ever all faithfully

HENRY JAMES

Thomas A. Janvier to M. H. E.

Committee on Literature

The Century Association
7 West 43rd St.
New York, N.Y.

December 13th, 1909

DEAR INFALLIBLE ONE:

Indeed, dear Mrs. Elliott, I am very warmly thankful to you, and my Kate equally is warmly thankful to you, for this delectable book, — into which Mr. Elliott has transfused the beauty of his own soul. As yet we have not gone into the text; all of our glad attention has been given to his pictures, which seem to be, as no doubt he meant them to be, pictures come out from an enchanted dream. Oh, we do thank you, both of you, right from our hearts.

With our thanks we send our love, and if it be treason to decorum for Mrs. Janvier to send her love to Mr. Elliott, and for me to send my love to you, make the most of it; and we can't help it, and don't care!

I am your very grateful servant

THOMAS A. JANVIER

A letter written by Jack to Villegas from the steamer, in which he sums up the heavy labors, both artistic and philanthropic of the previous eight months, fixes the date of his return to America.

J. E. to Villegas

On board the White Star Liner Canopia
September 20th, 1909

CARISSIMO VILLEGAS:

At last, as you see, I have left Italy.

The twelfth of June we left Messina after having spent four

months of continual fatigue. The people of Messina have been confided to the care of myself and my companions, that is to say the citizens of a city that does not exist any more. We arrived in Rome the thirteenth of June, and the fourteenth I commenced to make the designs for the illustrations of a book, for which I should have made twelve, but instead I have made thirty-one, as they asked that I do all that should be done. Tomorrow we arrive at the Azores, where I will post this letter. We stopped at Algeria for a day and at Gibraltar for five hours, and I meant to post this at the last place, but we arrived so early in the morning I did not write.

Tante cose a tutti! Hoping to see you some day, not too far distant. J. E.

On his return to America, Jack exhibited his pastel drawings for "The Great Sea Horse" at the Copley Gallery in Boston, at Knoedler's in New York, and at the Fischer Galleries in Washington. Nearly all were sold. The majority of them are now in Mrs. Anderson's collection. "The Great Sea Horse Kicking the Mill Wheel" is owned by Mrs. Maxim Karolik, "The Ocean Giant" by Mr. Harrison S. Morris, "The Fairy Admiral and Nixie of the Fountain" by Margaret Deland. "Mr. Mouse Harnessed to the Shell" Jack gave to Mrs. Bradford Norman for her little daughter, then known as Kitty-Mouse, now Mrs. Daniel Jones of St. Louis. "Polly's Sail in the Cockle Shell" was purchased by Miss Alice Brayton of Fall River. "The Iceberg," bought by Mrs. Horatio N. Slater, has since been sold, and the owner is now unknown.

These fairy pictures have not lost their popularity, and in 1926 an edition of Great Sea Horse Calendars was printed; in this manner they have found their way into many homes.

During the winter of 1910, "Diana of the Tides" was installed in the new National Museum in Washington. It was a gratification to Jack to have his work in this institution, an outgrowth of the Smithsonian Institution, founded by James Smithson, the English scientist. The position of the painting is not altogether

satisfactory, as the panel it occupies at the end of an enormous hall is too high to have it seen to advantage. An unobservant person might easily walk through the hall without seeing it. Dr. Holmes assured us that when the National Art Gallery is built, the "Diana" will be given a better place. *Per contra* those who carry on the grave tasks of the Smithsonian, enjoy having "Diana" among them. Mr. Charles Wolcott, speaking of it, once said:

"I never pass through the hall without stopping to look at Diana."

Jack spent most of the winter in the capital supervising the placing of his decoration. Old friends and new greeted him at every corner, for Washington, like Rome, is one of the world's crossroads. If you stay there long enough you may pick up many stitches in the web of friendship that each one of us is weaving our whole life through.

John Loudon, one of the dearest of our Roman playmates, was now established here as Minister from the Netherlands. Franklin MacVeagh, a Chicago friend, was Secretary of the Treasury. He took Jack to the White House to call upon President Taft, who personally thanked him for his services at Messina. Senator Cabot Lodge and Mrs. Lodge, who had been among his warmest supporters, welcomed him to their hospitable house. He admired both these rare people, and felt an understanding sympathy in Mrs. Lodge that set her apart in his memory as one of the elect.

While in Washington he was one of the charmed circle that surrounded Henry Adams, and was often present at those unique luncheons, where nobody was formally invited, but where, as if by magic, every day at half-past twelve o'clock, just the right number of guests assembled to fill the table. Mr. Adams, a stimulating, original man, frightened some people by his caustic wit. Jack found in him a congenial spirit, one who spoke a language he understood, and with whom the polite vernacular of society was unnecessary. The one untoward thing about that Washington visit was the absence of Larz and Isabel Anderson, who were in Europe. The "Diana" was their princely gift to the nation; it

was a disappointment that they could not be present at the reception given by the board of Regents of the Smithsonian on the seventeenth of March. It was an odd coincidence that on the same date, St. Patrick's Day, nine years before, the Trustees of the Boston Public Library held their reception for the "Triumph of Time."

CHAPTER XV

NEWPORT

THE "wireless" that called me back from Palermo was no false alarm. When Jack returned a few months later he realized that Mammie needed us both. He was dear as a son to her; she was the only mother he remembered. Her nickname for him was Zacco. During this last year of her life she was his chief care. One of the things he contrived to give her pleasure was a balcony at the rear of her Boston house on Beacon Street, where she took the air on sunny days. On her ninety-first birthday, May 27th, 1910, a young reporter called to ask for a motto for the anniversary. The maid who answered the door hesitated, but Jack intervened and took him to her as she sat basking in the sun. He told his mission. Silent for a moment, she flashed out in the old way:

"Up to date!"

Of her balcony she said:

"Zacco, you English invented comfort, we Americans added convenience."

June found the three of us living at the country home, Oak Glen, near Newport. Since that day in Brittany when he mixed the arrowroot, how much he had done for her comfort! What Belknap called his "beautifying touch" was felt in her house, garden, dress, table. In the morning he established her in her hooded chair on the piazza, with her Greek and Latin books. In the late afternoon he and she strolled together into the sunset, at night they played dominoes. Five days before her death she took her last walk supported by his arm; during the brief illness he was constantly at her side. The bond was so close that in all the years I do not remember one misunderstanding between them.

She was his favorite model; he made many portraits of her in various mediums. The best known is a life size three quarter

length oil painting. She is seated in a rocking chair, wears a green morning gown and a Breton lace cap. The eyes are raised, the right hand holds an open book, the left is firmly closed, like the hand of a fighter.

A club woman complained that the dress was too informal; did not give the impression she made from the platform.

"I tried to paint the eyes that saw the glory of the coming of the Lord," was his answer.

Villegas, who himself had painted her, saw this portrait at the International Exhibition in Rome, and wrote of the double impression it made upon him.

Villegas to J. E. and M. H. E.

Rome, July 2nd, 1911

DEAR FRIENDS:

I have received two great emotions in visiting the American section of the exhibition. One has been of pain when I found myself before the portrait of your mother, which has the place of honour. It gave me a great unexpected impression for the painful memory [of her death]. The other was an impression of pleasure in seeing the fine effect that the portrait by Jack produced. It is a beautiful work, full of serene and fine artistic qualities without the many falsities of art that are so common at the present time. *Forte abraccio*

VILLEGAS

The portrait has been reproduced in the International Studio and other publications. It was bought by Mrs. Thomas Emery for the Cincinnati Women's Club.

In Harvard Memorial Hall hangs a slight but expressive drawing of her at the time of the Civil War. Edward Forbes, grandson of her friend Ralph Waldo Emerson, gave this in memory of her war poem, "Harvard Students' Song." So my two are linked together in this place of stirring memories.

A vigorous drawing shows her at the time we called her "The Fighting Blade." The dreamy look of the Battle Hymn period is

Cincinnati Woman's Club

PORTRAIT OF JULIA WARD HOWE

gone. Here is the face of one who fought and bled for freedom, for suffrage, for peace. This drawing hangs in the Julia Ward Howe Public School of Philadelphia.

One of the best of the later portraits is the red chalk drawing in the Rhode Island School of Design.

In October, when the leaves were falling, the flame of her mortal life flickered and went out.

The following winter Jack was asked to paint a memorial portrait of her. He took up the work gladly, hoping to record one more impression while the face he loved was fresh in his memory. The portrait is owned by the Bostonian Society and hangs in the Old State House.

Most artists like best to paint their own families. It saves the cost of a model and there is a fascination in studying the well-known faces, tracing family likenesses, preserving for posterity the loveliness of childhood, the charm of youth, the pathos of age. There were two busts of my father, Samuel Gridley Howe; a bas-relief; a young portrait by Jane Stuart; a medallion; many photographs, and the death mask. Jack studied these with infinite care, and the result is recorded in many satisfactory portraits of the "Chevalier," as my father was called.

One of these hangs at Brown University. It is a life size oil painting of him, as Surgeon General in the Greek War for Independence, wearing the dress of a Greek soldier. A drawing of the same subject may be seen at the National Museum at Athens. Jack painted and drew the "Chevalier" many times, in youth, middle life, and old age. A silverpoint of him, when chairman of the Board of State Charities, hangs in the State House in Boston. Older portraits in pastel belong to the Howe School in Dorchester, and the Perkins Institute at Watertown.

We were both greatly shaken by my mother's death, and for a long period were absorbed in knotting up the unfinished business of her life. The labor of breaking up her Boston home, filled with accumulations of a lifetime, was a heavy task. The brunt of the work fell on Jack, who took scrupulous pains in carrying out her wishes in the disposition of family furniture and heirlooms.

Everything that had belonged to her was safeguarded. What the heirs could not use was given to friend or dependant or burned with his own hands.

In the summer of 1911, we moved down to Oak Glen near Newport, meaning to stay a few months and then return to Rome. We stayed seven years. What kept us? The strongest of all human ties, memories. Here Jack had found Mammie and me on his first visit to America, after our meeting in Perugia; the house seemed full of the benediction of her presence; he remembered me, a girl in a white dress standing in the open door, waiting.

His studio was an old stone fulling mill on the edge of the brook that runs through Lawton's Valley to the sea. The amber water, the smooth stones where the shy trout hide, the perfume of pine trees, the song of the meadow lark, the wild blue bells, recalled his Scotland. He found the old paths my father had traced, and restored them, the ancient vines and fruit trees bloomed afresh under his care. Next to our Roman Terrace, this was the happiest of our homes.

The house that had sheltered three generations was large enough for living, working and guest rooms; its hospitable traditions were carried on, and we had many visitors, among them our kinsfolk the Arthur Eliotts. A letter from Sir Arthur was received shortly after they left us, and shows that at this time Jack was considering the possibility of embarking on some commercial venture.

Sir Arthur Eliott to J. E.

Gilbert Eliott and Company
27 Pine Street, New York

DEAR OLD JACK:

As promised I am sending you papers in relation to the Medici Society of the United States, to be formed. What Lee-Warner wants is for some one to form and run a company in America to be operated in conjunction with the company in London: the American Company to obtain their supplies from the London Society. J. B. Millett of Boston is much interested in this matter. I thought, and Mr. Millett seemed to be convinced, that if you

interested yourself in this matter and became President of the American Co., it would not only be a going Co. but a very successful one too, as the demand in the U.S. for Medici prints and books would be very great as the prints are not copies, but reproductions, and anybody buying cheap pictures for their homes would far rather have reproductions of the originals, than engravings or copies, and the cheap pictures, mostly indifferent copies, hanging on the walls of houses throughout this immense country must total millions. Those who have travelled through the small towns and villages in the West, South and East can confirm this estimate. I am quite sure that... would be glad to do all the work, if you were at the helm to guide him and lend your influence and knowledge. Lilla and I enjoyed our visit to you and Maud hugely, only sorry we could not repeat it again and often. We are looking forward to the time to come when we shall be at home again.

With kindest remembrances and affectionate greetings to Maud, Ever your affectionate cousin

ARTHUR

Sir Arthur's proposal seems to have been turned down, for I find no later reference to it. Shortly after, Jack received a letter from a fellow artist, containing quite a different proposition.

William Sargeant Kendall to J. E.

Thirty-two Kay Street, Newport
April 12, 1912

MY DEAR MR. ELLIOTT:

Would you approve of an association more or less on these lines?

The enclosed paper contains the rough draft of a "constitution." The plan is to have five or eight artists, — of whom it is hoped you will consent to be one, — sign a letter to be sent with this proposal, if possible, to have an exhibition in the end of June or thereabout.

Please make any alterations or any suggestions that occur to

you. But please let me know if you will be one of the signers of the letter, as well as a member of the society.

Most sincerely yours

Wm. Sargeant Kendall

Within a short period of time the two foregoing letters were received. One offered an opportunity for financial advancement for himself; the other artistic advancement for his contemporaries and the artists who were to follow. It was not without misgivings that Jack agreed to be one of the eight artist founders of the new association. He was by nature a solitary, and, if left to himself, would, I believe, have devoted all his energies to his craft. Nevertheless he answered the call in the letter from Kendall, and from that time on, the Art Association of Newport became a vital factor in his life. His interest in his brother artists had always been great. The spirit which years ago had prompted him to sell pictures for Coleman and Mancini, to find a sitter for Galli, to long "to buy pictures as well as paint them," now found an opportunity for expression. What he could do to help make the road that he had travelled smoother for those to come had always been his dream. Today the Art Association of Newport stands as the fulfilment of that dream.

Newport, full of glorious traditions, since Revolutionary days, has always been the home of distinguished painters and men of letters. The Jameses—Henry and his brothers; George Bancroft, the Hunts, John LaFarge, and further back Dean Berkeley, John Smibert, Robert Feke, Malbone, and Gilbert Stuart, had all lived here. It seemed fitting that this group of younger artists should follow in their footsteps, and establish a Centre of Art.

In the spring of 1912, the Art Association of Newport was incorporated with a hundred and forty-five charter members, and Sergeant Kendall, later Director of the School of Fine Arts at Yale, became its first president. The old studio of William Morris Hunt on Church Street was leased, and during that year the first annual exhibition was held. A school was opened, of which Jack was the first teacher.

One morning the school had a visitor, Miss Theodora Sedgwick, who wished to see William Hunt's old studio. As soon as she was admitted it appeared that she was familiar with the place.

"The entrance has been changed," she said. Then after a pause in which she looked back over half a century:

"I studied here with Hunt. My easel stood there, John LaFarge sat next with William and Henry James on either side."

Another thread in the tapestry! In the old Roman days Henry James had told Jack of the time when he and his brother, just returned from Europe, had been sent to study art with Hunt in Newport.

"This Art Association is gobbling up all our lives," Jack once exclaimed, realizing how much the increasing labor of the young institution was absorbing his time and strength.

The Association soon outgrew its first modest habitat. Howard Cushing, the artist with whom Jack took counsel, advised us to move to Bellevue Avenue. The Griswold estate, on the corner of the Avenue and Touro Park, was in the market and shortly after was bought by the Association. The large Victorian dwelling was designed by Richard Hunt, who, for many years after his brother William left Newport, used the Church Street Studio for a drafting room. Jack devoted himself to the remodelling of the house. He had the idea of moving the old stable, joining it to the main building and making it into the large hall now known as one of the best picture galleries in the United States. He called in our nephew Samuel Prescott Hall, the architect, to draw up the working plans and superintend the work.

Today the Art Association has more than eight hundred members, owns its plant, and is the nerve centre of the æsthetic life of the community. There is a saying that "every institution is the lengthening shadow of some man." As I have watched for the last eighteen years the ever increasing usefulness of this association, the new activities unfolding with every season, I have come to feel that his is the leading spirit, his the lengthening shadow. When I think of all the pictures he might have painted in these years when he put the Association's interests before his own, I believe I do not claim too much.

CHAPTER XVI

LEST WE FORGET

WHEN the Art Association no longer needed it, Jack leased the old Hunt Studio for himself, and again took up work upon his large mural painting of Pan. He also made several portraits here. The months of peaceful work were few, for during the Balkan-Turkish War he became involved in the relief work that was to absorb him for the rest of his life. His first effort was to help the Red Cross. His old friend, Mr. Bicknell of Messina days, persuaded him to serve on the Massachusetts Committee, and to organize an exhibition of pictures begged from artists all over the world and sold for the benefit of the sufferers.

That was in 1913.

Then, in August, 1914, came the terrible warning:

"The Hun is at the Gate!"

Jack was on a yachting cruise with his friend, Dr. Roderick Terry, when the storm broke.

J. E. to M. H. E.

On board Osceola
August 4th, 1914

We have just been through the Cape Cod Canal. Last evening I went ashore at Monument Beach and got some newspapers, but no news to speak of. I am very anxious for news of the War.

On board Osceola
August 5th

I was the first one up this morning. The papers were brought aboard early, and I saw the English news, that War had been declared. I am only surprised that they delayed so long. The treasure ship turning up at Bar Harbor has everything in fiction beaten to a frazzle. Who could have imagined it?

Collection Mrs. H. P. Whitney

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT

National Museum, Washington, D.C.

RONALD HOSKIER

August 7th, '14

The news from Europe doesn't amount to much. I am very anxious about the fight on the North Sea. There will, of course, be frightful losses on both sides, whichever way it turns out.

August 12th, '14

We have just arrived at Bar Harbor, having left Dark Harbor at 9.30. We went ashore to dine. As this is the first really clear day since we started I did not want to lose any of the scenery. I saw a row boat only from the German liner. She is hidden behind a hill.

Bar Harbor
August 13th, '14

I am writing this in the Mt. Desert Reading Room. It is a wonderful place but hard to write in. We lunched here, and are now going aboard to dress and come ashore again for dinner. The boat will be here in a minute, and I shall have to hop. I have seen the German liner. She is watched by two U.S. boats.

August 14th, '14

We are fog bound again, though the Captain thinks it will clear later. Only two clear days since we left Marblehead, but they were wonderful. We are outside the news belt here, though I have seen the Bangor morning papers. I am sending you a maple leaf. It seems early for the leaves to change, but I saw two or three trees turned to red and gold. The Mt. Desert scenery with the combination of mountain lakes, ponds, waterfalls, high cliffs and the sea, is more like the land of my boyhood than anything I have ever seen.

On board Osceola, August 15, '14
Dark Harbor, Islesboro, Maine

We left Bar Harbor yesterday morning as soon as the fog lifted. We ran into a fog bank after we had been going a little over an hour, and had quite a horrid time till it cleared, as we were in a narrow reach full of rocks and things, and the land on either side not half a mile away.

On board Osceola, August 17th, '14
Winterport, Penobsquot River

A most glorious morning in a most beautiful spot. It is more like an Italian lake than a river, with beautiful hills all round, the Camden Hills, I believe. Now we are really off, as you can see by the writing, taking up the anchor shakes the ship. Yesterday we went to a very lovely place, Castine, a French trading station as early as 1611. This was the place where Sir John Moore won his spurs at the age of eighteen.... Here we are back at Islesboro, and have just let go the anchor. Last night we counted up the fine days of the trip, and it ran like this, nine days fogbound, one day storm, three days fine weather — so far this is the fourth, — and a very fine specimen. I hope you are having a good time in Boston, and that you will see T. R. and get some inspiration. While I was at Bar Harbor I went to see the temple of music, or whatever it is called, about which George Dorr and Charles How spoke years ago as a possible place for the Pan. I did not see any place for it however.

I miss you awfully.

From the day war was declared Jack could think of nothing but doing his bit. He tried for service overseas, knocked at every door, Red Cross, Salvation Army, Ambulance Service, and always met the same answer:

"This is a young man's war. Keep you the home fires burning."

Once he reproached me;

"You could help me to get across, if you really tried."

That I did make some effort to help him appears from the following letter from the mother of Mrs. Lloyd Griscom, who knew of his work at Messina.

Mrs. Adrian Iselin to M. H. E.

711 *Fifth Avenue*
December 7th

Dear Maud:

I have been trying to have your husband sent on Red Cross work to Italy. He is just the man, — he was so splendid at

Messina. But I fear I cannot even accomplish that. So you see I am trying.... Affectionately

SARA ISELIN

He had one flicker of hope. When Theodore Roosevelt asked leave to raise a volunteer regiment and join our forces, Jack volunteered to go in any capacity. The one favor Roosevelt asked of his country was churlishly refused.

So Jack kept the home fires burning. He called a citizens' meeting to protest against the deportation of the Belgians by Germany; secured speakers, audience, publicity. When the evening came, and the Newport Historical Society was packed, some one else presided, others made the speeches; he remained in the background. In this he ran true to form. This was the second meeting of the kind to be held in the United States, and occurred a few days after the first thrilling gathering in Boston's Cradle of Liberty, Faneuil Hall. He gave his studio for every patriotic purpose. It became a workroom for the Surgical Dressing unit, headquarters of the British-American and Italian Relief societies. An old quilting frame was ferreted out from some attic, and quilting parties were given, warm comforters made, clothing and blankets patched up, boxes of sweaters, socks, and mufflers packed and dispatched overseas. Years after, I received the Order of Queen Mary's Needle Work Guild for the work *he* did. He served on the Massachusetts Italian War Relief Committee, and was constantly called to Boston by this work. He was sent to New York to found a branch of the society there. I was present at the interview when he persuaded Robert Underwood Johnson to accept the chairmanship of the New York Committee which was to do such good service. Mr. Johnson was later our ambassador to Italy.

Looking back, I see in fancy a procession of workers and speakers going in and out the old studio door. Renée Cortazzo, leader of the Surgical Dressing women, in her white uniform, handsome and competent; Theodora Taylor, fragile and dauntless, who led the British workers; Victor and Julia Horta, Belgian exiles, who

paused in Newport long enough to hold a meeting in the studio and make many friends for themselves and their country; M. and Mme. Dethoor from Ghent with their exquisite Brussels laces made by Belgian women. What pleasure Jack took in arranging their display of rose point and valenciennes! At night the studio was lit up for a group of young naval reservists, who, under the leadership of Edward Denton, worked on an invention for the camouflage of ships. At the new Art Association building classes in mechanical drawing were opened for the lads, who were often entrusted with making plans for the Government Torpedo Station. Our Art Association afternoon "at homes" for soldiers and sailors were popular. From one to two hundred enlisted men gathered to sing, to listen, to entertain and be entertained. One sensitive boy said to Jack:

"Sir, you can't realize what it means to drink my coffee once a week out of a china cup."

Nothing was too good for our boys. Speakers and entertainers came long distances to amuse them, but they liked best to amuse themselves, and no wonder! — there were fine musicians among them, excellent pianists, two brothers — a 'cellist and violin virtuoso — who in peace time played in the New York Symphony Orchestra. The best beloved was Tony, the vaudeville comedian, a vast man with a lovely voice. One young Russian composer had been a neighbor of Trotsky's and he told Jack much about him. A Steinway grand piano was given by enthusiastic members, and the sessions began and ended with singing. All through the week we kept time to the rhythm of their songs!

"There's a long, long trail."

Jack never missed the parades where every marcher counted. How they trudged up and down the old Newport streets, millionaires and milkmen side by side. I treasure the marshal's badge he wore in the New York British-American Relief parade, when I saw him swing by as I sat watching in a Fifth Avenue window. I had never seen my hostess before, and I only know that she had dyed her fine white hair blue — a patriotic gesture? Perhaps.

Rustic scenes come back to me; — Oak Glen with Jack teaching the farmerettes to transplant lettuce, to open the earth hills where the pink potatoes nestled in the brown soil; leading a band of volunteers from Newport to husk a Portsmouth farmer's corn.

The worst time for him was before America "came in," when sympathies were divided, friend looked askance at friend. On the sixth of April, nineteen seventeen, the *New York Times* printed on the same page the *Battle Hymn of the Republic* and the news that America had joined the allies. After that, spite of heatless, meatless, wheatless days, things were better. From the day the war began, all the private concerns of his individual existence seemed to be utterly forgotten. His life had been such that he appeared to be a cosmopolitan, but when the test came, he was Scotch to the core. He never gave up his allegiance to Great Britain; though he admired America he lived and died a British subject.

It was to be expected that the World War, that tremendous collision of mutually antagonistic ideals, should touch and stimulate all phases of human activity, especially literature and the fine arts. In the latter the developments were remarkable and unforeseen. The artist, for the first time in the history of war, was not permitted to stand apart and merely portray its romantic and picturesque aspects, but was thrown almost bodily and most usefully into the heart of it. Abbott Thayer is remembered for the idea of camouflage; it would be impossible to estimate how many precious lives were saved by the camouflage of our artists, both on land and sea. They were also of immense service in training men in marksmanship, by means of targets painted to represent the terrain over which the soldiers fought. Of the poster artists, and what they accomplished, it is needless to speak. The work of Joseph Pennell revealed the soul of the machine and the consecration of its makers; the acid of Louis Raemaker's pencil bit into the iron of the Teuton as an army could not do; Captain Bairnsfather's pen formed a true record in art of the ravages in France and Flanders.

When Jack finally realized that it was not for him to join the workers "over there," he cast about for some way of using his

craft to help the cause. He found his opportunity after the death of Victor Chapman, son of John Jay Chapman and stepson of Elizabeth Chanler, Uncle Sam's granddaughter. Jack chanced upon a film showing Victor just before he went up in his airplane for the last fatal flight. Victor had been hurt, his head was still bandaged, but he could not wait for the wound to heal before going up again. Opposite Victor in the film stands Norman Prince, grandson of Jack's old friend and also related to our clan. Jack had known Victor as a child; he remembered Norman riding by our house in Beacon Street when he was so young that he wore a starched white dress and his little legs stuck straight out over the horse's back. Jack was haunted by the horror of the sacrifice of these young lives and thousands of others like them. In England both of Pretyman's gallant boys were killed, hardly a family we knew there had not lost a son.

The film gave Jack the idea of making a series of portraits of young Americans who gave their lives that liberty might live. He began with a red chalk drawing of Victor. Elizabeth helped him by criticism and sympathy. Of the bandage, on which Jack lavished such loving care, she said:

"There is something sacramental about that linen!"

The portraits of Victor and Norman were so much liked that Jack was encouraged, — here was his chance to use his craft for the cause. He made a series of twelve drawings, and gave them to the Blinded Soldiers' War Relief Fund; he felt a special tenderness for this charity on account of my father's work for the Blind. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney had these portraits reproduced in a memorial folio called "Lest We Forget."

On Friday, May 14th, 1920, Jack writes: "This morning I have mounted the Prince drawing and am letting it dry under pressure. The aviation book has just come. I hope I shall be able to find what I want in it. So far I can find no mention of Lufbery's age. In the pictures of him in the book he looks almost like a school boy — in the things I have of him he looks thirty years old. I doubt if I get any more finished. The Lufbery is a tough one."

National Museum, Washington, D.C.

VICTOR CHAPMAN

National Museum, Washington, D.C.

NORMAN PRINCE

The Lufbery is Margaret Deland's favorite. I sometimes think it is mine, till I look at one of the other "favorites."

Besides the portraits the book contained a brief memoir of each boy. Jack took great pains in the designing and lettering. One day, in the midst of his work, he called to me:

"Find a line of Mammie's to head this list of names, so that she may have her part."

I found these words in one of her Civil War poems:

"Of the shorn beauty of their days
Let memory her broad blazon make."

He closed the text with a quotation from one of the current war poems:

"They gave their merry youth away
For Country and for God."

The original portraits and the book of reproductions were sold for the fund at an exhibition at Knoedler's. This netted such a good sum that it was repeated at the Copley Gallery in Boston, the School of Design in Providence, the Art Association at Newport.

"And we will keep true faith
With you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead."

I found these lines in Jack's handwriting on an envelope containing two studies of Quentin Roosevelt, the first a boy's laughing face looking from an airplane. In the other the features are grave and firm, the flyer's cap so adjusted that it looks like a Roman helmet.

Of the many letters Jack received about his war portraits I chose a few to show how people felt about them:

Winthrop Chanler to J. E.

French Heroes Lafayette Memorial Fund, Inc.
April 29th, 1920

John Elliott, Esq.,
Newport, R.I.

DEAR JACK:

I remember seeing with a good deal of pleasure your portraits of some of the Lafayette Escadrille at Knoedler's last winter. What are your plans about them?

I write to know if you would sell some of them to the French Heroes Lafayette Memorial Fund for the Château Chavagniac Military Museum.

Please let me have a list of them so that I may show it to the Museum Committee and find out what they may wish to do in the matter.

Drop me a line at 129 E. 35th Street at your convenience.

I am Chairman of this Committee and feel sure that there are many of the portraits which would be a real attraction at the Museum.

Love to Maud. Yours ever

WINTHROP CHANLER

J. E. to Winthrop Chanler

DEAR WINTY:

The drawings you speak of I gave outright to the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund to be sold for their benefit. Those particular drawings have therefore passed completely out of my control. I can make others, however, which I would gladly either sell or give to the French Heroes Lafayette Memorial Fund, whichever would best meet their views.

On making the gift to the P. B. R. W. F. I expressed the hope that they might be disposed of en bloc and kept together as a memorial in some appropriate building. However as opportunities offered for the sale of single drawings and none for the collection as a whole, it was naturally considered more expedient to separate

them. The result was that seven of the original set were sold during the exhibition at Knoedler's netting for the Blind Fund (together with the sale of reproductions) quite a bit over five thousand dollars. Two were bought by Mr. Frick, one by Mrs. Harry P. Whitney, one by Mrs. Elon Hooker as a gift to Mrs. Roosevelt and the rest were bought either by or for the families.

I started out originally to do (for my American contribution) only the men of the Lafayette Escadrille who fell in action. My reason for selecting them was they were a comparatively small group of very characteristic fighting Americans and offered the possibility of my making the complete set.

I had strayed somewhat from this intention owing to the great difficulty of obtaining the material I needed to work from. When, however, I found the drawings were being scattered beyond recall, I made up my mind to reassemble them by the simple method of doing them over again — reverting to my first conception and omitting all save the Lafayette Escadrille Fliers, which I had started with Victor Chapman and Norman Prince. Your letter of April 29th contains the first suggestion of a concrete possibility of my ever realizing the hope of keeping them in a permanent group. I should be glad to make almost any sacrifice to help bring about the realization of what looks to me remarkably like a great opportunity, but whether it passes or comes to pass I shall always keenly appreciate your generous thought. I enclose the list of my drawings — Lufbery, Seegar and McConnell, I am still at work on. I should be awfully grateful, if you could have your secretary mail me a list of the Escadrille men who fell in action as I can find no list in the Newport libraries. If anything could be accomplished by our having five minutes talk I can easily run on to N.Y. by boat at any time.

Yours ever

Jack Elliott

J. H. Coit to J. E.

Hotel Van Rensselaer
April 2, 1918

DEAR MR. ELLIOTT:

Your sketch of Henry is beautiful — quite wonderful indeed. It is a joy to see it, and there is nothing to criticize.

It seems to me very remarkable that you have not only produced such a good likeness, but have so interpreted his spirit.

We shall always feel grateful to you for this beautiful piece of work.

We hope very much to see Mrs. Elliott and you at dinner tomorrow evening.

Sincerely yours
J. H. COIT

Mrs. Elsie Adams Seegar to J. E.

51 Rue de Varenne
July 18th, 1920

DEAR MR. ELLIOTT:

I want to say how very glad we should be if you would add Alan's portrait to those you have made of the other men of the Legion. We never saw him after his last year at Harvard, 1910. After he entered the Legion, he had a moustache, and grew stout and strong as he never had been before. Old friends who knew and saw him in 1915 and '16, say we would hardly have known him, he had improved so much in health and carried himself so splendidly, the dreamy student's personality having slipped from him altogether.

I have seen Kenneth Weeks' mother, she is here now, and she is so very much pleased with the portrait you have done of her son. Alan's hair was a dark brown, his eyes were hazel — *not* brown at all — greyish with yellowish light in them, remarkable eyes, and deep set. As a student he had no color, but they tell me after his months in the trenches he developed a splendid healthy color. These details may be of use.

Hoping some time to meet you, and looking forward with much interest and pleasure to seeing your work,

Believe me
Most sincerely
ELSIE ADAMS SEEGAR

Mrs. William Schofield to M. H. E.

Chilton Club
152 Commonwealth Ave.
Boston, Mass., June 14, 1921

My dear Mrs. Elliott:

I wonder if you recall our conference here — nearly two years ago — when we first talked about Mr. Elliott's making a drawing of my aviator boy, Billy Cheney. And now I want to ask for another!

Before leaving Rome I talked with our Ambassador at some length, and said that I wanted to give some simple but dignified memorial to Billy — in Rome — as he had been the first American to give his life in Italy. We finally agreed that the most appealing was to furnish a Library for American Studies — in connection with the Italy-America Society's apartments in the famous Salviati Palace.

On the eve of the opening of our Library — and a reading room adjoining it — General Diaz visited it, and when he saw the reproduction of Billy's drawing by Mr. Elliott, which I had placed upon the mantel, he said most sympathetically, "It was a great sacrifice, Madame, but a glorious one."

For the real presentation of the room, the Italian Government sent representations of the Ministry of War, the Chef d'Aviation, and a group of six or seven aviation officers and our own Ambassador and attachés were present. General Siebert spoke for the aviators, Senator Ruffin for the Society, and Signor Rudolpho Lanciani voiced, as he said, "The thanks of a Roman."

I left there the small copy of Mr. Elliott's drawing, but I would like very much to place a replica of the drawing itself. It seems to me most appropriate to have some visible token of the boy associated with the room where many students like himself will go to read and learn.

Believe me
Sincerely yours
Mary L. Schofield

H. Nelson Gay to J. E.

The Library for American Studies in Italy
Palazzo Salviati, 271 Corso Umberto, Rome

July 11th, 1922

DEAR MR. ELLIOTT:

Your beautiful portrait of aviator William H. Cheney has arrived just in time for the inauguration of the Summer Courses for American Students at the University of Rome, which opened yesterday and will continue until August 31st. The courses will be held largely at the Palazzo Salviati, where the inauguration will take place this evening — with speeches by Tittoni, president of the Senate, and Anile, minister of public education. The Library will be headquarters of the students. Yesterday morning the portrait was hung — the students just arrived from America, assisting.

Permit me to congratulate you upon the work, which is beautifully executed. The frame loosened at one corner, but has been perfectly mended by one of our librarians, Benvenuto Cellini, himself an artist.

We hope that you may turn your steps in this direction soon, in company with Mrs. Elliott, to whom we ask you to give our best regards.

Faithfully yours

H. NELSON GAY

When the Armistice was signed some people who had worked hard for their country returned to their usual avocations with strangely mingled feelings. Not only the profiteers regretted that "this cruel war was over," but some idle persons who for the only time in their lives had known the joy of toil, felt a certain "let down." They were thankful, of course, that the slaughter of the world's best had stopped, and yet were aware of a curious regret at the comparative dullness of the postwar period. Jack was spared this reaction, because he had become possessed with his task of snatching from oblivion the faces of as many of these lost boys as possible. The days were all too short.

He took some part in the general rejoicing. I think he enjoyed

more than any other festivity the welcoming dinner to Admiral Sims at the Art Association. The Admiral had made a triumphal entry into Newport, and contemplated making his home here. The friendship with the great Admiral was one of the happiest of his later life. He treasured every letter Sims wrote him. I found this letter and poem among the neatly docketed correspondence:

Admiral Sims to M. H. E.

Office of the President

Naval War College Newport, R.I.

My dear Mrs. Elliott:

Herewith the awful skits I promised to send you. I have no valid excuse, but may state as an extenuating circumstance that I had to do eleven of 'em after dinner the night before you and the only John did us the honor of lunching with us.

Very sincerely

Wm. S. Sims

Poem by Admiral Sims

MR. JOHN ELLIOTT

Christmas, 1921

Present: A Shakespeare play in a very tiny volume

Of all the real artistic men
There are but few within my ken
Who handle paint without the rush
A cubist puts into his brush.
His touch is sure; his vision clear,
He paints a scene without a smear;
His color sense is always true,
He does not paint in ghastly hue
By mixing paint with Page's glue;
Nor sunlight glare across his scene
That makes his cows seem purplish green,
Nor portrait makes with daubs of paint
That make a man look like he ain't,

But works like one who knows his biz
And paints a man just as he is.
An artist to the very core,
He loves o'er classic books to pore
And best of all, it would appear
Like Britons true, he loves Shakespeare.
At least I'm sure he thinks it wise
That famous bard to duly prize;
But since, perhaps, lest verses pall,
He'd much prefer a book that's small,
We therefore give him just one pome —
That's all he'll find in this small tome.

Throughout the thirty-eight years of our married life, Jack kept the habit of writing me daily when we were separated. In spite of the present day appeal of Telegraph Companies to wire and not write I feel that letters have an important part in keeping close the tie of family life.

J. E. to M. H. E.

Oak Glen, Newport, R.I.
February 7th, 1921

DEAREST HEART:

It was a terribly boisterous night, the branches of the trees seemed to keep falling on the roof and the wind rolled them back and forth with a great rumbling; — it sounded as if many people were tramping about overhead. I woke up this morning early and looked out of the window on one of the most fairylike scenes imaginable. Everything is sight was white, — every tiny branch of the trees covered with snow and all down the trunks in a wedge from top to bottom, the way it used to be in Madrid. There was not a breath of wind, and the world seemed to be made of lace. What a lovely wedding day! I want to have ever so many more of them with you, my heart's beloved.

Your letter of Saturday has just come, in which you tell me that you have decided to leave Washington on Wednesday. I

see by this morning's paper that Princess Bibesco, Margot Asquith's daughter, is there. I hope you will see her. In regard to the question you ask me about Clare Sheridan. She must be the daughter of Uncle Sam's friend Mr. Fruen. Yes, dear Uncle Sam did get his death going to meet "one Fruen," but as I remember it, it was in Malta. He wanted Marion Crawford to go with him, but he wouldn't. I have forgotten the rights of it. Well, however it was, I don't quite see where your Mrs. Fruen came into it; — they may have been on their wedding journey. This leads me to think that this lady must be the child of Uncle Sam's friend. 1884 is quite a while ago. A bride of twenty then would be in the neighborhood of fifty-seven now. You say she is fascinating and lovely, but you make no mention of her age. She sounds like a tornado, and I should think a cyclone cellar would be the safest place when she is blowing around!

I am sending you a cutting from the *Daily News* telling of Barrett Wendell's death. Another good friend gone. I know you will feel it keenly. Things are going apace at the Art Association. You will see a great change when you come back. I hope the roof of the new hall will be finished. J. Randolph Coolidge's lecture was most interesting, all about the things that have been built in the U.S. in the last six years. There was a slide of the Lincoln Memorial you spoke of having seen in Washington. I entirely agree with you about the solid mass above the columns, apart from that it must be very beautiful. He seemed to think it was as good as any thing the Greeks ever did. To me it is an exquisite thing hopelessly maimed by the usual craving to improve on perfection. The part taken from the Greek is fine, but the modern invention is rotten. The last slide shown was the Cushing Memorial, and it certainly did look perfectly stunning.

Edward Forbes thinks that some restoration work must be done on my two Brills that I have loaned the Fogg Museum. He is a perfect dear, and exactly like the pictures of Emerson. He is much interested in the pictures. I think this is all the news.

The wedding day is almost over. I have thought of you con-

stantly, dearest heart, and love you very much. Good night, God bless you.

Your loving thirty-four year husband

JACK

Jack made twenty-four memorial war portraits and three replicas. He planned to make a similar series of the women who gave their lives for the cause. The portrait drawing of Edith Cavell, now belonging to the Museum at Brussels, was the only one he achieved. He hoped to do the same thing for all the allies, beginning with the English, and was in correspondence with the widow of Harold Marion Crawford and with Mimoli Frazer, whose younger son Hugh was among the victims of the war.

There was so much he wished to do, and he felt so sure of doing it, that it seemed as if life stretched limitless before him! He was a dreamer, like Andrew Elliott, and might have said with him when reminded of age, "I'll die young like Bobbie Burns."

The original plan for a memorial museum at Chavagniac was changed, and it was decided to use the Château as a school and preventorium where delicate French children could be sent to recover their health. Under the circumstances it seemed best to yield to the strong wish of Secretary Wolcott of the Smithsonian and other friends, and to place Jack's collection of War Portraits in the National Museum at Washington. They now hang in the same building where his "Diana of the Tides" urges her white horses over the waves.

Though the portraits Jack made for Chavagniac did not go there, after all, visitors to this château in Southern France will find a noble book, bound in tooled leather, containing life sized reproductions of Jack's twenty-four war portraits. The book is a *chef-d'œuvre*, produced by two master craftsmen, Benjamin Curtis of the Copley Prints and W. F. J. Palmer of the Rose Bindery.

How far flung are the works of artists! Often reserved, solitary, in their lives, their influence is more lasting than that of ambassadors and statesmen. I hope to make a pilgrimage to visit Jack's

National Museum, Washington, D.C.

RAOUL LUFBERY

Musée Moderne, Brussels

EDITH CAVELL

works as they exist in far corners of the world. In Rome there hangs in the Salviati Palace in the Italian-American Library a speaking portrait of young William Cheney, who died fighting with the Italians. Somewhere in Rome, too, must be his Dante and his portrait of King Umberto that once belonged to Queen Margherita. In the Museum at Athens I shall find the portrait of my father; at La Musée Moderne in Brussels the drawing of Edith Cavell; in Auvergne the book of his war portraits, at Chavagniac.

While he was still at work upon these, the summons came. In January, 1925, we went to Florida; on the twenty-sixth of May, at Charleston on the homeward journey, we said goodbye. He never knew old age; he lives in the things of beauty he created, and in my heart.

"O, they rade in the rain, in the days that are gane,
In the rain and the wind and the lave,
They shoutit in the ha', and they routit on the hill,
And they're a' quaitit noo in the grave.
Auld, auld Elliotts, clay-cold Elliotts,
Dour bauld Elliotts of auld!"

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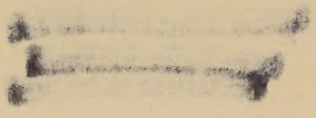

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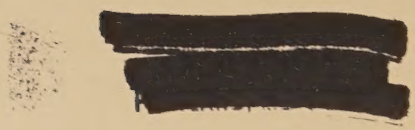

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